NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07952626 9

Filmed by [illegible]
10/96

The New York
Public Library
TOM LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
B L

ield, Fort and Fleet;

BEING A SERIES OF BRILLIANT AND AUTHENTIC SKETCHES OF THE MOST NOTABLE BATTLES OF THE LATE CIVIL WAR, INCLUDING MANY INCIDENTS AND CIRCUMSTANCES NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED IN ANY FORM.

BY

M. QUAD.

"Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the instantaneous throe,
When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's systems to and fro,
At the birth of each new Era, with a recognizing start,
Nation wildly looks at Nation, standing with mute lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps beneath the Future's heart."

1861-1863.

1883.

DETROIT FREE PRESS PUBLISHING COMPANY, DETROIT MICH.

SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION ONLY.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
541388B
ART, PRINTS AND
PHOTOGRAPHS
1930 L

Copyright, 1885, by
THE DETROIT FREE PRESS PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Detroit, Mich.

N.Y.P.L. RESEARCH LIBRARIES

Electrotyped and Printed by
The Detroit Free Press Company.

	Page
The Volcano	1
The First Gun of the War	3
First Bull Run	9
Wilson's Creek	12
Mulligan's Defense of Lexington	16
Ball's Bluff	20
Fort Henry, the Man-Trap	25
The Capture of Fort Donelson	30
Pea Ridge	37
Yorktown and Beyond	43
Williamsburg	47
Shiloh — The First Day	51
Shiloh — The Second Day	60
Seven Pines	66
Cross Keys and Port Republic	72
Behind the Earth-Works	79
Colonel Morgan's Defense	82
First Confederate Gun-Boats	85
Van Dorn's Blow at Grant	86
Army Panics	89
The Waste in War	91
Stonewall Jackson in the Valley	93
The Fall of New Orleans	99
Over the Guns	106
The Turning Point in McClellan's Career	109
Change of Base	116
Toward the James	120
The Spot Where McClellan Cried "Halt!"	123
McClellan — Lee — Pope	130
Pope's Fights Around Manassas	132
Defeat — Invasion	139
The Crisis	141

PAGE
South Mountain 143
Surrender of Harper's Ferry 145
Sharpsburg 147
Murder in War 153
The Abandonment of Norfolk Navy Yard 154
How the Dead Were Uncovered 159
The Harbor Defenses of the Confederacy 163
Eccentricities of Bullets 169
The Merrimac and Monitor 172
The Evacuation of Corinth 179
The Battle of Perryville 184
The Evacuation of Pensacola 190
The Fight at Island No. 10 195
The Fate of British Blockade Runners 201
The Famous Castle Thunder at Richmond 207
How the Gun-boats Passed Island No. 10 212
The Career of the Ram Arkansas 216
Stuart's Great Raid 221
Zagonyi's Charge 224
The Federal Blockaders of the War 226
The Alabama and the Hatteras 233
Some Famous Confederate Cruisers 239
How the Confederates lost Hilton Head 245
The Panic at Nashville 250
The Peril of an Army 252
The Slaughter-Pen at Corinth 255
The Blockade-Runners of the War 259
The Fight Before Memphis 273
The Last Fight of the Monitor 277
How the Federals Retook Fort Pulaski 282
The Siege and Capture of Vicksburg 287
The Capture of Port Hudson 312
Burnside's Crossing at Fredericksburg 318
Stone River 325
The Fight at Lavergne 356
Lincoln—Emancipation 363
McClellan—Burnside—Hooker 366
Confederate Scouts and Spies 370
Destruction of Nashville 374
The First Test of the Iron-Clads 379
Rams, Gun-Boats and Iron-Clads 385

PAGE
The First Federal Attack on Sumter 391
The First Cavalry Battle 398
Reminiscences of the Harriet Lane 401
The Fight at Grand Gulf 406
Raising the Blockade at Charleston 412
Morgan the Raider 417
Chancellorsville 423
Stonewall Jackson 431
Brandy Station 432
Capture of Raiders 436
Aldie and Middleburg 438
Dahlgren's Dash 441
The Gettysburg Campaign 443
Gettysburg—First Day 451
Gettysburg—Second Day 454
Gettysburg—Third Day 461
Gettysburg—Results 467
Gettysburg Campaign and the Cavalry 470
From July to December 477
The Fight in Stono River 480
The Federal Attacks on Fort Wagner 483
A Strange Breastwork 490
Bragg's Siege of Chattanooga 491
How Forts Wagner and Gregg were Abandoned . . . 496
Averill's Raid 501
Sheridan versus Early 502
Gilmore at Charleston 513
In the Darkness 518

Bombardment of Fort Sumter	*Frontispiece*	
Fort Sumter in 1860 and in 1864	*facing page*	9
Malvern Hill	"	123
Combat Between the Monitor and Merrimac	"	178
Island No. 10 and Pittsburg Landing	"	200
Stuart's Raid Around McClellan	"	221
Gen. R. E. Lee	"	318
Maj. Gen. Geo. B. McClellan	"	370
Death of Stonewall Jackson	"	431
Custer's Charge at Aldie	"	440
Gettysburg	"	467
Cavalry Fight at Gettysburg	"	476

TAIL-PIECES:

	PAGE
The Volcano	2
Edmund Ruffin	8
Squad Drill	15
Cavalry Fight	19
Infantry Charge	24
Cavalry Bugler	29
Cavalry Officer	36
A Hand Litter	42
Military Accouterments	46
Hanling Cannon	50
Pickets	59
Ruins of Shiloh Meeting House	65
Road Between Yorktown and Williamsburg	71
Burning Dead Horses	78
Sharp Shooters	81
Lady Davis	85
The Lily	88
Battery to the Front	90

TAIL-PIECES — *Continued:*

PAGE

Whitworth Cannon 108
Savage Station 119
Broken Cannon and Flowers 129
After the Battle 131
Harper's Ferry 142
First Maryland Regiment 144
Palisades 158
Floating Battery at Charleston 168
Lighted Shell 171
Rifle Pits 183
A Cotton Plant 194
A Blockade Runner 206
Grave on the Battle Field 211
Mechanicsville Bridge over the Chickahominy . . . 223
The Hartford 232
The Alabama 238
Casemates 249
Broken Arms 258
Confederate Ship Sumter 272
Interior of a Monitor's Turret 281
Field Battery 286
Bomb and Splinter-Proof 311
Scene in Fredericksburg Dec. 12, 1862 324
One of the Grayson Dare-Devils 369
The Palmetto Tree 373
Ruins of the Steamer Nashville 378
Ram Manassas Attacking the Brooklyn 390
Torpedoes 405
John H. Morgan, the Raider 422
Washington Artillery 430
Army Cabin 435
Gauntlet and Sword 440
A Confederate General 453
Defenses on Culp's Hill 460
View on Little Round Top 466
A Parrott Projectile 482
The Swamp Angel 489
A Cannon in the Mountains 495
Fort Wagner 500
Torpedo 517
Knapsack and Canteen 520

The Volcano.

AS a mole-hill men passed it by, but it irritated and annoyed and set bad blood in circulation. Men hoped that it would grow no larger, but even as they hoped they saw it rise higher and higher, and increase in circumference.

The mole-hill became a mound. Its existence had a place in the speeches of statesmen, and its presence brought dreams of war and glory to warriors. A few—wise in their dread and anxiety—would have leveled the mound with hands of peace, but even as they stood around it there were mutterings and threats which fed its rapid growth.

The mound became a hill. The hill hid sections from each others' sight, but the voices of men wrangling and cursing and uttering threats of vengeance rose above its crest and were heard from sea to sea.

The hill became a mountain—grim, forbidding, and frowning down upon forty million anxious people. Flashes of fire darted from its dark ravines, and mysterious rumblings made men turn to each other with white faces.

As a long day of apprehension drew to a close, the sun sunk slowly and sullenly into the unknown, leaving behind him signs which a child might read. Women gathered their children about them and prayed and wept, while husbands, and fathers, and sons, gathered in groups and crowds, and watched the frowning mountain and waited to see its fires of hate burst forth.

The crest of that mountain could be seen from the shores of Maine and the valleys of California, and the rumblings were felt at every door-step in the Republic. Some were cool and possessed—others terrified and undone.

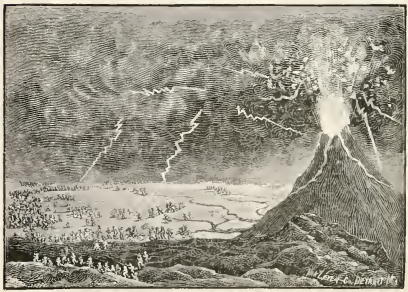
Midnight came, but even the children had not slept. The rumblings were louder, and the fire-flashes were lighting up a great

continent. Men who had sneered at the mole-hill and passed the mound in contempt, stood aghast in the shadow of the angry mountain.

The slow-moving hours but increased the darkness of the night and the terror of the people; but those who prayed for the dawn reeked not what it would bring. It was such a night as never had fallen upon a continent. It was such darkness as a happy people had never walked in before.

Slowly, grudgingly, grimly, the hours dragged themselves along, and as the east was broken with the first signs of dawn the mountain air seemed to concentrate all its fires into one flame, which suddenly burst through its crest and went roaring to Heaven, while rivulets and rivers of blood poured down upon the plains and wet the feet of tens of thousands.

The volcano of Civil War was lighting the whole world!



The First Gun of the War.

DAYLIGHT is breaking over Charleston.

It is the morning of the twelfth of April, 1861 — the most momentous morning in the history of America.

Fifteen thousand citizens of Charleston have crowded down to the esplanade, and every man has his face turned towards the sea. To the right, as they look down the harbor, is Morris Island; to the left Sullivan's, and midway between is Fort Sumter, grim and silent, and not even showing its flag.

The great crowd trembles with excitement and speaks in whispers. A bloody civil war is about to open. The young men are ready to hurrah over the prospect, but the older ones look grave, as they realize what war means.

Now the gray mist creeps up from the waters of the harbor and floats away, and the eastern horizon becomes tinged with red. You can see more plainly now. At the head of Sullivan's Island is the floating iron battery, and it is to fire the first gun. Its echoes will awaken the huge iron monsters asleep in Forts Moultrie and Johnson — at Cummings' Point — at Point Pleasant and other localities. There is a flag over each Confederate fort and battery, and with a good glass you can see men on the ramparts.

From December to April the Confederates have been busy trying to get possession of the grim and silent fort rising out of the waters of the harbor. All demands for surrender have been refused, and the only other way is now to be tried. Day by day batteries and forts have been erected, almost within rifle-shot of Sumter's walls, and Major Anderson has been powerless. His orders are to hold the fort, and he has no authority to fire a gun until it becomes an act of self-defense. He has seen the forts rise — the great guns landed and mounted — the volunteers march in — the ammunition brought down from Charleston, and yet Federal policy kept his guns silent.

Silence now! In the floating battery is an old, gray-haired man—Edmund Ruffin. He has sought the privilege of firing the first gun of the war. The lanyard he holds in his hand is the rope which will ring the bell of destiny. When that bell strikes a mighty Republic will fall in fragments, and it will take the blood of a thousand battles to cement it.

"Boom!"

The bell has struck. At the word the old man has pulled the lanyard, and a solid shot whirrs across the water and strikes the brick wall of Fort Sumter with a heavy thud. For a long minute no one speaks. The echoes of that gun are fraught with mighty issues—the whirr of that shot means death to a quarter of a million soldiers. As the thunder rolls up and down the harbor and dies away twenty thousand people cheer. The war has begun! There can be no backward step now. Old and young cheer and shout and shake hands and feel a glad relief.

The Confederates had been all ready for a week. Every one of the fifty guns and mortars in position had been trained with mathematical precision to reach certain points with their fire. The order was to fire from left to right, beginning with the floating battery, and the gun which Edmund Ruffin fired was soon answered by the next, and the fire swept clear around the circle until it came back to the same gun. The projectiles used were solid shot, shell, and bombs, and every gun had the fort within easy range. At the time the first gun was fired a reporter of the Charleston Mercury—now on the staff of the News—was standing directly behind Mr. Ruffin, and to him I am indebted for many particulars of that attack never before published. He was one of the first in the fort after the surrender, and what he saw and made a note of can be depended on even when it clashes with the traditions of the historian. Taking up the firing in the order named, each gun was soon busy at work, and the tremendous cannonade shook Charleston from center to circumference. One standing on the esplanade, three miles away, felt the ground tremble under his feet as if an earthquake was struggling to reach the surface. There was no excitement among the Confederates after the first five minutes. The guns were loaded and fired with coolness and regularity, and officers sought positions from which they could note with their glasses the work of every shot.

Major Anderson was not only expecting the attack, but was ready for it. With the echoes of the first gun, all the men turned

out, and the morning roll was called and the flag run up, with the iron balls pounding away on the walls, each one jarring the masonry for several yards around and sending up a cloud of dust. It was just after roll-call that a gun fired from Sullivan's Island dismounted one of the monsters *en barbette* on the fort. The ball which struck and dismounted the gun broke in three pieces, two of which fell inside the fort.

Anderson knew it would be an all-day fight, and his first move was to send his men to breakfast. There was no particular excitement within the walls, as each one had been looking for the climax. It was during the morning meal, over an hour after the first gun was fired, that the first bomb-shell fell inside the walls. Others had fallen short or passed over, but the exact range had finally been obtained.

After breakfast the handful of men were divided into reliefs, and the first went to the guns and opened fire in reply. As soon as the fort answered, the Confederate guns were ordered to fire one-third faster, and the result was that within an hour not one of the *barbette* or upper tier of guns in the fort could be used. One was struck in the muzzle and split down four feet, and three or four were upset and hurled yards away. Those left intact could not be worked on account of the enemy's fire. When a shell struck the wall anywhere within thirty feet of a gun, a shower of mortar and pieces of brick were hurled clear over the fort, and solid shot were continuously passing over and around the guns. The dismounting of the guns was plainly noted by a hundred men with glasses, and the announcement called forth cheers all around the circle.

Anderson could not have had the faintest hopes of saving Sumter, and he seems to have fought more to gain time or in the way of duty, than to silence any of the guns opposed. His firing for the first two hours was very wild, and even in the afternoon not one shot hit where four missed. With the ordnance of 1864 he might have damaged Moultrie and the floating battery, but he could not have silenced them nor inflicted any great loss of life. So little were his cannon balls feared that hundreds of Confederates stood outside the works to get a better view of the fight. With so few men in the fort only a few guns could be worked, and those but slowly.

Before noon the Confederates began using hot shot, and the third one which entered the fort set a building on fire. This emergency

had been provided for, and the flames were quickly extinguished, but to be kindled again and again during the day by the same means. After the men had orders to desert the upper tier of guns and serve the next, they were well protected, and fired with more regularity. When Fort Sumter was ready for occupancy it was pronounced by engineers and artillerists to be impregnable. From twenty to thirty feet of brick, stone, sand, and earth stood between the balls of an enemy and the defenders within. Within an hour after the first gun was fired the fort was not only being knocked to pieces by old-fashioned ordnance, but was menaced by a danger never dreamed of by its builders—that of the mortar firing. While subsequent events proved that the stronghold could not be battered so badly but that it could be defended, it was a dozen times shown that bombs could be dropped into it from the sea as well as the land.

As night fell, Anderson called his men from the guns, and preparations were made for what was likely to occur during the long night. The last gun fired from Sumter that day was at the floating battery. The ball struck the water a hundred feet short, jumped over the battery, and, missing a small boat by only two or three feet, sank out of sight. Some believed because the fort had ceased firing it had surrendered, and there was intense interest to learn the truth. No one could set off in a boat and approach the fort on account of the Confederate fire, which did not slacken in the least, as the target was lost sight of in the gloom of night. When a shell struck the walls and exploded, a bright flash dispelled the darkness for an instant, and twice before midnight, the bombs and hot shot renewed the conflagration inside. From the first gun in the morning until seven o'clock in the evening, Fort Sumter had been struck over twelve hundred times. Every *barbette* gun was dismounted, almost every foot of the walls scarred and pounded, and there were several spots where the walls were dug out to a distance of ten feet. At least once every five minutes during the day a bomb fell into the inclosure, and it seemed a miracle that half the garrison had not been wiped out.

When day broke again, twenty thousand pairs of eyes were strained to catch sight of the fort. The flag was rippling in the morning breeze. Twenty-four hours of the most terrific pounding had failed to bring down the stars and stripes or weaken the brave hearts of the defenders. The men went to breakfast, as before; were again toled off into reliefs, and as day broke in all its glory

the guns began bellowing defiance. Long before noon hot shot rekindled the fires, and at noon the barracks were burning fiercely. From this hour the guns were fired only at long intervals, every man in the fort being wanted elsewhere. Much of the powder was thrown out of the embrasures into the sea, followed by all the loaded shells which could be got at, but the explosions in the shell-room were plainly heard in Charleston. The flames from the burning barracks could be seen from Moultrie and other elevated points, and the Confederate fire was redoubled to push the garrison to desperation.

Utterly unmindful of the fight without, the garrison battled against the danger within. At one time during the afternoon the shell-room was on fire, the barracks burning, the main gate ablaze, and every wooden building inside the fort walls, ready to go. Every four or five minutes a great bomb dropped from the sky and exploded with terrific violence, and it seemed wonderful that the garrison did not give up in despair. The remainder of the powder was wet down or thrown out, and then the men could only stand by and let the flames have full sweep.

"Have they surrendered?" was the query in the Confederate forts and batteries as the clouds of smoke hid the flag; but now and then the query was answered as the wind rolled the stifling curtain aside and the old flag was seen streaming out to the breeze.

Anderson would have held Fort Sumter another night at least, had it rested with him to raise the white flag. But the flag came from the Confederates, borne by Wigfall. That the Senator was acting solely on his own account, and that he had not even conferred with Beauregard, was shown by the fact that he rowed to the fort under the fire of his friends, and that several balls fell around him as he waited at an embrasure for admittance. He had come to propose a surrender, and Anderson was ready to come to terms. Federal history finds the Major in full uniform, clanking sword, and stern dignity. He was begrimed with smoke, covered with cinders, and received Wigfall with courtesy. The terms agreed upon had to be sanctioned by Beauregard, and they were far better terms than were ever subsequently accorded on either side.

It is not disputed that Anderson made a brave defense — for the opening of the war. Two years after he would have been cashiered for surrendering under like circumstances. In after days, when that island was no more than a brick-pile, men defended it against such bombardments as the world had never seen — defended it

against attacks by small boats — held it in spite of not twenty-four hours' cannonade, but long weeks of bombardment.

Anderson knew that the storm was coming, and he had ample time to purchase provisions for a siege of a week at least. He had time to tear down the barracks and make other preparations. Some commanders would have assumed the authority to act, even though the Washington government was handling the question with gloves.

As to provisions, Headly says the men ate their last cracker before the surrender. Tradition has it thus, and the truth will be an unpleasant revelation. Later on in the war one hundred men would have lived for two weeks on the provisions left after the surrender, and no man would have been on half rations. While the fire was hot and long-continued, not a man was killed by it. While the fort was badly knocked about, it did not receive one half the damage inflicted by a Federal fleet in six hours one day in 1863. While Anderson received the fire of old-fashioned ordnance, the fort under a Confederate commander received such pounding from new and enormous projectiles that the bursting of a shell against the walls made the whole island tremble.

Major Anderson's position was an embarrassing one in every sense, and his surrender was probably considered the only alternative. Had he maintained the fight, he could not have been bombarded out in a fortnight, but at the same time he could have inflicted no injury on the Confederates, and there was not a vessel in the Federal navy at that time which could have run the gauntlet and brought him succor.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

FORT SUMTER IN 1860.

FORT SUMTER IN 1864.

First Bull Run.

THE FIRST TEST IN THE EAST.

WOULD the American fight? His forefather fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill and Yorktown, and a hundred other places made forever historic by bloodshed. His father fought at Churubusco and Resaca de la Palma, and the city of Mexico. There was fighting blood in his veins, but it had been thinned down by years of continued peace.

The test was coming!

Fort Sumter simply proved what no one would have denied. A fort of stone and brick can be battered, barbette guns dismounted, barracks burned by hot shot. Five thousand men, ensconced behind earth-works and provided with the best of artillery, deserve no particular credit for continuing a bombardment which finally results in the surrender of a fort defended by a hundred men.

West Virginia had brought Federal and Confederate face to face in battle array, and blood had been shed and fields had been won, but the test had not come. Where one regiment had shown its fighting blood, another had been ready to run away.

Bull Run was to be the test. Every Federal soldier knew this as the long blue columns tramped across the bridges spanning the Potomac. Every Confederate realized it as the order reached camp after camp on the front to fall back and mass. There was good fighting-ground at Germantown and Vienna, but there was better at Bull Run.

As the columns in blue pressed forward over the highways leading south, every soldier eager and jubilant, the columns in gray slowly fell back from picket and post, and earth-work and fort, every man hoping for a battle. One day at noon the head of the Federal column filed into the straggling hamlet of Centreville, and from its hills the men looked down upon the dark green fields and forests, through which meandered the insignificant stream whose name was to become world-wide within a week.

Beauregard had massed along the stream for a distance of seven miles, guarding his right in the strongest manner, but leaving his left to take care of itself. His center was impregnable.

The head of the column turned to the left and took the road to Blackburn's Ford—Beauregard's right; a second body pushed straight on; a third turned to the right. Before night over 40,000 Federals were massed in front of the Confederates, whose number no one knew.

The morrow would bring the test! Bull Run was an experiment spattered with blood; a farce which ended in tragedy; a fire in which swords were tempered for long years of gallant work.

McDowell's plan of battle was good. Under the same circumstances it would be followed ninety-nine times out of a hundred. He knew the risk of throwing soldiers who had never seen an enemy against a position which veterans might hesitate over, and he determined on a flank movement to compel Beauregard to fall back from cover.

The General plans—his subordinates execute. In the gray of that summer morning as three great columns in blue started out in as many directions to fall upon the enemy, the plan seemed excellent; within three hours its execution was surrounded with difficulties. The flanking columns met unlooked for obstructions and were puzzled among the highways. The citizen-soldiery became sore-footed and lagged. Heintzelman found highways not marked on his maps, and others missing, and Hunter's men insisted on taking the pace which suited them best, despite the oft repeated orders to close up.

At half past ten o'clock the Federals appeared on Beauregard's left flank, and within ten minutes McDowell's entire right and center moved down in battle line and the earth began to quiver under the terrible voice of artillery and the spiteful crackle of muskets.

The test was at hand! The query was being answered! New York and Virginia, Michigan and Georgia, Massachusetts and South Carolina, Wisconsin and Louisiana, were shedding each other's blood!

It was a battle in which regiments fought like tigers, while other regiments seemed to be on the ground as spectators. Some general officers exhibited the greatest coolness, others might better have remained in Washington or Richmond. A glorious charge saved a battery—a cowardly retreat lost it. It was not that the men on

either side would not fight, but that they had not yet learned how. It was the Lexington of the civil war.

At two o'clock Napoleon would have looked down upon that field to acknowledge a Federal victory and order the cavalry to be ready to pursue the routed Confederates. An hour later he would have been borne back towards Centreville by the wildest mob that ever left a battle field. Johnston and Patterson had been facing each other miles away, each one under orders to prevent the other from moving down to reinforce. Patterson was duped and deceived by the thinnest strategy, and while in line and expecting an attack, his opponent stole away with the greater portion of his force and suddenly appeared to save the day at Bull Run.

The Federal panic which followed the sight of this new army marching upon the field already considered won, started no one can say how, but could have been looked for. The soldier is a machine until victory is decided against him. Then he is no longer to be controlled by orders or arguments. The panic among raw soldiers at Bull Run was more than once imitated by veterans of a dozen battles. Had it been possible to retire the Federal forces to the heights of Centreville in good order, Patterson would have come up that afternoon and evening to balance numbers. The next day would have witnessed another grapple, with a result which no one can predict.

It mattered not who won that first battle. Had Beauregard been routed the war would not have been cut short by a single week. North and South had entered upon a war which was to drag its length through long years and leave trails of blood and disaster over countless paths.

The Confederate jubilee was short lived. After a day of rejoicing it was remembered that only Johnston's coming had turned defeat into victory. There were dead to bury and grieve over, and wounds to heal, and it was realized that the issue must now become one of shot and shell.

Defeat at Bull Run cemented a hundred factions at the North into one solid body whose watchword was: "War to the end!" Victory would have been followed by appeals from a hundred factions for a compromise.

Americans would fight! They had been fairly tested at Bull Run. No matter what uniform he wore, or what his occupation or profession before donning the uniform, he had faced the murderous batteries and the deadly muskets with a nerve to be commended by the veterans of other wars.

Wilson's Creek.

THE FIRST TEST IN THE WEST.

THE men of New England and the Middle States had met those of Maryland, Virginia, Alabama and the Carolinas, and each had stood the test. How would it be in the West, when Illinois and Iowa and Kansas and Wisconsin came to grapple with Arkansas, Mississippi and Texas?

The East was reorganizing. The giants had met, drawn blood, recognized each other's strength, and then gone into training for a fight to the finish. Peace was no longer thought of; a long and bloody war was at hand.

On the first of August, 1861, the Federal General Lyon was at Springfield with a force of a little more than five thousand men. The state echoed to the tread of both armies. The Federal government was determined that Missouri should not go out of the Union, no matter what action had been taken by her Confederate legislature. The Confederate government was equally determined to hold the prize, and in the case of Lyon, two separate armies were ordered to move forward and crush him. The force under either Price or McCulloch outnumbered him, but when it was left to Lyon's discretion to retreat or fight he began to serve out ammunition. He would fight. If Lyon was wiped out then it was good-bye to Fremont at St. Louis. If he could check and detain the advancing armies, Fremont would have time to secure arms and artillery for the recruits who had flocked to his standard.

Victories and defeats have their moral effect on nations. Defeat at Springfield meant ten thousand recruits for the Confederacy. Victory meant more than that to the Federal cause.

The test in the West was coming!

Lyon would not wait to be attacked. The enemy was strong enough to invest his position. At sundown on the ninth instant,

having been apprised by his scouts that the advance of the Confederates was only about ten miles away, he put his little army in motion, and with the exception of a few brief halts marched all night long. At daylight he was confronting the enemy. Had he seen a year's service in the field he would have massed his army on the ridge which offered such advantages, thrown up intrenchments, and waited for the superior force to hurl itself against him.

Believing that his advance was unknown, he detached Sigel with a column to make a flank movement and strike the Confederate rear, while the impatient Lyon moved forward and drove in the enemy's pickets and warned him of what was coming. It was bravery, not strategy.

From an hour past midnight, the Confederates had been apprised of Lyon's march. Sigel's flank movement was promptly reported, and only waiting until he had fully cut loose, the battle-lines in gray moved forward to annihilate Lyon.

The fight at Bull Run was preceded by marching and countermarching. That at Wilson's Creek opened with a crash of musketry and artillery, followed by a rush which was not checked until men could see into each other's eyes. For twenty-five minutes Lyon's right and center fought to keep from being run over and trodden into the earth by the masses hurled against them. Time after time the Confederates, three ranks deep, rushed against the positions to be checked and driven grudgingly back. It was in their last advance, when the dead almost blocked the path of the living, that Lyon's horse was shot dead and he himself received two serious wounds.

Regiment met regiment at Bull Run. At Wilson's Creek, army rushed against army with a shock which cumbered the ground with dead and rent the heavens with the cries of the wounded. The West would fight!

While the Confederates failed to carry the center, they massed on the right and left and fell with renewed fury upon those positions. On the left they were checked with grape and cannister. On the right Lyon, wounded as he was, placed himself at the head of a regiment and advanced to meet the battle-lines of gray. It was in this advance that he received his third bullet and fell to the ground a corpse.

Now came a lull, which was hailed with glad relief. In after battles men learned to dread these lulls in the roar and crash and carnage of battle, and to rightly look upon them as the precursors

of desperate advances. The command was assumed by Major Sturgis, and he employed the lull in bringing up ammunition, strengthening his position, and making all preparations for a last grapple.

When the Confederates advanced again it was a living wall moving up from the plains to crush all opposition. Sturgis was ready, and a sheet of fire flashed out to meet it. The wall staggered, but did not stop. Another blaze of fire halted it for a moment, but it came on again, slowly, steadily, vengefully. For ten minutes death reaped a grand harvest. Federal gunners were bayoneted as they loaded their pieces—Confederate infantrymen were blown to atoms at the muzzles of cannon.

Then the wall shivered—toppled—fell, and the Confederates were forced back to the plain.

Where was Sigel!

He should have been heard from an hour ago! Let him but open on the Confederate flank or rear and the day was won. The echo of his guns would have been sweetest music to the ears of the weary, thirsting, anxious Federals, but they waited in vain. It was a blunder in detaching him, and his movements were a series of blunders. Without giving a thought to the idea that the breaking away of so large a force must have been noted, and that preparations would be made to receive it, he pushed ahead in a lawless manner and at length found his progress barred by a strong column thrown across the highway in battle-line. It pleased Sigel's advance to believe that this force belonged to Lyon's command, but to believe it they had to argue that five thousand Federals had walked over fifteen thousand Confederates and were still in pursuit. In straggling order Sigel's troops closed up the gap, and were within pistol-shot of the Confederate lines when they received the first volley. Confusion followed. The efforts made to rally the men in the face of sharp musketry was unavailing, and with scarcely a show of resistance the various regiments broke into panic-stricken detachments and fled for their lives. Out of two full regiments of infantry, a battery of artillery and a detachment of cavalry, numbering about two thousand four hundred men, Sigel sustained a loss of about eight hundred in killed and wounded.

When Sturgis received word of this disaster he was holding his own bravely, but he lost not a moment in making preparations for retreat. So far as the battle was concerned neither had won a victory, but as he was permitted to withdraw in the face of a superior

force without molestation, the North sang his praises without stint. The entire loss of the Federals was upwards of a thousand; the Confederate loss was two hundred greater. Had Sigel's troops remained with Lyon and fought as bravely as the others, the Federals would have held the battle field. Had his flank movement been the success Lyon hoped for, the Confederate forces would have been routed.

The East had poured out its blood on the field of Bull Run. The West had formed its lines of battle and held them like heroes. The query; "Will Americans fight?" had been answered.

Mulligan's Defense of Lexington

THERE are pages in the history of the great Civil War which, though spattered with the blood of friend and foe, and telling of terrible disaster, are yet so burnished with the lustre of heroism, that no matter on which side the reader fought, he must feel his pulse beat faster, and his heart swell with pride. Col. Mulligan's defense of Lexington forms such a page.

In September of the first year of the war, Mulligan, and his Irish brigade (Illinois troops), reached Lexington, with orders to hold it to the last, as it was looked upon as a strategic point of importance to the Federal government. The place was occupied by two or three different companies of Missouri home-guards, none of whom had seen a skirmish, and Mulligan's total force lacked but a hundred of four thousand men. The defeat of Lyon, at Wilson's Creek, gave the Confederate army, under Price, an opportunity to walk over various posts held by small Federal forces, and Mulligan had not yet reached Lexington when he received news that Price was marching for that point.

About half a mile back from the river, on a high ground, and in the centre of the straggling village, the Federals enclosed several acres with a breastwork, and the large brick building used as a seminary was included in the enclosure and fortified as well as possible.

While the position was the only one which could have been defended for an hour, Mulligan realized that anything like a siege must prove his destruction within a week The river was half a mile away, and he must depend upon it for water He had a large number of horses and mules with him, and subsequent events proved that it would have been better to have shot them down before the Confederates appeared. Barrels, casks, jugs, crocks, pails, and everything which would hold even a gallon of water was

called into service, and filled by the night of the eleventh. At daylight on the morning of the twelfth the advance of Price's army drove in Mulligan's pickets on every road, and Lexington was soon invested.

It was generally believed among the Confederates, that Mulligan had less than two thousand men, and that he had a large amount of treasure in his care. These rumors increased the enthusiasm of the large force of raw troops under Price, and the entire army was not yet up when a heavy force was massed and hurled at the weak point in the breastwork. This was at its lowest spot, where it crossed a dry ravine. After a sharp cannonade lasting about an hour, a force of about six thousand infantry dashed forward with loud cheers, expecting to drive right over the earth-works.

Mulligan had been watching operations until satisfied of the point to be attacked. Then he massed to repel the assault, and when the Confederate battle-lines broke cover and advanced they were greeted with such a fierce and continuous fire as to disorganize and drive them back. It was wonderful that raw soldiers, hundreds of whom were not two weeks from home, could be thrown against breastworks as these were. It was just as strange that Mulligan, with his equally raw material, could hold them steadily to their places under the play of a heavy artillery and musketry fire. The repulse was so emphatic as to convey the idea that the Federal force numbered at least five thousand men.

Price formed a crescent about the fortifications, lodging his sharpshooters in houses, barns, trees, and every other spot where the elevation would enable them to secure a plunging fire; but what troubled him most was the fact that he could not advance his artillery sufficient to make it more effective. Whenever one of his guns was hauled from cover Mulligan concentrated the fire from his six field-pieces and drove it back. In this emergency a private soldier stepped forward with a hint which eventually resulted in disaster to the Federals. Scores of wagons were at once dispatched over the country to bring in bales of hemp. As fast as they arrived they were rolled into the water until thoroughly soaked, and they were then as impervious to shot and shell and fire as Mulligan's earthworks. These bales were dropped in line all along the open ground, and the infantry and artillery advanced behind this strange shelter. Each bale furnished cover for three men, and while those at the ends heaved it along the one in the middle acted as a sharp-shooter against any Federal showing his head above the

breastwork. Years after, when Forrest was repulsed from the block-houses left by Sherman to cover his line between Chattanooga and Atlanta, he used bales of hay instead of hemp, and rolled his breastwork forward foot by foot until the block-houses had to surrender or receive the torch.

From the twelfth to the eighteenth Price gave Mulligan no rest day or night. His artillery thundered all day and far into night, and rifle and musket were kept busy in reducing his beleaguered force. As the water grew scarce the horses and mules were forced to do without, and one by one they succumbed to thirst or bullet. In expecting reinforcements he hoped against hope. Fremont was at St. Louis with a large force, but he received no orders to succor Mulligan. Had he sent troops forward the Confederates would have been prepared to receive and drive them back. As the days went by the brave Colonel realized that the fate of Lexington was sealed. It was then a question of how long he could hold out. In eight days he had lost several hundred men, and now the Missourians with him began to weaken. They had all along been held in the background while the Irish brigade took the posts of danger, but the conduct of men and officers proved that they could no longer be relied on in any situation. Twice on the nineteenth Mulligan led sorties in person, which resulted in driving back portions of the Confederate line, but the loss was heavy and the gain only temporary.

On the night of the nineteenth, after midnight, Mulligan proposed to mass and cut his way out. He did not hope to get clear of Price, then numbering five to one, and reach some point from which he could receive reinforcements, but he would push clear of the investing line and fight Price a stand-up battle — twenty-six hundred men to more than fifteen thousand! The Missourians refused to go out, and the project was abandoned.

On the twentieth the enclosure was a hell on earth. Men killed thirty hours before had not been buried, while their numbers were being constantly added to. Wounded men filled the air with their cries and groans; an overpowering stench arose from the dead animals; men stood at the breastworks with clenched teeth and flashing eyes, and knowing that the end was near, but determined to fight to the death. Price had determined that this day should witness the capture of Lexington. His artillery had been reinforced, while two of Mulligan's six field-pieces had been rendered useless. More than a thousand bales of hemp had been rolled into line on ground

which gradually sloped towards the earth-works, and three thousand Confederates were behind this wall. At an early hour in the morning it began to move. Shot, nor shell, nor bullet could penetrate or stop it. Foot by foot, yard by yard, it moved down the slope, crowned by a sheet of flame which every moment brought death to some Federal.

As this wall of Fate moved onward, Mulligan saw that a large force was massing on the opposite side. The home-guards realized that there was to be a simultaneous assault, and to a man they flatly refused to fire another shot. Threats and appeals were alike in vain. They flung down their muskets and sought cover, and the twice-wounded Mulligan was forced to raise the white flag in token of surrender. Of the twenty-six hundred and forty men he surrendered to Price, upwards of four hundred had been wounded but would not leave the breastworks.

Price was an enemy and conqueror, but he had a heart which reverenced gallantry in friend or foe. In returning Mulligan's sword to him he said:

"The war may last for a decade, but no sword will be more bravely defended."

As the Confederates swarmed over the breastworks and found the water-barrels dry, the dead unburied, the wounded uncared for, but every musket-barrel hot from the desperate defense, they extended their hands, and the bitterness of years was forgotten in the admiration of the moment.

Ball's Bluff.

THE crossing at Fredericksburg—the march of Hooker into the thickets of Chancellorsville—the rush into the crater at Petersburg, and other fatal mistakes of the war committed by Federal generals, had a bloody precedent before the close of 1861.

In October of that year, while McClellan and Lee confronted each other along the Potomac, there were grounds for believing that Lee meditated a swift massing of troops at Leesburg and a rush across the river. This belief was not shared by McClellan, and perhaps not by the administration, but the fact that such a rumor was in circulation among the rank and file laid the groundwork for the terrible disaster at Ball's Bluff.

Colonel Devens, of the Fifteenth Massachusetts, held a post of observation opposite Ball's Bluff. He had orders to keep scouts out along his front, and on the nineteenth one of them reported a new camp of Confederates opposite Devens' position and half a mile back from the Bluffs. One of the excuses afterwards put forth was that the scout, skulking about in the darkness, had mistaken shocks of newly-cut corn for Confederate tents. There were no shocks of corn there. In his desire to bring in a report of interest the scout had manufactured his story, having no idea of what would result from it.

Devens reported the matter to his superiors, and at his own solicitation received permission to cross the river and rout the force. While it was generally believed, as before stated, that Lee was massing on his left, Devens took only three hundred men with him to oppose the unknown force supposed to be in his front. This force was ferried over the wide and rapid stream in leaky old scows, and only after more than three hours' hard work. Not until his command had finally been placed on the Virginia shore did it seem to occur to Devens that in case of disaster he would be in an awkward, not to say dangerous, situation.

The Confederate force was reported to be encamped back of the Bluffs. Instead of crossing above or below, to take the supposed encampment *en flank*, Devens landed under the Bluffs and was compelled to ascend them by a winding cattle-trail in single file. Ten Confederate infantrymen could have held his whole force in check right there. When the command finally gained the crest of the Bluffs they had a long wait for daylight, but during this interval Devens sent a report to General Stone, and soon after daylight Colonel Lee of the Twentieth Massachusetts crossed with a full company.

As daylight came, scouts were sent out in different directions, but not a Confederate was to be found. The encampment was a humbug, and not even a picket guarded the neighborhood. Devens' orders extended no farther, but he pushed on in the direction of Leesburg to see what force he could uncover. It was only when he saw Confederate troops riding and marching along his front that he ordered a halt. His presence on the Bluffs had been discovered soon after daylight by farmers, and messengers were dispatched to the nearest Confederate force.

Lee was not massing there. In point of fact the neighborhood was guarded by local companies who had seen no service. It took from daylight until after eight o'clock to bring up and concentrate a sufficient Confederate force to oppose the four hundred Federals. The way for retreat across the river was open all this time, but Devens had carried the war across the Potomac and was determined to stick. General Stone encouraged him by sending over the remainder of the Fifteenth, thus raising his force to nearly seven hundred men. He knew the Confederates were gathering to attack him, and that it was only a question of hours when they could bring up twenty to his one. He had no hopes of further reinforcement, nor did he expect to advance. What, then, could have influenced Devens to take up position for battle and wait until noon to be attacked! Confederate troops massed on him from points ten to fifteen miles distant, and by noon the force in his front was large enough to crush him and intended to do it.

The Federal center and left were vigorously attacked, and a column had almost succeeded in passing Devens' right flank when he checkmated it by falling back to the Bluffs. Here, while forming his lines anew, he surrendered his command to Colonel Baker, the ranking officer, who had been crossing with reinforcements since the first rattle of musketry proved that a fight was on.

Four scows furnished the sole means of transportation, and these were such wretched hulks that the men dared not take a six-pound field-piece and its horses over together. Three pieces of artillery were finally crossed and landed right under the Bluffs, up which they had to be hauled by ropes. The horses were pulled after them, roads cut through the thickets, and the pieces finally brought into action.

Baker brought with him his California batallion and a New York regiment. It would have been far better had Devens surrendered his whole command to the Confederates. Reinforcements were simply to add to the victims of the blunder and the slaughter. Baker had the bravery of a hero and the coolness of a general. As soon as he could get his forces into line he began pushing the Confederates back until he had room to maneuver. The three pieces of artillery were got in position, and when the fight again opened the Federals for a time had the best of it. But for the knowledge that retreat was cut off by the river his men would have gone into the battle in better spirits, but though the officers sought to offset this feeling by spreading rumors of reinforcements, the certainty that disaster meant surrender or slaughter acted like a chill.

The Federal lines were so firmly planted that they could not be forced at any point, though repeated attempts were made during the afternoon. But if they could not be driven they could not be advanced. Unless reinforcements in sufficient numbers to rout the Confederates reached Baker he must hold his position and see his ranks being gradually thinned out by the steady fire.

As the afternoon wore on the Confederates received reinforcements and began to be more aggressive. The Federal artillery, after all the trouble of crossing, was rendered useless at various intervals by the concentrated fire which swept away the crews at each gun, and every piece was finally disabled or abandoned. There were no signs of giving way until Baker fell. He had recklessly exposed himself all the afternoon, and received the fatal bullet while mingling with the men at the front and encouraging them to repel a sudden assault. He was shot by a Virginia soldier who was armed only with a self-cocking revolver, and he fired at Baker from a distance of about six feet.

Nearly all the fighting on the Confederate side up to noon was done by the Eighth Virginia, assisted by local militia and farmers, a large number of whom brought rifles and shot-guns and fought on their own hook. About noon three Mississippi regiments

arrived and went into line, and from this hour on, the day was lost to the Federals. The news of Baker's fall produced something of a panic for a time, the more so as it was followed by a change of commanders and loss of valuable time in settling the seniority of rank. Colonel Lee, who first assumed command, directed the troops to fall back in order to shorten the lines, but being outranked by Cogswell, the movement was stopped and the men massed to break through the Confederates and attempt to reach Edward's Ferry It was too late! Every Federal soldier on that field knew the day was lost, and the knowledge brought confusion and more blunders.

It is asserted in at least two Federal histories that at this critical moment a Confederate officer on a white horse left the cover of the woods held by the Thirteenth Mississippi, advanced close to the front of the Tammany regiment, and pointing back to the woods, ordered a charge. No man could have lived two minutes on that front, which was being swept with a continuous fire of musketry. Any person coming from the woods would have been known as an enemy and fired on at once. No member of the Thirteenth Mississippi knew of such an occurrence. The story was doubtless invented to excuse the blunder made when Cogswell assumed command.

"We are going to cut our way out!" was passed from man to man along the lines, and the Tammany regiment was ordered by its own officers to advance. It dashed forward in fine style, carrying with it nearly the entire Federal front, thus breaking and throwing the lines into confusion. The Mississippians met the assault with such a murderous fire that it was almost instantly checked. Then, as the Federals fell back, order and discipline could no longer be maintained. There was a wild rush for the foot of the Bluffs and the scows.

A year later any sergeant in the army would have known what step to take to prevent the slaughter that followed. Enough men could have been rallied to hold the Bluffs. The ground there was covered with trees, thickets, logs and rocks, and a single line of infantry could have repulsed five times its numbers. No such effort was made. A few officers and men, knowing that they would be drowned in the crossing, tarried for awhile on the Bluffs and kept up a feeble fire, but they were soon routed out by the Confederate advance.

Then the slaughter began. The old scows were pushed out into

the river, with their loads of men, each one offering a fair target, and from the crest of the Bluffs the Confederates had a plunging fire on the panic-stricken mass huddled at the river's edge. They have been severely criticised for continuing this fire when no resistance was offered, but it must be remembered that no white flag appeared among the Federals in token of surrender. The force was making every effort to escape, instead. Cogswell and Lee, together with a portion of their commands, surrendered and received kind treatment, while a considerable number escaped up and down the river, and finally succeeded in crossing.

The Union loss, in killed and captured, was about one thousand. The Confederates lost about two hundred killed, and three hundred wounded, and captured the three pieces of artillery and several hundred muskets. It was a battle brought on by a blunder, fought amidst other blunders, and a victory for the Confederates that was unexpected and unhoped for. General Stone was held responsible, but this did not wash the bloodstains from the bluffs nor restore to life the corpses floating heavily down the current of the merciless river.

From Ball's Bluff, in the first year of the war, to Appomattox, in the last, the Federal government had too many men. It could spare a thousand lives at any time as victims to a military blunder.

Fort Henry, the Man-Trap.

IF the Confederates had been allowed more time, Forts Henry and Donelson would have formed part of a quadrilateral. As it was, one event crowded another so closely that the forts were not finished as intended, not armed as they should have been, and not garrisoned for such attacks as Grant and Foote made.

On the fourth of February, 1862, Grant began landing his infantry three miles below Fort Henry, and Foote was on hand with seven gun-boats. On the same night the Federals had possession of both banks of the Tennessee below the fort. The move was made suddenly, but had it been proclaimed a week in advance the garrison of the fort could not have been increased by a thousand men. Grant's move was a part of a grand movement which gave the Confederates at each point plenty of anxiety, and no threatened point had reinforcements to spare.

Could the original plans of the engineers have been carried out, Fort Henry would have been a strong work, mounting from fifty to sixty cannon, instead of eleven, and calling for a garrison of six thousand men, instead of two thousand seven hundred. Not only the fort itself was open to attacks from both land and water at the same moment, but it was actually commanded from three or four different land points, which an enemy would be certain to occupy. To have had a fair show against Grant and Foote, with their seven gun-boats, eighteen thousand infantry and nearly one hundred guns, Gen. Tilghman, commanding, should have had five thousand infantry and four or five additional batteries of field artillery. He could not even think of holding the opposite shore, although Grant had but to post his batteries there to rake every acre of ground in the fort, and maintain a cross-fire over most of it. A rise of two feet of water would give a gun-boat a direct fire into the intrenched camps, and yet this matter did not seem to have troubled the engineers who laid out the works. There was not in Fort Henry,

when Grant and Foote were fairly ready for attack, a spot or place to shelter half a dozen men from the fire of one or the other. One who doubts has but to go over the ground. He can see the position of every gun, and the river is still there. The roads which the Federals cleared along the banks are plain enough, and the enfilading fire can be traced as easily as the blaze of an ax through the forest. Gen. Smith's forces, which moved up the west bank, walked into a position hardly a thousand feet from the magazine of the fort, and from this position had three cross-fires on the garrison.

When the Confederate commander realized the strength of the force closing in upon him he saw that the fort must fall. While Fort Donelson, twelve miles across the country, on the Cumberland, was a part of the same system of defense, it was better located for a vigorous defense, and the fall of one did not necessarily include the fall of the other. If he could save Donelson by letting go of Henry, it would still be a point gained.

On the morning of the sixth, while the gun-boats were moving up and the infantry swinging into position, Tilghman sent away four-fifths of his garrison, by the highway, to Fort Donelson. Indeed, it was either this, or to see them cut to pieces by the enfilading fire, or captured as they stood in line. They had already been driven clear of the works before the fort had fired a gun. The command marched swiftly away, to be added to the garrison of the other fort, and that they might not be too closely pursued, and because he had fight in him and would not surrender without striking a blow, Tilghman went to his heavy guns and made ready for what was coming. There were exactly eleven of them in battery on the river side, and were not enough artillerists to work more than eight of them at once. These facts may read strangely to one who has perused the enthusiastic versions of certain historians regarding the Confederate strength, but they are facts, nevertheless.

The Federal infantry held back to let Foote open the ball and silence the water batteries. Right gallantly the fleet moved up, opening fire while yet a long way off, and steadily maintaining it until coming as close as was deemed prudent. The first dozen shells from the fleet were altogether too high, and crashed among the trees. The second one fired struck a tree about twenty-five feet from the roots, just below where three great limbs branched out, and took the entire top off and flung it upon other tree tops to the rear. The trunk was split into quarters clear down to the roots.

Under cover of their own rapid fire, the iron-clads advanced to within

rifle-shot of the water battery, while those not protected remained at a safer distance. All were near enough to make their fire effective, and when once the range had been obtained, it was not ten minutes before those in Fort Henry realized that the fleet alone was more than its match.

Only eighty seven men had been left behind to work the guns, and not five out of the number had ever witnessed a skirmish. They could not even be called trained artillerists, for their practice at the guns had amounted to nothing. Not a gun was fired from the fort until Foote's whole fleet was in position. Then the men opened fire with six or seven of the eleven guns. The first shot was fired from a twenty-four pounder. It flew over the gun-boat Essex, missing her by only three or four feet, struck the water half a mile below, bounded like a ball over another gun-boat, and sank a mile away. The next shot, from a columbiad, missed the Essex by a shave, and plumped into the river so close to the next in line as to throw water over her decks. After these two shots the guns were fired as fast as possible, and in a brief time the range on both sides was excellent. While three out of every five Federal shot cleared the defenses, the two which struck inflicted such damages as the engineers could not have thought possible. Banks of solid earth eight feet thick were blown away and dug out by the great shells, until they scarcely offered any defense, and the shells which exploded in the rear furnished proof that there would have been no safety within the works for a garrison.

The Essex and the Cincinnati were hit at about the same time, and that within five minutes after the fort opened fire. Then the guns were toled off and each selected its target. The fort used solid shot altogether, and after the first excitement the men fired coolly and deliberately and cheered whenever their shots made a hit. When the fight had been going on for an hour the Essex steamed in a little closer and delivered a shot which struck the muzzle of a twenty-four-pounder and tore away an iron splinter three feet long and crushed one of the gunners to pulp. The big gun was being fired at the instant, and it burst wide open and killed or wounded every man of the crew.

At the same moment a solid shot from the fort crashed into the side of the Essex, penetrated one of her boilers, scalded a number of men, killed Captain Porter's aid, and so disabled the craft that she floated out of the fight. She received two more shot while drifting out of range, making over twenty received in all.

The flag-ship Cincinnati at one time approached to within pistol shot of the parapets, but it was a position she could not maintain five minutes. Two of the big guns were devoted entirely to her, and she was struck about thirty times during the fight. While not so seriously injured as to compel her to abandon the fight, she was so badly knocked to pieces as to necessitate sending her off for repairs at an early date after the capture of the fort.

Others of the iron-clads were repeatedly struck, and more or less damaged, and it was plain to see that had they taken broadside positions, as at Fort McAllister and other points later on, they would have been sent to the bottom by the fire of the fort. The armor was in a measure experimental; at least, these were pioneer iron-clads, and it needed a fight like this to settle the question of how thick the armor should be. Fighting bow on, all shots were received at an angle, and the boat was a small target to fire at.

The fight lasted about two hours, and in this brief time the casualties in the fort were singularly numerous. The big twenty-four pounder was useless after a round or two, and five men were disabled. Then came a Federal shell, which struck another cannon fair in the mouth and tore it open and disabled its crew. Then the most valuable gun left was rendered useless by being accidently spiked with the priming wire. This disaster was followed by the dismounting of another gun, and before the fight was over, General Tilghman himself was acting as the captain of a gun. During the last ten minutes of the fight he had only men enough to work two guns. There were two or three guns not fired at all during the entire fight for want of crews to work them. As the great majority of the artillerists were for the first time under fire they naturally threw away a great deal of ammunition before getting settled down to cool fighting. The numerous disasters behind the parapets also served to unnerve them, but the history of war in this country does not furnish another instance like the defense of that fort. Less than one hundred men, surrounded by land, opposed by iron-clads and mortar boats, receiving ten shots where they could only fire one—this little band held out for two long hours under a fire which Foote called terrible, and surrendered only when the crew of the last gun fell down exhausted, and were lying on the ground as the flag came fluttering down and the surrender was made.

At the time Grant appeared the river was rising, the country full of backwater, and the roads in a horrible condition. But for this latter fact everything in Fort Henry worth taking away could and

would have been removed to Donelson. The Federals captured stores of all kinds and a number of valuable guns, and the number of prisoners surrendered, outside of the sick on the hospital boat, was seventy-eight. The killed, wounded and missing in the fleet was seventy-three. The surrender was made to Foote, and Grant came in for no share of the praise, although had he walked in on the fort instead of giving the fleet a chance, his skirmish line would have captured it in ten minutes, and perhaps without the loss of a man.

The results were of direct benefit to both sides. The Confederates saw that rifled twenty-four-pounders were a match for any Federal gun-boat then afloat, and the Federals at once set about securing stronger armor and strengthening the weak spots. The attack by the fleet was terrific for that epoch, and the men were enthusiastic and encouraged. The defense was heroic, and from that date Confederates who had the shelter of parapets would fight a gun-boat as soon as anything else.

The fort, as it then stood, without the other contemplated posts, which would have made it a part of a grand combination of defense, was simply a man-trap. The engineer did not take a rise of the river into account, and yet four feet more than the stage at which work was begun would drive the men from the lower guns, and seven or eight feet would overflow a good portion of the fort. It was convenient of approach for an enemy, commanded on both sides of the river, and the wisest thing ever done by a Confederate commander was in Tilghman's getting his command out of the trap before the jaws came together. Had he been reinforced he would have lost every man.

The Capture of Fort Donelson.

FORT DONELSON, to which the majority of the garrison of Fort Henry retreated before the surrender, was distant but twelve miles across the country, on the Cumberland. The earth-works on the Bluffs required a garrison of at least ten thousand men to fully man them, and were laid out to cover strategic points, thus giving the fort an irregular shape. Below, near the water's edge, the heavy guns were put in battery to command the river, and the infantry supports had the cover of earth-works at fair musket range.

Had Foote brought a score of gun-boats to the attack they would have been beaten off, but when Foote was assisted by a land attack, all the weak points of the fort were at once exposed.

The defenders of Fort Donelson were a miscellaneous crowd. Floyd was there with his command; Buckner had a command; Pillow had a command, and Forrest had a command. While Floyd was in supreme command, he neither had a reputation as a fighter nor the entire confidence of the various commands. There was not that harmony among the officers that should have been displayed, and it seems that some of them, from the hour the investment became complete, were more occupied in planning to break through and get away than in perfecting details for defense.

The fort covered too much ground for the strength of any garrison likely to be intrusted with its defense. One soldier in a fort should count for four attacking it, but the earth-works on the Bluffs were so strung out that one defender could count for no more than an assailant. The force defending the fort is not placed at above fifteen thousand men by any Confederate military report, and Forrest's cavalry were of little use as cavalry.

Outside of Foote's fleet Grant had an investing force estimated at twenty-seven thousand or twenty-eight thousand men, and by the thirteenth of February he was in position. Whatever the shape of the Confederate line, he conformed to it, and if the Confederates

had the cover of an earth-work, the Federals were protected by logs and trees and ditches and ravines.

The same plan was pursued as at Fort Henry. Had Grant been less generous Foote would have had no fighting to do. A Federal infantry force, by a land investment, or by breaking through at any point, could have won a victory and taken the river batteries in reverse. The Confederates would have been forced to surrender them without firing a shot. But Grant completed his investment and then waited to give Foote a chance. The Confederates had not to exceed fifteen guns in the water batteries. Foote moved up with gun-boats carrying a total of more than sixty, and of superior caliber at that.

On the afternoon of the fourteenth, six gun-boats moved out into the great bend of the river and slowly advanced upon the batteries, opening fire at long range and keeping it up with a steadiness that soon set the earth trembling for miles around. If Foote could lay his fleet broadside on at close range, thirty minutes' time would either silence the batteries or send his gun-boats to the bottom. But he could not reach the position. He advanced to within five hundred yards, and there the Confederate fire became so accurate and so hot that further advance was impossible. There was not a gun in the batteries equal to the ten-inch guns on the fleet, and they were scarcely one-fourth in number, and yet the fleet went out of the fight in a crippled condition.

In one hour's time the Louisville, after being struck over thirty times, drifted out of the fight with the pilot having no control over her. Her armor was bulged and cracked and dented in a way to prove that a gun of heavier metal would have let daylight into her hold. The St. Louis was at the mercy of the current as she left the fight, the Pittsburgh was leaking, and the best gun on the Carondolet was useless. The four iron-clads, which advanced closest and took the brunt of the fight, were compelled to drift out of it in less than two hours, all more or less damaged, and having inflicted no real injury on the battery. The accuracy of the Confederate fire is shown by the report that the iron-clads were hit over thirty times each on an average, and this while fighting in positions offering the least target for a shot.

As in the case at Fort Henry, the guns were manned mostly by men who had never been under fire before, but they were in sufficient numbers to work the guns to their best. Not a man was killed in the battery, and only one wounded, and that by a pebble

hurled in his direction by the bursting of a shell. Dozens of the Federal missiles buried themselves in the Bluffs above the batteries, and dozens more in the earth-works, but they were harmless. The men complained more of the annoyance of the showers of mud and dirt than of the pieces of shell and flying bullets. One of the guns was struck on the muzzle but not disabled, and another, partly dismounted at the opening of the fight, was repaired during the hottest of the fire.

Had Foote alone attacked he could not have put enough gunboats into the bend to capture the water batteries, though his ironclads were fought with the utmost gallantry and were steadily held under a fire such as those crafts had never before encountered. Grant had given him a chance, and he had been beaten off. The Federal infantry were now to move up and settle the fate of Fort Donelson.

After General Floyd had ascertained Grant's strength he entertained no further idea of resistance. The idea was to break through the investing lines and carry out as many men as possible. The fort was too large to be successfully defended by his command. In beating off the fleet the batteries had not scored a single point in favor of the general situation. It was the infantry who were to be feared, and it was the plateau and not the river bank which constituted the key-stone of the arch.

Up to night of the day of the fight between fleet and batteries there had been no real fighting between the infantry. Not more than one third of the Confederates had caught sight of a Federal. Floyd could defend the fort for a time, but the inevitable result would be surrender. He has been sharply criticised for not holding out instead of fighting his way out with a portion of the garrison, and he lost his official head for the manner in which he turned over the command of the post to a subordinate that he might not himself be made a prisoner.

The plan was to mass the Confederate garrison, or the bulk of it, and fall upon the Federal right with such vigor at early dawn as to crush it back and clear the highway running at Charlotte. Grant would be taken by surprise, and before he could reinforce the point attacked, the Confederates would be clear of his lines. It was a simple plan, and as night came the Confederate commander began carrying out the details. The weather was cold and stormy, the troops were in movement a good share of the night, and when the gray of the winter's morning began to light up the woods, hundreds

of the men in the ranks had frost-bitten ears and fingers and were benumbed with cold. The want of harmony among commanders had resulted in blunders among other officers and these blunders delayed the attack, which was to have been made at early dawn, to nearly an hour later. During this delay the Federal scouts discovered that a move of some sort was on foot, and the attack was by no means the surprise that had been planned.

An hour after daylight the Confederates moved to the attack. On most portions of their front the men had not marched five hundred feet before they encountered the Federal line of battle, and a fierce and steady conflict at once opened. The Federal right wing was matched, if not considerably out-numbered, but it was admirably positioned for defending such an attack. The ground was broken by ridges and ravines, mostly sheltered by heavy timber, and battle-lines were within stone's throw of each other as the men settled down to their deadly work.

Grant could not have known the Confederate plan, and could not therefore have prepared his right for the blow suddenly given it. Knowing that the only way out lay in that direction, the Confederates attacked with desperation. In the advance through the timber nearly every Confederate regiment had to march by the flank, and thus when the heads of columns were fired on, battle-lines had to be formed under a close fire.

The number of troops in this movement against Grant's right was not quite eight thousand. Federal writers who have given it at twelve thousand have counted up the regiments and fallen into the error of estimating the strength of each at one thousand men. There was not a regiment there numbering seven hundred men, and some had less than four hundred. It was a rare thing after the summer campaign of 1861 to find a Confederate company, regiment, brigade or division up to its full strength.

McClernand held the Federal right with a division, General Wallace was in the center, and Smith on the left, the latter having nothing to do with the fight during the forenoon. The road to Charlotte lay between McClernand and Wallace, and both these commands were included in the attack, although for the first two hours McClernand received the brunt of it. Such of his division as came into the fight was opposed only by a single brigade, composed of the Seventh Texas, Eighth Kentucky, and First and Third Mississippi, and this brigade did not number two thousand men when it went into action. It formed under a fire so hot that some

of the regiments had to change front twice, and then advanced straight upon the rising ground held by McClernand. With a wild yell and a rush together they swept up the hill, cleared it, held it for five minutes, and were then swept back into the ravine below by a counter-charge. This was the first ground gained and lost by the Confederates. As soon as the brigade could reform, it began a steady advance in line, and at the end of forty minutes once more held the hill. Up to this time Wallace had scarcely fired a shot. Believing from the fighting already done that the Federal right could be turned, a Confederate brigade was now pushed forward to skirmish with Wallace and prevent his sending away reinforcements, and the attack upon McClernand was renewed. He had a naturally strong position, being a succession of sharp ridges and the cover of ravines and timber, and his left hung to every foot of ground with the tenacity of old veterans.

When the Confederates first moved out in the morning, McClernand's right, where it touched the river and thus completed the line of investment, was composed of a Kentucky regiment, the Third Union. This regiment held as strong a position as any battle field ever furnished, and up to the moment of attack the men seemed full of determination. They were advanced upon by about thirty skirmishers from a Mississippi regiment, and within five minutes were thrown into a panic and so completely routed that the regiment was not reorganized until after noon. The flight of this regiment left a gap through which the Confederates began to pour for an advance down the flank.

As McClernand found himself hard pressed he sent to Wallace for reinforcements and was given Cruft's brigade. The men made a run of over two miles through woods and fields and up hill and down to reach the threatened point. Had they come into position just where they were needed, behind the hard pressed regiments, the tide of battle might have turned then and there. But, in the confusion of battle, unfamiliar with the ground, and simply anxious to secure position and open fire, the brigade formed its battle-line on untenable ground and was at once attacked with the utmost fury. For a time the conflict seemed to whirl round and round this single brigade, and though three-fifths of its members were in battle for the first time, not a company broke nor a man skulked. They held their first ground until flanked, and then they fell back to take a second position and fight as grimly as before. An officer in the Seventh Texas said of the way they fought:

"They were the hardest men to drive I ever saw. We had been having it pretty much our own way before they came, but when they swung into line and opened fire our advance was checked. Three different times we advanced so close upon them that the powder almost burned men's faces, but they would not move until the line had been flanked."

The gallant fight of Cruft's brigade enabled McClernand to reform and bring Swartz' battery into position to cover the threatened point. When next the Confederate wave rolled forward it met a line of fire which shriveled it. Those who lived to fall back were reformed to advance again, and this time the lines ran into each other and men were brained with clubbed muskets, and bayonets were everywhere in use. The Federal battery was worked with such vigor that the Confederate advance was checked. Six thousand men were advancing, retreating, circling and changing positions in the smoke-cloud—now gaining a little ground—now being repulsed—now in solid front—now riven and scattered, when a move by a single regiment on the flank captured the battery and drove McClernand out of his camps. Soon after noon the Confederates had gained nearly two miles of ground on the front attacked. McClernand's whole division had been pushed back, one wing of Wallace's command bent back, and the road to Charlotte was open.

At two o'clock on that afternoon the entire Confederate army could have passed out of Fort Donelson by the Wynn's Ferry road, thus opened by gallant fighting and at such cost of blood. Had the entire strength of the garrison been ready to attack Wallace as McClernand gave way, the Federal center and right must have lost the line of investment, if not suffering defeat. Up to the hour when the way out was clear several thousand Confederates had not yet fired a shot.

Now came the blunder. Through some misunderstanding of orders, or because Pillow took it upon himself to change the programme of his superior, the plan to march out was countermanded and a feeble attack made on the Federal left to cover the move of withdrawing into the trenches. Pillow claimed that Smith, holding the Federal flank, was ready to follow up the evacuation and make it a rout. Buckner proved that he was prepared to cover the retreat with fresh regiments and prevent any serious attack. Floyd could prove nothing, except that he was not the general to take advantage of a favorable crisis. Thus, after capturing six guns, three hundred prisoners, five thousand three hundred stand

of arms, and a quantity of ammunition and camp equipage, and losing in killed and wounded about twelve hundred men to open the way out, the Confederates returned to the trap and the Federals returned to their lines of investment. That night Floyd, and Pillow, and Forrest skulked out with portions of their command, leaving Buckner, who was the real fighter, to surrender the remainder. No page of Confederate war record shows grander opportunities or greater blunders. The general who could have led his garrison safely out, after a fight in which every regiment engaged had proved its gallantry, blundered, hesitated, countermanded, and finally disgraced his uniform by skulking out at midnight in the company of men who could have looked upon him only with feelings of contempt.

Pea Ridge.

ON the sixth of March, 1862, General Curtis, with a Federal force not exceeding fifteen thousand men, had taken position at Pea Ridge, Arkansas. He had been following and driving the Confederate General Price out of Missouri, and had been drawn into a trap. Price had marched to a point where a junction could be effected with the forces under McCullough and Van Dorn, and a force of at least twenty thousand fighting men now made ready to give Curtis battle.

Acting with the Confederate force was a body of about three thousand Indians, half civilized, but lawless and blood-thirsty. They had no reverence for the Confederate flag, but had been gathered into the army through the influence of gold and promises of plunder. Only such as had no guns of their own were armed with Confederate muskets. Eight out of ten had their own rifles and equipments, and they went into battle with tomahawks and scalping-knives in their belts.

Previous to this battle the Confederates had placed considerable dependence on the Indian force, estimating that at least eight thousand could be recruited and brought into active service, but after Pea Ridge the red man was counted on no longer. It was found he was a coward in the face of artillery, a skulk under musketry, and that his disobedience of orders brought about dangerous confusion.

All the roads by which Van Dorn could approach Curtis' position were swiftly and strongly fortified with rifle-pits, breastworks, and abattis, and at points the highways were blocked by falling trees across them. The strong manner in which Curtis protected his front came near proving his ruin. Confederate scouts reported his front impregnable to assault, and Van Dorn determined on a flank movement. This was being carried out all night long on the night of the sixth, but it was almost daylight before scouts dis-

covered the maneuver and brought word to Curtis. He then found himself compelled to change front almost completely, leaving his defenses on the flank and rear, and his army obliged to face three different points of the compass.

As daylight came Van Dorn had not yet finished massing, owing to the difficult nature of the ground, and Curtis at once prepared to move forward and strike the first blow. It was a cold, bleak morning, and nine o'clock came before any important movement was made. Then, as Curtis moved out a force to strike Van Dorn, his own right flank three miles away was hotly attacked, and the battle soon opened on a front three miles long.

Colonel Osterhaus moved from Curtis' left flank on a highway running to the northeast and meeting two others at Elkhorn tavern. His troops were scarcely in line before they encountered the Confederate skirmishers, who were pressed back foot by foot for a mile before any stand was made. A sharp engagement ensued, lasting about a quarter of an hour, when the Confederates seemed to have been routed. Here Osterhaus committed one of those unaccountable blunders of which so many were charged up to Federal generals during the war. He had been fighting over ground difficult even for the infantry to traverse, and his guns were got to the front only by the help of dozens of men at the wheels; but in his excitement he brought up the Third Iowa Cavalry and ordered them to charge the thickets in his front.

The brave fellows must have been amazed at the order, but without hesitation they obeyed, the lines all awry from the very start, owing to the natural obstacles encountered. Some at a gallop, and some at a trot, the Third moved forward with cheers, and the result was what might have been expected. The Confederates, who had simply sought shelter from the artillery fire, rose up and opened a murderous fire on the cavalry, and had its commander not been possessed of more sense than his superior, his command would have been annihilated. He got out as soon as possible, but left dozens of his dead in the thickets behind.

As the cavalry fell back the Confederates advanced, and in ten minutes had two of Osterhaus' guns and were pressing him back at every point. He would have been routed entirely had not Davis and Sigel appeared at the critical moment, both having fought their way to him under fire. Reinforcements also arrived for the Confederates, and what had been a sharp skirmish now grew into a fierce battle between ten thousand men.

On this front were open fields, bushy ravines, thickets and patches of woods, and every rod of it was fought over again and again. Curtis could spare no more reinforcements, and the men on the ground realized that they must hold it at any cost. The Indians were distributed along the front, sheltering themselves behind trees and in the ravines and thickets, and their yells could all the time be heard above the roar of battle. Not once in that fight did any body of them appear in the open, and at several points where the Federals recovered lost ground they found dead men who had been scalped and otherwise mutilated by these blood-thirsty allies. A member of Davidson's Federal battery was shot in the leg in the charge on the guns, and was unable to leave the field. A Confederate soldier helped him to a seat with his back to a tree, and left him a full canteen of water, and two or three others addressed him kindly, but on their heels came a lot of skulking Indians. One of them tomahawked a wounded man belonging to the Third Iowa Cavalry and lying only ten feet from the artillerist, and another came running up with a knife in his hand to dispatch him, when he drew his pistol and shot the savage dead. The act was witnessed and applauded by a Confederate lieutenant, who then drove other Indians away from the spot with his drawn sword.

When the Federals came to bury their dead they found at least fifty corpses which had been scalped, and wherever an Indian had found opportunity to approach the wounded he had used knife and tomahawk to murder them. Many of the bodies showed three or four knife thrusts, and others were hacked and mutilated in the most dreadful manner.

For two long hours the fight on the Confederate right resulted in no advantage to either, when the Federal commander decided on a flank movement. Two Indiana regiments made a wide detour and passed the Confederate flank and swung around to the rear. There was not a suspicion of their presence until they poured in their first volley and followed it by a charge. In this charge they uncovered a large gang of Indians in a ravine, and such as did not get away were shot down as fast as reached, their shouts of "me give up!" failing to arouse any mercy in the hearts of men who had seen their dead comrades hacked and scalped.

That flank movement by an insignificant force doubtless won the battle at Pea Ridge. The Indians, at least, were entirely demoralized and of no further use, while McCulloch and McIntosh and a large number of lesser officers were killed or disabled. It resulted

in routing the Confederate right and driving it, and in securing strong positions for the Federals.

On the Federal right the morning did not pass without disaster. Colonel Carr, who had the command, resented the Confederate attack with such energy, that he advanced one of his batteries too far and had some of the guns captured by a sudden rush. Almost immediately following, his entire front was attacked so vigorously that it was pressed back at every point. Contracting his lines and throwing up breastworks of logs and earth and rails, and half-facing some of the troops to protect his flanks, he settled down to stay. Charge after charge was made upon his position—now on the right—now on the left—now at his centre, but his lines could not be penetrated.

Nevertheless, fighting one to five, as he was doing all along his front, his loss soon became serious. Curtis had no troops to spare, and it became a fight simply to hold his own until annihilated or a victory on the left should afford a chance to spare him a few regiments. This chance came only after the field was strewn with his dead and wounded—one out of every four he had in line. His artillery was out of ammunition, his infantry short of cartridges, and another quarter of an hour must have seen him broken and routed. Carr had fought like an old hero, but at every point he had been driven back.

Just in the nick of time a Federal division arrived and flung itself into the fight, and at the same time a movement by Sigel alarmed the Confederates and caused them to shorten their lines. With numbers now more equal the fight along Carr's front was renewed with intense bitterness until night-fall shut each other out of view. The Confederate right had been broken and driven; the center had sought to advance, but had been checked, the left had gained a mile of ground, but the loss had been heavy. The summing up as darkness put an end to the conflict showed no advantage to either. Under the leaden sky, through which the moon burst now and then as it raced across the heavens, the dogs of war snarled and growled for a while, and then lay down to lick their bloody wounds.

It was an anxious night for Curtis. He knew that he was outnumbered, and the reports from brigade commanders showed his losses to have been heavy. To retreat in the face of an enemy needs but some unlooked for accident to bring about a panic and annihilation. Had he preferred retreat, he had no point of safety

within reach. It would simply mean a march across a state, with the Confederate infantry pressing his rear and their cavalry harassing his flanks. That meant destruction.

But Curtis had no thought of retreat. His scouts kept him posted as to Van Dorn's movements, and he changed front to meet them. The new positions he took up in again changing fronts, and adding Sigel's command to the force likely to receive the first attack on the morrow, were stronger than the old ones, and as the morning of the eighth was ushered in every regiment was ready for what was to come.

As the Confederates let the sun come up and time fly past without attacking, Curtis advanced his center to feel them. This opened the battle at once, and the Federals had to fall back under a fire of artillery such as none of the troops had ever faced before. There was now an interval or lull of half an hour, during which both commanders were bringing up every man and gun. Curtis was ready first. With every piece of artillery in his army massed along his front and supported by lines of battle lying on the ground in front, he suddenly opened such a fire that there was no holding men in front of it. Whole regiments were moved by the flank or ordered into ravines for shelter, and for nearly two hours the fight was almost wholly confined to the artillery.

The Indians had been pretty thoroughly broken up the day before, and this finished them. They could not be held anywhere within the Federal range, and the Texans, who were relied on for hot work, had not counted on facing such a fire as this. Said one of the officers who became a prisoner to the Federals:

"The thicket which covered the front of my regiment was right in play of a Federal battery of six guns, and within grape-shot range. In a quarter of an hour it was entirely cut away, and in spite of all we could do to prevent, the men broke and sought shelter in a ravine. It was a splendid rifle-pit, but so hot was that rain of grape and canister that we could not get a sharp-shooter to put his head above the bank. Up to the time this fire opened on us our men were full of fight, but it had not continued half an hour when I caught dozens of them stealing away to the rear."

Curtis had still another card to play. During the fire his lines were closed up and made ready, and at the word the guns ceased their roar and the whole army moved forward. A feeble resistance was offered here and there, but in half an hour Van Dorn was in full retreat. He had probably intended this movement since the

evening before, as his wagons were sent off and most of the plunder of the battle field secured. His retreat was by no means a rout, as a strong rear guard prevented anything like aggressive pursuit. Ten miles away he halted and sent back a flag of truce and received permission to bury his dead, after which he marched away to leave Curtis in full possession of that section of country.

Counting numbers and the average chances of war, Van Dorn should have won that battle before night of the first day. Leaving out his force of Indian allies, Confederates never fought with more determination than on that field, and it was from no want of courage that they met defeat where victory seemed waiting. Van Dorn's subordinates were out-maneuvered, and he himself made a mistake in attacking the Federals in that position. It was a place offering a small army a chance to escape destruction, and it was held with such bravery as to stamp every man a hero. The losses were about equal — fourteen hundred killed and wounded, but the entire Federal force in the west felt the enthusiasm of the hour and were anxious to go to the front.

Yorktown and Beyond.

HAD McClellan been permitted to carry out his original plan of moving on Richmond and the Confederate army defending it, there would have been no siege of Yorktown to chronicle. He was to land at Fortress Monroe, Banks to move down on Hanover Junction, via Fredericksburg, and McDowell to be landed at a convenient point for placing himself between the Confederate army and Richmond. The three separate Federal armies were to be timed to act in concert, and, in all human judgment, the movement must at least have resulted in the retreat of the Confederates from the Peninsula. The weeks of delay, the waste of treasure and the loss of life in front of Yorktown would have been avoided by this policy, and had one of the three armies suffered a defeat the situation would have been no worse.

McClellan's plan was thoroughly known to the administration in every detail, and it must have been approved or he could never have carried out the portion he did. It was a plan not for his army alone, but for the entire armed force of the Federal government to move upon the enemy simultaneously, giving battle to any force found in their front. Such a proceeding would have given every Confederate army plenty of business to look out for itself, but there was a Congress behind Abraham Lincoln and a nation behind that Congress.

Washington must not be left defenseless. That was one of the bugbears of the war. Half a dozen times in the four years Richmond was left to the defense of government clerks, cripples and boys, and there was no time that twenty thousand militia could not have been collected at a day's notice to occupy the defenses — stronger than those of Richmond — around the capital.

McClellan had moved, Banks was concentrating for his march, and McDowell was actually embarking, when a cowardly trepidation caused Lincoln to modify the plan by a stroke of the pen and retain

McDowell's corps to defend Washington. That pen was dipped in the blood of twenty-five thousand Federal dead. The order resulted in the siege of Yorktown and the bloody battles of the Peninsula.

In the wet and weeping days of April, 1862, McClellan landed his army within twenty miles of Yorktown and slowly advanced upon the place. Lincoln's order retaining McDowell was known in Richmond within twelve hours after it was known in Washington, and the Confederates made their preparations accordingly. There were forty thousand men less to look out for — there was another corps of Confederates for McClellan to fight.

At Yorktown McClellan found a lion in his path. Time had been given to throw up extensive earth-works and add to the number of guns mounted months before, and behind Yorktown was a Confederate army which meant fight. McClellan must withdraw or lay siege to the place. He felt of the entire line of defenses like one knocking on a wall to find a tender spot, but every movement was stained with blood. There were no weak spots. Infantry could not carry those defenses — field artillery might as well have been loaded with peas.

Yorktown must be battered down, and to do it required such preparatory labor as Federal soldiers had not encountered before. The heaviest cannon which the arsenals or navy yards could furnish were forwarded to McClellan, and the monsters had to be dragged those twenty long miles over roads on which empty army wagons stuck fast. One would have said that not a single gun could have been hauled to Yorktown, but every one landed was pulled across the country and placed in position. When ten or twelve pairs of mules were stuck fast with a gun, five hundred soldiers tailed on to the drag-ropes and brought it through.

For a month McClellan was bringing up his siege guns, constructing earth-works and forts in which to mount them, and in the early days of May he reported one hundred cannon and mortars in position. It has been asked why the Confederate army, numbering at least one hundred thousand men, and all within striking distance, was not hurled upon McClellan before his lines closed around Yorktown. No answer has even been made. Had Lee then been in command he would have been waiting for that army, and as the three columns, demoralized and dispirited by the weather, straggled across the country towards Yorktown, there would have been a spring and a blow, with the chances in favor of a great Confederate

victory. At any hour during the first two weeks of April a Confederate attack by the whole army would have had seven chances out of ten of success.

McClellan had opened with a part of his guns, and by the fourth of May would have had every one of them lending its ponderous missile towards the destruction of the defenses, when, on the second instant, it was decided by a Confederate military council that the place must be evacuated. Why? Not because it could not be held ten days longer, but because the opportunity to attack the Federal army with hopes of success had long passed, and because the evacuation freed that great army in gray from trench and fort and earth-work and left it free to select its battle ground.

On the morning of the third, before day had fairly broken, the Confederates opened against the Federal works with every gun which could speak, and McClellan replied with almost an equal number. For the first time in the history of the war the earth was quivering under the concussions of the largest cannon cast at any foundry in the Republic. The uproar was tremendous, shaking buildings miles away and making the whole Peninsula seem agitated by an earthquake. The Confederate shot and shell plunged into the Federal earth-works to tear up showers of sod and earth, or fell in the trenches to maim and destroy; and the Federal missiles dropped into Yorktown in a way to hasten the preparations for evacuation. From dawn until midnight the uproar continued, and when it finally ceased the silence was almost as painful as the cannonade.

Confederate troops began moving away from Yorktown on the first, and were followed by other commands as fast as the roads were clear. It would have required a month's time to remove the heavy guns, and the orders were to spike them. This work was entered upon soon after midnight, and while the guns were yet hot from the long-continued fire. Of the eighty-five or ninety left to fall into Federal hands the greater number were rendered useless for a long time, and some were entirely disabled. A large quantity of ammunition was removed to Richmond, together with the most valuable supplies, and on the morning of the fourth, when the strange silence in the Confederate works aroused suspicion, an investigation resulted in uncovering the fact that Yorktown had been evacuated.

It was a victory for McClellan, but not such a victory as he had hoped for. Evacuation is not surrender. The enemy simply leaves

an untenable position to occupy a strong one. He could march into Yorktown, but the Confederate army had marched away from it. He had come into possession of their abandoned works and spiked cannon, and the York River was now opened, but that great Confederate army was still intact and anxious for fight.

McClellan did not lose an hour in beginning the pursuit. The Confederates had withdrawn by the York and the James River highways — McClellan followed by both. When the Confederates determined on the defense of Yorktown it was likewise determined to secure the line of retreat across the Chickahominy. Ten miles north of Yorktown, and a mile and a half from the quaint old town of Williamsburg, the two highways mentioned meet each other and are absorbed into one. Here strong earth-works had been erected for heavy guns, breastworks thrown up for infantry, and it only remained to dig a line of rifle-pits to be prepared for the pursuing Federals. The right of the Confederate position was open ground,— corn fields, meadows and orchards,— and the flank defended by earth-works and troops massed under natural cover. The center commanded the two highways, and was considered impregnable. The left was covered by a dense forest, and here, in rifle-pits and behind log breastworks, a thousand men in gray could hold in check five thousand men in blue. While the great bulk of the Confederate army passed on over the Chickahominy to baffle any Federal attempt from West Point to get in its rear, a strong rear-guard was left at Williamsburg to check and delay McClellan's pursuit. There was no idea of fighting a great battle there, but that policy which kept McDowell idle on the plains of Warrenton called for blood elsewhere. Forest and thicket and meadow and corn field were soaked with the spring rains, but earth is ever thirsty for blood.

Williamsburg.

THE abandoned guns and other property left in Yorktown led McClellan to believe that the Confederate army was retreating in a panic, and he ordered swift pursuit. Federal scouts and spies had claimed to have passed around the entire Confederate army, and yet they had not discovered the earth-works in front of Williamsburg. The pursuit was taken up without thought of a battle nearer than the crossing of the Chickahominy.

When Stoneman arrived at the junction of the Yorktown and Lee's Mill highways, he suddenly uncovered a Confederate force which drove him back in confusion. He skirmished until he uncovered the defenses and found them manned by heavy guns, and then drew off and waited for the infantry to come up. The commands of Smith and Hooker were first up, but the afternoon was so far gone that operations were confined to skirmishing and further uncovering the Confederate position. It was found to be a strong one, and the Federal soldiers who rested in woods and fields through that night of steady rain felt that hot work awaited them on the morrow.

Hooker was ready to move as the darkness of night gave place to the gray of morning. Impatient and impetuous, he had determined to bring on a great battle or walk over the defenses in his front. As soon as the lines could be formed, and with scarcely time for the men to make their coffee, Hooker pushed them forward. Fort Magruder, the strongest work on the line, was in his front, and he opened on it with a battery and sent forward a brigade to skirmish up to the front. Two of these regiments found a slashing in their path, and they were opened upon so fiercely that they could make no headway, while the casualties were very numerous.

The battery placed in position had scarcely sent its first shell into the Confederate lines when the fire was returned with such vigor that the Federal artillerists were driven from the guns and two of

the pieces dismounted, and it was a quarter of an hour before the battery opened again. No sooner had it done so than a large force of Confederates advanced upon it, and almost in a moment there was terrific fighting. The brigade supporting the battery did not hold their front half an hour before a message was sent off for reinforcements, and within an hour from the firing of the first gun twelve thousand men were fighting back and forth over a field of less than one hundred acres.

By eleven o'clock Hooker's whole force had been sent in, and every gun he had was belching shot and shell into the Confederate lines. The first note of battle had recalled Longstreet's whole corps from its march, and as the different brigades came up, they swung into battle-line and pressed forward to rout Hooker. He could not advance, but he was determined to hold his own. Between eleven and one o'clock three desperate charges were made at intervals on his center. His lines were breasted back by the rush, but each time they rallied and recovered their ground. Then there was a sudden rush from the lines in front of Magruder, and it was not checked until Hooker's center had lost five guns and several hundred prisoners. This was his hour of peril. The gray lines broke cover with a yell, and as they swarmed across the fields and along the highway and burst out of the thickets, there was no checking them. The right and left centers turned their fire on the advancing foe, and the artillery changed to grape and canister. It did not seem as if human beings could face that fire and live, but the cheers drowned the roar of battle as the Confederates swept up to the guns and surrounded them. They were not given up until encircled by the dead and dying, and every spoke in every wheel carried its mark of bullet or plash of blood.

Hooker had been too impetuous. The highways were not only crowded with vehicles and troops, but the rains had made them perfect rivers of mud. It was impossible to hurry up troops or ammunition. At half-past four, when General Kearney finally reached the front, Hooker gave him the front and fell back to cover with his shattered regiments. He had held his position, but over seventeen hundred of his men had been left there to mark his front.

Kearney went in with a rush, and in a quarter of an hour he had swept his front clear and the music of a score of guns long silenced was heard again. By flanking the slashing he seized some rifle-pits and detached works, and although he could not further advance his

lines, he had strengthened them until he felt they could not be carried.

Hancock had come up on the Confederate left, and greatly to his surprise he found the redoubts defending that flank unoccupied. He at once took possession, and Fort Magruder was flanked and the Confederate route to Richmond menaced. Had Hancock had five thousand men, instead of half that number, he could have executed a movement which must have relieved the pressure on Hooker, if not resulting in the speedy capture of the fort. But he had no more men than needed to hold his ground, and all his advantages were finally annulled by an order to fall back and form a new line of battle.

He had scarcely made his dispositions when General Early, leading the Twenty-fourth Virginia infantry, charged him. The charge was made across the open fields of a farm, with many of the fences and walls still standing, and Hancock's battery was supported by two full regiments. Every gun and musket opened fire as the Virginians broke cover, but with muskets at the trail and every right hand swinging a cap, they rushed forward at the guns and would have taken them had they not been retired. A whole brigade had been ordered to participate in this movement, but only the Virginians and the Fifteenth North Carolina left cover. When the latter regiment came up, the supporting Federal force was driven away, and the two regiments formed a line of battle to fight a whole division, and did fight it until orders came to retire. It was in the retreat from this position that both regiments were nearly wiped out, having over two hundred captured and twice as many killed and wounded.

Night was now falling. There had been ten or eleven hours of hard fighting, and the troops on both sides were worn out and short of ammunition. From five o'clock to twilight both sides had been robbing their dead and wounded of cartridges to continue the fight. The same causes which prevented the Federals from hurrying up reinforcements and ammunition had likewise operated against the Confederates, and as darkness began to settle down the fighting ceased as if by mutual consent. McClellan firmly expected a renewal on the morrow, and all night long his columns were coming up through the terrible mud and taking positions. Under the trees — in the terrible abattis — in meadow and cornfield and orchard, the wounded groaned in their agony or uttered prayers for succor,

while the dead grew cold and stiff and the ground licked up their blood.

When daylight came again the Confederates were miles away on the road to Richmond, having abandoned their works early in the night. They left behind them their dead and wounded, but nothing more. While there was time to remove the majority of the wounded, there was no transportation. Longstreet had returned to help hold the Federal advance only until the Confederate trains were well out of the way, and he had returned in light marching order. There was no order from Johnston to bring on a battle at Williamsburgh. The sole idea was to hold the Federal advance for half a day, or possibly until night. This was successful. When it was discovered that Hooker was fighting without support, the Confederates assumed the aggressive in hopes to deal him a fatal blow.

At sunrise McClellan had possession of Williamsburg, and Johnston was pursuing his march unmolested. More than two thousand Federals were lying dead or wounded, while the Confederate loss, above prisoners, was only a few hundreds. It was called a Federal victory at the North, and a drawn battle at the South. McClellan's path to the Chickahominy was now clear, but he had paid a heavy price for the open highways.

Shiloh—The First Day.

STUPIDITY — Luck — Fate! McClellan permitted the insignificant Chickahominy to divide his army, and he paid for it with five thousand lives. Bull Run Creek, over which a boy could jump at any point, was a barrier before which hundreds fell. Peach Tree Creek, a stream just as insignificant saved one of Sherman's corps from destruction.

It was General Grant who dared place his army with its front to an unknown foe and its back to an impassable river; and there, without digging a rifle-pit or throwing up a breast-work, wait for reinforcements.

Johnston's center was at Corinth, and he was working like a giant to get his army in order for the spring campaign. Through the month of March many of his troops drilled with borrowed guns, the muskets of one regiment being made use of by three or four. A few regiments were completely armed and uniformed on the first of March, but whole regiments which took part in the battle when it finally occurred, were without arms up to three days previous. There was a deficiency of artillery and ammunition and clothing, and the chances of battle depended on Fate. Blockade-runners were on their way from England with the desired equipments. If spared by storm, would they escape the Federal blockaders? Fate decided. Two ships loaded with arms entered Charleston by the closest shave, and with feverish haste and by special trains the arms were conveyed to Johnston's men.

Grant seemed to hold Johnston in profound contempt. His army at Pittsburg Landing had its right guarded by Snake Creek and its left by Lick Creek, with no particular cover for the center. As the troops were landed from the transports they took up their positions as follows: Sherman, McClernand and Prentiss making the front from creek to creek, with Smith's division (commanded on the day of the battle by Wallace) supporting the right wing, and Hurlburt supporting the left. Wallace's own command was

strung along the river to Savannah, to cover the line of communication. The extreme left was held by one of Sherman's brigades, and though it had the creek on its flank, the ground across the stream commanded the position.

Not only did the Federal army rest in that position from the seventeenth of March to the sixth of April without making the least preparation for defense in case of attack, but the various divisions were not even closed up. There were two long gaps between commands in Sherman's division, and between Sherman and McClernand, and between McClernand and Prentiss were gaps through which whole Confederate brigades afterwards charged. The position of that Federal army was criticised even by citizens who knew nothing of the tactics of war, but Grant was sullen and determined, and he would not rectify it. His position was weak in a dozen different ways and his presence was a challenge for a superior force to move up and crush him. Lincoln would have been justified in taking measures for the safety of that army, but was reassured by dispatches from Grant that Johnston was so strung out that concentration was impossible before Buell's arrival.

Johnston's wings were widely scattered, and arms were being issued the day that Grant crossed the river. It was a grand opportunity to strike a telling blow, and Johnston was the man for the emergency. With a celerity seldom exhibited in the war, he called in and concentrated, some of his troops tramping for twenty-six hours without a halt, and thousands of men marching across fields and through forests to save distance and avoid the mud. Every Confederate soldier who could trace a map or read a newspaper saw the situation and the opportunity, and they moved forward feeling that victory was absolutely certain. The safe arrival of two blockade-runners and the blunder of a Federal general had placed the West in peril. Fate sat around the camp-fires of the Federals on the banks of the muddy river—in the dark forests on the Purdy and Hamburg highways, and she flitted along the front of Johnston's legions as they tramped steadily and sturdily forward toward victory or defeat.

Between the twentieth of March and the first of April, the Confederate cavalry were continually hovering along the Federal front, coming within a mile of the lines of battle, and it was known that Grant had neglected even the most common-sense precautions. Confederate farmers were permitted to enter the lines with their "truck," and there was not a day for the last two weeks that spies

were not taking notes. Johnston knew the situation exactly. Could he have waited one week longer he might have increased his force by thirty thousand men, but to wait was to permit Buell to come up and join forces with Grant and outnumber him.

Johnston's entire force moved to within four miles of the Federal front without having met scout or picket or created the least suspicion of a grand movement. On the fifth of April every man and gun was up. Reinforcements were coming on, and were only two days away, and Johnston at first decided to wait for them. Two reasons decided against the delay: Buell was hurrying up faster than the expected reinforcements, and the position of the army, only four miles from the Federal camps, might be discovered any hour.

On the evening of the fifth it was decided that the attack should be made at daylight next morning. It was a damp, cheerless night, but while the Federals slept peacefully in their camps, the Confederates were held in line without camp-fires, and with but little chance for sleep. Thus far the movement had been a complete success.

Daylight had not yet broken on the morning of the sixth when preparations were begun for the advance, and as the lines moved forward the first notes of the birds were heard in the branches overhead. Hardee had the advance; behind him followed Bragg; behind Bragg came Polk; behind Polk were the reserves under Breckenridge, making a fourth line of battle. Cavalry and artillery moved with each line, and the army of forty thousand, three hundred and thirty-five men pushed forward in the early morning like a great tidal wave which was to sweep an island clear of human life.

About half a mile in front of the Federal lines the pickets were encountered. They heard the tramp! tramp! tramp! of ten thousand men; they felt the ground trembling as the gray wave rolled over it; they saw a battle-line bursting out of wood and thicket and field upon them, and they turned and fled in terror. The step of the advancing Confederates was quickened, and along Sherman's front the alarm had no sooner been sounded than Hardee's line of battle was bursting upon the camps.

Not a man on that whole front but was dumbfounded with astonishment, and in hundreds of cases this feeling gave way to terror and flight. Soldiers were half dressed or still asleep, guns unloaded, artillery useless, and officers lost their wits with the rank and file. Troops from Bragg's corps struck Hildebrand's brigade

of Ohio troops and scattered it like chaff in a tempest, hundreds of the men leaving camp without coats and hats, and scores of them without shoes. Ten minutes' time was given Buckland and McDowell to rally their men, and for half an hour they made a gallant fight, assisted by artillery and troops sent forward by McClernand. Then the lines were slowly pushed back, each flank rolled up, and Sherman was pushed into a position which he could for a time hold against any advance.

It is more than a score of years since that momentous sixth of April, and yet he who rides over the ground will still find a thousand signs of that sudden rush upon Sherman. Hundreds of trees bear the scars of ball and bullet, and one can tell just where the Federals rallied for a moment in a vain attempt to stem the bloody wave. There is not a rock, or tree, or stump on Sherman's front, and for two miles over the route of his dogged retreat, which does not tell of the fight. In the open ground one may find bullets and pieces of shell, and in the dark woods one is startled by the gleam of bones, which time has whitened and the teeth of the wildcat have polished.

Sherman and McClernand had been terribly smitten, but were fighting for every inch of ground, when the hammer fell upon Prentiss. He had received warning, and was prepared as well as circumstances would permit. The three regiments first hit returned blow for blow for a few minutes, but were then walked right over by the advancing lines, and such as would not retreat were taken prisoner. One after another four brigades were brought up and flung into the gap, but the advance was only temporarily checked. A whole division stretched across the front, and pouring in a murderous and bravely-continued fire, held the gray wave less than twenty minutes, when it had to fall back to prevent being flanked. The gaps between corps and divisions were being sought for and found, and wedges of living men were being driven into them.

While giving ground slowly along his whole front, Prentiss made a determined stand on a new line, a part of which was open ground, then a portion of a plantation and bare of the least shelter. A part of this field is now in cotton, and a portion overgrown with briers and thicket. Bones and blood are a great fertilizer. Trees have shot up twenty-five feet high, and brier and bramble thrive here until a horse can hardly break through.

The Federals formed in the open field and there met the attack.

The gray lines swept up to the edge of the field, and there, sheltered and protected, poured in such volleys as soon tore regiments to pieces. Every Confederate had shelter; every Federal was a fair target. While whole companies were wiped out in the open field, there was hardly a casualty in regiments posted in the woods. The Federals held gallantly, fighting like heroes doomed to die, but of a sudden the gray lines pushed out, the Federal flanks were folded back like the wings of a bird, and over three thousand prisoners were caught as in a trap, while the remainder of the division was practically routed. Prentiss himself, surrounded by fragments of regiments who disdained to fly, rallied in a strong position, where they drove back assault after assault, and surrendered only when entirely surrounded and about to be exterminated.

As Prentiss gave way, Johnston, reinforced along the fronts of Sherman and McClernand, and the additional weight thrown against them pressed the two Federal commanders back, but they gave up the ground only as it was stained with blood. Every piece of Federal artillery which could be brought up was opened in an effort to check the advance, and the uproar along McClernand's whole front was pandemonium itself. Had the flanks been secure the artillery might have been effective, but a front could not hold its line when enfiladed. A sudden rush upon the massed artillery bent back the Federal lines and captured gun after gun.

An hour before noon there came a lull in the battle. Prentiss had been scattered, Sherman had been driven, McClernand had fought like a tiger, but had lost ground, and everywhere along its front the Confederate army had won a victory. Five thousand panic-stricken and unarmed men were crowding back to the river with white faces and tales of disaster, and apprehension was written on the face of every Federal officer. If the advance of that victorious wave could not be checked the entire Federal army would be driven to the banks of the Tennessee by high noon. Now, as Johnston paused to reform his lines and bring up his artillery, Sherman fell back to join hands with McClernand and make a fight to save the army. It was a battle without a commander to direct. Each division was fighting as best it could, and there was no head to appeal to for support. When pressed too hard it must fall back to a new position. Grant had come up from Savannah, but in that confusion no one could secure an intelligent idea of the whole situation.

The position taken by Sherman and McClernand was a strong

one. The forest was a cover for a part of the front, and in the open advantage was taken of the ditches and dips. Along some regimental fronts the men had time to build slight breast-works of logs, and rails, and rocks. One can to-day see where trees were rent and riven, and fields reaped of the terrible harvest of death.

Down on what was McClernand's right I found a negro plowing in a field which had been cleared since the fight. Asking what relics he had discovered, he pointed without a word to the heaps he had made along the edge of the field. There were bullets, fragments, solid shot, unexploded shell, old bayonets, musket barrels, belt-buckles and what not, and as he started the plow it turned up a grinning skull and a rust-eaten sword. From the field of a few acres had been taken five thousand pounds of lead and iron and steel.

After Johnston had drawn a long breath, he advanced upon Sherman and McClernand. If he could roll them away the battle of Shiloh would be decided before noon. If they could hold him in check for an hour help might come to turn defeat into victory. Now all along a front of two miles there was a conflict in which exultation was met by desperation. The Confederates swept right up in solid battle-lines, determined to ride over and break through, but they were repulsed. The wave receded to come again and again, and it seemed as if every man in gray had become a devil. Here and there the heads of charging columns broke through the Federal lines, but only to be cut off and made prisoners. The Federal artillery mowed down the attacking lines by scores and hundreds, and yet, as at Stone River, the wave receded but to gather greater power and come again.

There was not a Federal battery on that front which was not taken and re-taken from one to three times. In thirty minutes from the advance not a field-piece could be moved for the want of horses. There were hand-to-hand grapples all along that front, and the bayonet was used as often as the bullet. It was such a resistance as Thomas made at Chickamauga—as Rousseau made at Stone River—as rallied divisions made at Fair Oaks. But it was only a check.

At noon the Federal army had been rolled back at every point, and the shore of the Tennessee was lined with enough skulkers and cowards to form two brigades. The Federals had lost two to one, and many thousand stands of arms and large quantities of ammunition had fallen into the hands of the Confederates, while several thousand prisoners had been marched to their rear.

At early dawn the Federal army was a crescent with a front of six miles. At noon it is a thin semi-circle, and the distance from flank to flank is not three miles. Not by Grant's orders, but by a sort of mutual understanding, as they are crowded back, the shattered lines of Sherman and McClernand reform with those of Hurlburt, and form a new line. Nine out of every ten pieces of artillery had been drawn back by hand, and men too grievously wounded to walk to the rear are left among the dead. The Federals have changed their tactics now. The have posted themselves in the thick woods and behind natural cover, and to reach them the Confederates must cross the open cotton and cornfields and the plains covered with pines too small to afford protection.

Johnston's plan was to crush the left and center back on the right, and he was succeeding. There was scarcely a breathing spell before his battle-lines burst from the woods and surged across the fields at the Federal position. He had but to break through here, and his work was done. Nightfall would witness the utter annihilation of Grant's army. Every general in that Confederate army, including Johnston himself, rode at the head of his command, and the lines broke cover with cheers and shouts.

There is a hell-spot on every field of battle—some spot which becomes a maelstrom of cold, cruel slaughter. This was the hell-spot of that first day's fight. As the gray lines advanced across the open ground they met such a flame of death as left one or two men standing to represent companies. Lines wavered, broke, vanished, and when the smoke lifted the fields were clear of all but the dead and wounded.

And now the gray brigades of Chalmers and Jackson are brought up and massed as a wedge to drive forward and split the centre of Federal resistance. Among the seven thousand men in the two brigades are one thousand recruits who are smelling powder for the first time. Two thousand of the men are armed with rifles and shot-guns, and are without bayonets. The wedge settles itself into a compact mass, catches a long breath, and then there is a forward movement such as Napoleon never saw. The wedge of seven thousand men drives at the Federal center with yells and cheers, reaches it, penetrates it for a short distance, and then the whirlwind picks it up and drives it back to the woods, limp, torn, bleeding, and with more than a thousand dead left behind to prove its valor.

And now the whole line moves forward like a mighty wall, and men look straight into the eyes of death without flinching. The

same billow of flame rolls along the Federal front, the same terrible roar and crash, and the gray lines melt away, and the dead lie so thickly that the living can hardly pick a way through them.

Again there is a breathing spell. Johnston is hurrying up fresh brigades, and posting them to overlap the Federal position. During the brief respite the Federals make ready for what they know will be the last assault. When it comes it is like a tornado sweeping out of the woods. The same terrible fire is directed upon the advance—lines break and reform, hundreds go down to rise no more, but the tornado sweeps on and drives the Federals from their position. They fall back grudgingly. They turn and fight at every step. The cowards departed long ago, and only brave men are left. The left and center are crowded back until the river is behind them, and though the right has made a gallant fight, the news of the disaster is beginning to tell in the ranks. From flank to flank of the Federal army the distance has been reduced from six miles to one. Johnston can concentrate twenty-five thousand exultant men against what is hardly better than a mob. He is moving to do so when death claims him and the command devolves upon Beauregard.

From the hour when Johnston fell until the sun was gilding the tree tops the Confederates continued to gain ground, but it was only foot by foot. There were cowards and cravens lining the bank of the Tennessee, but there were heroes between them and the exultant wearers of the gray. Prentiss had been captured, Wallace was down, and a score of field officers were out of the fight, but the Federal lines broke back only to reform again.

Wallace's division, which as before stated, was stationed along the river, had been ordered into the fight before noon, but owing to a confusion of orders this entire division was kept marching around the country all day and did not get into the fight. There were times when it seemed as if, had this body of troops been where it could have been hurried to imperilled points, the Federal lines could have been held, but yet the successes of the morning had made the Confederate army determined on victory at any cost.

At sunset there came another lull—a long breath before closing in for the final struggle. What was left of the Federal army under arms was huddled together on the plateau above the river in no more space than a brigade would need for a drill. As a last hope all the artillery had been collected on the three fronts, and the two gunboats in the stream would add their fire. The lull was broken

by the sudden roar of artillery and the rush of the gray lines. On came brigade after brigade — Cheatham, Anderson, Pond and ten thousand others, and for half an hour it was a fight for life on one side and a fight to annihilate on the other.

Did Beauregard issue orders to stop the fight? Did the lines of gray reach a point beyond which men could not advance and live? Johnston knew there were no earth-works there. Was Beauregard deceived by Prentiss into believing that works of great strength had been erected? The fight ceased in a sullen, grudging manner, and the Confederate troops drew back out of the range of the artillery on the plateau. Grant had lost all but the plateau, Beauregard had won all but that. Both are living to tell the readers of magazines why and how it happened, and to smooth away their blunders.

The Confederates had the Federal camps, immense supplies of commissary and ordnance stores, many captured battle-flags, thousands of muskets, and had won the battle. Grant had not been driven into the river, but he had been sorely defeated. Beauregard must have gained information that Buell's advance had reached the river at sunset, and military critics could not have shadowed his record had he gathered up the spoils of battle during the night and withdrawn to a position of his own, or even into Corinth. But he had determined to complete his victory.

Shiloh—the Second Day.

AS the night drew on the fire along the plateau slackened, and by and by it fell away to an occasional growl from a cannon and the fitful crackle of musketry. The Federal gun-boats took position, and all night long their great guns roared at intervals and their monster shells went shrieking through the woods towards the Confederate lines.

Who were in front of the Federals massed on the plateau? Not an army—not a corps—not even a division. Simply the brigades of Chalmers and Jackson. Both had been fighting since daylight, and the two did not number over six thousand men. Of this number at least one half had never been in a skirmish. Bragg, commanding the division in which these brigades were numbered, was acting under Johnston's orders to push the Federal army to the river bank, and to carry out his plan of attack he had changed front with some of his forces. The two brigades had gone forward before Beauregard's order to cease fighting. Two regiments in Jackson's brigade had less than seven rounds of ammunition per man, and one regiment in Chalmer's brigade had less than three. Even as the battle-lines moved forward men were heard begging cartridges of each other. These two brigades advanced for three hundred yards in the face of the fire of Webster's artillery, and were halted only when within pistol-shot. Here they held their position and waited for reinforcements, but in place of additional troops came the order to fall back.

General Beauregard may not have been as well posted on the situation as some of his officers at the front, or the order he issued would not have been given. He saw before him troops which had been fighting since daylight without food or rest—he had captured many prisoners and great quantities of stores—he had the wounded of both armies to see to, and he had Grant penned up and demoralized. He may have reasoned that he could finish him in the

morning and that Buell was still far away, and the order to rest on their arms was issued. Such an assault as was made upon Sherman, Prentiss or McClernand would have taken the Confederate army to the banks of the river before the sun was out of sight.

The fire of the gunboats can still be distinctly traced. Great limbs and entire tops of trees were cut off and dashed about, but the statements that this fire either demoralized or drove back the Confederate army are without foundation. It is doubtful if half a dozen men were killed by the fire, and those were far in the rear. I saw one unexploded shell in a field at least a mile and a half from the landing, and it is agreed by all Confederates that nearly every shot whistled through the tree tops.

The Confederate victory was rich in spoils, Grant's army having been supplied with everything an organized body could make use of. Johnston had sadly needed artillery. Here his forces captured gun after gun and turned them upon the Federals. More than ten thousand muskets and half a million rounds of ammunition were picked up during the night. Having captured all the camps but one, the Confederates captured with them great stores of provisions, considerable clothing, and supplies of forage. It was not a night for rest and sleep, but for hard work in gathering up the wounded and taking care of the spoils of victory. While engaging in this work the Confederate front became disorganized. Gaps were opened between divisions, regiments were detailed from brigades, and entire brigades were moved back to new positions. Thus it happened that much of the advantageous ground won the day before by terrific fighting was given up during the night to preserve a front.

Buell in person reached the battle-field during the afternoon, but the advance of his army did not appear until the battle was dying out. While the Confederates were busy gathering up the spoils the Federals were straining every nerve to wrest victory from defeat. Entire divisions in Buell's army advanced for miles at the double-quick, and as fast as they came up they were ferried across the river and ordered into position. Wherever the Confederates retired the Federals advanced and occupied the ground, and thus before morning came the Federal front had almost the length it measured at noon the day before. In the long hours of night broken brigades and scattered regiments were collected, the stragglers sent back to their commands, and field batteries reorganized and sent to advanced positions.

When daylight sent its gleam down into the forests both armies were ready for the mighty struggle which was to decide the fate of Shiloh. Grant's defeated forces were panting for revenge, Buell's veterans were cool and assured, and the Confederate army, knowing that reinforcements had arrived, were grimly determined to win a still greater victory. On a front less than two miles long the battle lines were ready and the dogs of war were waiting the sound of the first gun to rush at each other and drink their fill of blood. Most of the wounded had been removed, but the dead lay thickly over the whole ground, and where Sherman and McClernand had made their halts and fought to gain time and save the army the dead had to be lifted out of the way before the batteries could take positions. All night long the gun-boats had maintained a steady fire, directed upon the heavy woods sheltering the Confederate wedge, and day-break revealed such a spectacle as is seen after a cyclone has come and gone — only worse.

The first two hours of morning were spent in massing the troops and batteries as they reached the front, and those already in line boiled their coffee and opened their haversacks. It was the same in the Confederate army. There was no thought but that of preparing for the terrific fighting which all could see was at hand. The three divisions of Nelson, McCook and Crittenden, with their splendid batteries, were there; Wallace had at last found his place, and the battered commands of Sherman and McClernand had solid fronts as they waited for the signal.

Nelson moved first. Hardly were his rear lines in motion before his front lines were driving in the Confederate skirmishers. Then, sweeping through thickets and over fields, they struck the gray lines and pressed them back with a force which nothing could resist. In Crittenden's front it was the same — the same in front of McCook. As the blue lines advanced the gray fell back — grudgingly — slowly — fighting all the time, but giving ground. The Federals were exultant — the Confederates sullen and desperate.

For an hour or more Grant had it all his own way. If there was a check it was only momentary, and the over-sanguine were believing that the day was won, when the Confederates reached a chosen position and would give way no longer. Here their lines rested, and here they received reinforcements. You have seen a sturdy oak in the arms of the gale? It strains and tugs and braces — it gives way — it recovers — it bends to the blast with sullen growl of anger — it recovers its poise with a roar of defiance. So with those

battle-lines, only the gale was a whirlwind of death, and the oak was represented by fifty thousand desperate men.

Almost in an instant the Confederate retreat was checked, and along the lines there blazed forth such a flame of fury that Nelson was stopped in his tracks — Crittenden held at bay — McCook made to believe that his flank was overlapped. Then, with shouts of defiance, and moving like a great gray cloud before a mighty wind, the entire Confederate army advanced. Nelson was rolled back — Crittenden lost his lines — McCook had his center driven back as if struck with a mighty hammer.

Here is the field: Two miles of forest, thicket, swamp and plantation — ravines cutting across — fences here and there — three highways leading out at angles — three or four houses from which the people had fled. It is all there to-day, and the changes are so few that every feature of the fierce battle can be distinctly traced. It was over this field that hell let loose its furies when Beauregard turned at bay. He saw victory slipping from his grasp — he saw honor and glory replaced by retreat and disaster, and his desperation seemed to infect every wearer of the gray. The meeting of two great storm-waves makes the whirlwind. The waves rush at each other and grapple and surge and struggle — retreat to breathe — advance with increased fury — whirl round and round, and Death reaps such a harvest that men who live to count the dead are appalled. Batteries were taken and retaken — guns were left alone amidst the carnage — regiments were shriveled and companies almost wiped out.

In the woods you will find strange-looking trees — trees without limbs, without tops — trees split and riven and growing in curious shape. Along the ravines you will find the moss and wild flowers and vines growing thickly and the odor of the violets will be lost in the scent of blood. In the fields the stones will reveal their scars — every shade tree will be a witness, every furrow turned by the plow will speak of the carnage that day in the long ago when the whirlwind of death leveled its thousands of brave men.

When that death-struggle had lasted for an hour there came a moment of weakness. Fresh batteries advanced to the aid of the Federals, and Federal brigades and divisions suddenly reformed and advanced with great ardor. For a moment the gray lines held firm. Then they wavered, gave ground, and fell back a few hundred feet to close up again and renew the struggle.

It was thus in front of every Federal commander. The advance

would be checked—rolled back—grappled with—and then the gray lines would melt away under the steady fire, or fall back. McCook gained ground and lost it, and sprung back again to give a dozen lives for every inch. Wallace was rolled through the woods and across fields, but when the fury of the movement had spent itself, he recovered his ground and gained something. It was here that Rousseau won glory—here that a score of regimental commanders won the swords made for heroes.

Slowly, but steadily, hour by hour, and foot by foot, the Confederate army was pressed back, until Grant had regained all the ground taken from him the day before. Then the fighting died away. The gray lines would give back, but there was neither surrender nor panic. While Beauregard was defeated, he was not crushed. With his solid ranks facing the Federals, he slowly retired toward Corinth, his cannon roaring grim defiance and his bayonets gleaming spitefully through the trees.

Did Grant direct the battle of Shiloh? If so, where are his orders to Sherman, or Prentiss, or McClernand, as they desperately strove to save the army on the first day? The historian who weaves a crown of glory for Grant must forget that it was Buell's orders, delivered amidst the awful carnage, which advanced the Federal army at the proper moment. That advance won Shiloh. When Sherman's division was halted and breasted back in the great open field, now in corn and cotton and rich with the blood of three thousand men, it was Buell's order to Wallace which sent the latter sweeping down on the gray flank and disorganizing it. It was Buell's orders which massed the batteries — which brought up reinforcements — which looked for and found a weak spot in the Confederate lines and drove Marsh into it as a wedge.

There has been much dispute over the number of men Johnston carried into the first day's fight. Headly puts it at seventy thousand, Lossing at over forty thousand; Grant's first report gave the number at "over one hundred thousand." Not more than two Federal historians place the number as low as forty thousand, and yet the real strength, as returned by the Adjutant-General of the army, was forty thousand, three hundred and thirty-five.

It has been admitted and denied by Federal officers that there was any surprise. If it was not a surprise, Sherman's men must have been inventing a way to fight a battle in their sleep or half-dressed. Hundreds of them were driven out of camp in a half-nude state, and hundreds went without a thought of taking their

muskets along Could the whole front have been struck simultaneously, the camps would have been abandoned with hardly a return shot. Sherman was hit first, and his front line scattered like sheep, but his second stood firm long enough for the alarm to run along the whole line and prepare other troops for the desperate work to come.

In killed, wounded, and prisoners, the Federal loss exceeded thirteen thousand. The Confederate loss was about ten thousand. On that field of six miles front were five thousand dead and ten thousand wounded men. Almost every foot of ground had its stain of blood; every yard had its burden of dead or wounded. Dismounted cannon—dead and dying horses—exploded caissons—broken muskets and wreck of fury—it was a picture to make the living turn away with a shudder.

Grant had blundered—he had suffered defeat—he had regained his ground at terrible cost. The Confederates had grasped at an opportunity—seized it—held it—fought for it, and been forced to let go and fall back.

Seven Pines.

THE Chickahominy is the same to-day as when its waters were first tinged with the blood of assailant and defender — a deceptive river, running through dark woods and reptile-haunted marshes—through barren fields and cultivated acres—here stopping to foam and fret over a riffle — again gliding along with smooth current which hides a bottom of blackest mire or treacherous quicksand. To-day a lad may ford it without wetting his knees ; to-morrow it may be a stream deep enough to float a ship, and violent enough to sweep an army to destruction.

In falling back from Williamsburg, Johnston had massed for the defense of Richmond. As soon as McClellan had buried the dead and the roads had become passable he had followed on to the Chickahominy and beyond, and detached commands had been sent out in various directions to cut railroad lines and keep Johnston on the defensive before the Confederate capital.

In the last days of May, Keyes had advanced Casey and Couch's divisions of his corps to Seven Pines, within six or seven miles of Richmond. Kearney was resting near Couch, and Hooker's full corps was behind them to the north. Fair Oaks is a railway station on the Richmond & York River Railroad, and at that time the country about was but little cleared. Seven Pines was a hamlet a few miles to the northeast, on the Williamsburg Road. It was one and the same battle, but is called by both names.

When Johnston became certain that the Chickahominy divided McClellan's forces he planned to strike a swift and telling blow. McClellan has been harshly criticized for his movement, but his answers are arguments which cannot be controverted. His desire was to attack Johnston. To reach him he must advance the army. An army cannot move except in portions. The forces advanced beyond the Chickahominy had occupied the highways for three days and nights, and as fast as they reached the points designated they

had set about making their fronts secure by abattis and breastworks. The advance could be made in no other way. Johnston held the winning card if he desired to use it. He was in position to move out of the defenses of Richmond by three great highways; and if he did not move while the Federal army was broken up and strung out he had less activity than both sides credited him with.

McClellan must take his chances. Could a commander do more than to order each division to fortify itself as it reached its position to wait for the remainder of the army to come up?

On the morning of the thirty-first, General Longstreet moved out by one road, General Huger by a second, and General G. W. Smith by another. Longstreet would strike the Federals square in the face at Seven Pines; Huger would skirt the White Oak Swamp on its western side, and Smith would come from the northwest by way of the Old Tavern highway, and strike Fair Oaks station first. But for the storm which had rendered the roads almost impassable the Confederates would have been up and ready to attack at daylight or soon after. As it was, they drove in Casey's pickets between ten and eleven o'clock. It was Longstreet who was going to batter at this Federal front.

Was Casey prepared? In 1884, twenty-two years after that terrific struggle, I found the remains of his earth-works and breastworks to answer in the affirmative. Prisoners brought in from his front gave information of an intended attack, and scouts reported a heavy Confederate force at hand. Casey's men should have been in line to meet the threatened storm, but they were not. Even when the heavy picket firing in his front should have created apprehension, men in his camps were cleaning their guns, mending their clothes and preparing dinner.

For an hour Longstreet had been forming battle-lines across his front, unmolested and undetected. Just before noon all was ready, and three lines of battle moved down on Casey, the wings overlapping him by a quarter of a mile. The Federal earth-works and breastworks were strongly manned by artillery, while Longstreet could advance nothing but light pieces, and those only over the highway. Federal history, which says that Casey was ready and expecting the attack, is strangely silent as to what occurred within twenty minutes after the fight opened. His first line of battle, formed in front of his works on good defensive ground, might have checked the Confederate advance but for the panic which suddenly

took several regiments out of the fight. Hundreds of men threw down their muskets and ran to the rear in affright, and this left a gap which caused the whole line to be retired behind the defenses. If Casey was prepared, this line could have been held until flanked. The attack was directly on the front, and every Confederate was a fair target, but again a panic set in and a mob of cowards went rushing to the rear to disorganize other troops. There was no checking this rush. Men who had fought at Yorktown and Williamsburg now submitted to be called cowards and poltroons and to be beaten with the officers' swords, but they could not be induced to return to the front. A little after one o'clock Longstreet's men were sweeping through Casey's camps victorious and jubilant, and the other Federal commands were changing fronts or taking new positions to prepare for the fast-coming storm.

As Casey fell back, Keyes advanced five regiments to stem the tide, but they were rolled to the left by Longstreet's battle-lines, and fortunately drew off towards Fair Oaks Station to do good work as the Confederates came up on the Old Tavern Road. Seven Pines now became the right-center and Fair Oaks the extreme right. The Federal right-center clung tenaciously to its ground, every man who could be spared being brought up, but it was slowly pressed back, giving ground foot by foot and wiping out the disgrace that had fallen on Casey by surrendering hundreds of precious lives.

At four o'clock in the afternoon Smith was ready to strike the Federal right at Fair Oaks, and it was a swift and stunning blow. In one brief hour he scattered Couch, breasted Heintzelman back half a mile, and flung Kearney into the swamps. The day seemed lost, but Sumner was coming up. As soon as across the Chickahominy the order to advance on the double quick was passed along the whole command, and his men pushed through mud and mire and water faster than his field batteries could follow. Regiments were sent in as fast as they arrived, and Smith had only gotten rid of one force in his front when he found a second disputing the path.

From five o'clock until sunset the fighting around Fair Oaks was terrific, no matter whether the lines encountered each other in the semi-darkness of the woods or the sunlight of the open fields. Smith had won a victory, and he was determined that it should not be changed to a defeat. Sumner felt that the safety of the Federal army depended on his fighting, and he would not give ground.

Again and again his lines were charged with such desperation as had not before been witnessed in the war, but every shock was resisted.

In the meantime the right-center at Seven Pines was fighting for life. As Berry's Michigan brigade was brought into the fight, it was advanced as a battle-line to hold the ground until a second line could be formed. It held out for twenty minutes against double its number, but it left four hundred dead and wounded as it fell back. Kearney had bought up his last man, and now he fought without hope except to see the sun go down and night come on. He was pressed back, and back, and back, leaving blood-stains on every foot of ground, and though giving up the ground, he could not be broken or disorganized. When the sun went down he had his front to the foe.

Sumner had saved the day at Fair Oaks. Regiments and brigades went into the struggle with cheers and hurrahs, and his guns were massed where every shot must tell. Every gun on his line was charged again and again, and over the pieces in Brady's battery men clubbed their muskets and used the bayonet.

Smith was checked, but as he massed for a fresh effort, Johnston, who had been the controlling mind on this wing, was wounded and sent to the rear. His men cried out for revenge, and two brigades were hurled upon Sumner's flank with such fury that the fire of musketry betokened a conflict among fifteen thousand men instead of half that number. As night fell the Confederate assault was hurled back, and the crackle of musketry and roar of cannon soon died out. Sumner's rapid march and quick fighting had not won a victory, but had saved that portion of the Federal army south of the Chickahominy. Nightfall found him holding his ground, but the Confederates had full possession of the camps of Casey and Couch, and the spoils of battle belonged to them.

During the long night the pickets along Sumner's front crouched down within fair pistol-shot of each other, while nearly all the dead and wounded were within Smith's lines, and but little effort was made to alleviate the sufferings of the latter. All night, too, the Federals were being reinforced, and a large body of Confederates which had been delayed on the Old Tavern road reached the front. In the gray of morning there was a sudden and powerful rush at Sumner's center, but it was checked by grape and canister from the guns massed there. Then, for nearly three hours, Smith struck

terrible blows at the Federal shield — now to the right — now to the left — now full in the center, but he could not break it. He piled his dead and wounded in windrows but the sacrifice came too late.

Was it wise in Johnston to attack as he did? The opportunity to strike a crushing blow was a grand one, and he would have been no soldier had he let it pass. His plans could not have been better laid, but the impassable roads brought difficulties and delays. The commands under Rodes and Huger were at least six hours behind time, having to construct bridges over streams and march for miles through swamp and water. Longstreet was to have attacked at daybreak, but he was not only not in position at that hour, but he delayed five or six hours longer for other commands to come up. Two events would have brought about the annihilation of the Federal army. Had the entire Confederate force been up to begin the battle at daybreak, they must have swept the field. Had they been massed within an hour's march and then waited one day more, the same result must have been accomplished. The Chickahominy was rising fast, and Sumner's troops crossed with the bridges afloat. By noon of next day not a company nor a field-piece could have crossed to the rescue.

The Confederates held their lines on the battle field all day of the first, but under cover of darkness returned to the defenses of Richmond, taking with them nine pieces of captured artillery, four battle-flags, eleven hundred and fifty prisoners, and enough camp equipage and ammunition to load sixty wagons.

Johnston's army numbered a few hundred over forty thousand men, but at least six thousand did not participate in the fight. The Federal strength was about the same, but every man was brought into action. Sumner's coming up sent the scales down in favor of the Federals, and they recovered considerable of the ground lost between one and five o'clock. The Confederate loss was reported at six thousand and eighty-four, but of the "missing" included in this report nearly six hundred afterwards returned to their commands. The Federal loss was five thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine.

The command of the Confederate armies was now to fall upon General Lee — a pure citizen — a gallant soldier — a general who believed in the aggressive instead of defensive. He did not overestimate Confederate valor, nor underestimate that of the men in his

front. The Confederates had scarcely left the woods and fields and swamps of Seven Pines and Fair Oaks when General Lee began planning the destruction of McClellan. The dead at Williamsburg and Seven Pines were to be forgotten in the holocaust preparing.

Cross Keys and Port Republic.

AS I saw Port Republic nestling against the shaggy mountains one September day in 1884, so it looked in the mellow days of June, 1862. It is a strange, wild spot, and the country for miles around is full of wildness and romance. Here is the same Shenandoah across which Federal and Confederate shells screamed and shrieked — here the eternal hills which trembled as artillery boomed and musketry crashed. These sooty-faced children playing on the door steps know nothing of war, but the gray-haired women behind them remember the day when the fury of battle startled them as never earthquake or tornado could.

Fremont had followed Jackson out of the Shenandoah Valley — Shields was coming up the Luray to close in. Jackson had sent off his plunder and prisoners through Brown's Gap, and there was time for him to follow. Either Federal army outnumbered his, but when the great Confederate fighter reached Port Republic he turned at bay. They had pressed him close and drawn blood, and they meant to do more. They would close in and make an end of him. He must retreat or fight. He would not retreat, and when Jackson meant fight he meant to be the attacking party. In ten minutes after he understood the situation his men were moving.

Shields was hastening up, but Fremont was nearer. Ewell moved out to Cross Keys to check and hold him, while Jackson could prepare for Shields. What five thousand Federals could have done at Strasburg three or four days before, five thousand Confederates now accomplished at Cross Keys. Two hours more would have taken Fremont to the Shenandoah, when he suddenly discovered Ewell in his front. Fremont waited — Ewell attacked. It is one of the prettiest battle-fields nature ever made, and for three hours it was one of the fiercest of the war. If Ewell could not hold Fremont, Jackson must retreat. If Fremont could not break through, Shields might be beaten. Artillery was never

better used than at Cross Keys, and from an hour before noon until three o'clock the crash of musketry was terrific. Fremont could maneuver only five or six thousand men — Ewell had no more to maneuver. Without a man in reserve, with every man closed up and every musket speaking, he slowly drove Fremont's left wing foot by foot, crushed his center back on his right wing, and with another full brigade he would have won a complete victory in half an hour more. But he had no more men, and he had to be satisfied with holding his ground. This he did until dark, when he was ordered back to Port Republic with his main command. Fremont had been checked — now for Shields!

And yet the road to Port Republic was not to be left open to Fremont. A single regiment was left in his front, and it was to stay there. If driven back it was to take another position. If driven from that it was to take another, and if driven to the river it was to fire the bridge. You smile at the idea of a thousand men checking the impetus of an army corps. Ride from Strasburg to Cross Keys and you will pass fifty places where a hundred men could check ten thousand. If the advance of an army is a regiment, the army must halt until that regiment breaks through or rides over an opposing force. At the turn of a narrow mountain road, shut in by walls of granite which a fox could not climb, ten men may hold an army until the ten are corpses.

Jackson's advance had scarcely entered Port Republic before Shield's cavalry appeared, closely followed by a regiment of infantry, Brigadier-General Carrol being in command. He charged into the town and captured and held the bridge. He has been freely abused for not burning it, and thus preventing Jackson's crossing. He was making preparations to do so, and had piled up wood and saturated it with oil when a charge by the Confederates whirled him into the suburbs of the town. Here he waited until Tyler came up and assumed the command, and the Federal troops then began preparations for the battle which must come. Tyler must have known that Fremont had been checked on the other side of the river, and that he was face to face with Jackson. Banks, Milroy or Fremont would have retreated — Tyler remained. He had less than four thousand men, but Shields was hastening up to join him. Over there is Cole Mountain where his left rested, and where his park of artillery was so admirably posted. Down here is the Shenandoah, where his right rested, and between is a corn field and a potato patch. No general could have massed his

army to more advantage, and Shields was to prove that his men could fight better than they could march. All night long he was getting into position and strengthening the weak points, and scarcely had his men snatched a hasty breakfast when they caught the ripple of Jackson's banners moving down upon them.

Jackson smiled grimly as he surveyed the Federal position. He was again face to face with the men who had beaten him at Kernstown. He saw that Tyler meant fight, and he must have honored him for it. He who had boxed Federal armies about from end to end of the Shenandoah, now found in his front a general who would not give an inch. Over the river a single regiment was holding Fremont. Here, under the shadow of the mountain, Tyler was waiting the onslaught of Jackson's whole army. The preponderance of numbers was with the Confederates, but Jackson must attack. He coolly and carefully surveyed every foot of the Federal line from mountain to river, and he could not discover a weak point. It was a short, strong line, and to attack any point was to meet a cross-fire. Tyler would not leave such a position to attack Jackson — Jackson could not delay for fear that Fremont would come up behind him. Already the morning breeze brought to his ears sounds which told him that the single regiment left to fight and fall back over the mountain road was being pressed. Tyler was waiting the onslaught.

Jackson hoped that a grand dash at the Federal center would break it. The ground from mountain to river was then a wheat field, with nothing to obstruct a charge. The great Confederate fighter picked out five regiments of his best troops and hurled them against that wheat field with a shock which made the earth tremble. As sudden as a thunder peal, artillery boomed, musketry crashed, and ten thousand men shouted and cheered. Over the rolling ground — over a barren strip — into the waving wheat marched the five thousand men in gray with ranks unbroken. A double line of battle waited their coming with never a tremor. Then sheets of flame leaped over the wheat — down from the mountain side — up from the river, and a cloud of smoke covered all. For twenty-five minutes there was fighting to kill. That center would not give an inch. Again and again the lines in gray hurled themselves forward until bayonets drank blood, and blue and gray died together, but each time they were forced back, and every moment the cross-fire grew hotter. The Federal artillery used nothing but grape and canister, and every gun had a fair range.

All at once the fire of musketry slackened and wild cheers were heard above the sullen boom of cannon. Jackson's five thousand were falling back! They had struck the Federal center, but they could not break it. More than four hundred dead men were left lying on the trampled and bloody wheat field as the Confederates fell back. When the gray lines retreated the blue advanced. They met three fresh regiments, and yet they were not checked. Like a great wall of fire those lines swept on through the wheat, driving the foe and capturing such artillery as was not hurried off. Jackson was being driven!

The Federal infantry fire was terribly hot—that of the Federal cannon a hurricane of death. Unless that park of artillery on the Federal left could be taken Jackson was defeated. It was a brigade of Louisiana troops which dashed away for this purpose, closely followed by two regiments of Virginians. It is a run of half a mile with the guns at a trail—a dash up the mountain side—a rush through the undergrowth, and the Federal gunners turn their pieces upon the new foe. It was not war on that spot. It was a pandemonium of cheers, shouts, shrieks and groans, lighted by the flames from cannon and musket—blotched by fragrants of men thrown high into the trees by bursting shells. To lose the guns was to lose the battle. To capture them was to win it.

In every great battle of the war there was a maelstrom. At Port Republic it was on the mountain side. For an hour men ceased to be men. They cheered and screamed like lunatics—they fought like demons—they died like fanatics. Long enough before they reached the guns each one of those six Confederates regiments has lost over a hundred men. Once—twice—thrice their battle-lines have pushed forward, to be literally wiped out. The Seventh Louisiana finds itself opposite the Seventh Indiana, and there is a duel—a rush—a grapple. In fifteen minutes the Louisianians have lost more than one-third of their number—the Hoosiers scarcely less. In the little valley across which the Confederates rush for the guns, there are four hundred corpses left behind the living. The Federals do not retreat their guns. They stand by them, and many are shot, thrust with their bayonet, and hacked to pieces with sword and sabre. There is a whirlwind of blood and death sweeping round and round the guns for five minutes, and then Jackson's men have won. They raise a cheer, but it dies away in a scream. The Federals gave way only to rally and return. They advance with a rush that sends the enemy whirling over the corpses

—across the valley—back into the thick undergrowth, and a minute has hardly passed before the guns are again throwing grape and canister at Jackson's left, now being slowly pushed by the Federal right. If Tyler dallied on the march, he is making up for it now. If he failed to reach Strasburg on time, he is showing his mettle here. Across the river a single regiment is holding Fremont in check. Here on this field of blood Jackson's best troops are being pushed back and his Louisiana Tigers find their match.

And now they come again! The cheers from the Federal left have nerved those six regiments until they would charge hell itself. They reform under a terrific fire, and rush with an impetus which even the hand of death cannot stop. They reach the guns again, and again men shoot, stab, cut, hack—aye! they grapple and roll under the wheels of cannon so hot that they would almost blister. There are no wounded. It is a grapple to the death. For the second time the Federals are pressed back, and for the second time the guns speak under Confederate hands. Will it end here? No! Panting like dogs—faces begrimed—nine-tenths of them bare-headed—the Federal wave rolls back on the guns, and now there is a grapple such as no other battle ever furnished. Men beat each other's brains out with muskets which they have no time to load. Those who go down to die think only of revenge, and they clutch the nearest foe with a grasp which death renders stronger. Down where the Federal right is pushing Jackson they hear this pandemonium of shrieks and screams on the mountain-side, and they halt. It is a sound ten times more horrible than the whistle of grape or the hiss of canister. Men cease firing to look up. They can see nothing for the smoke, but what they hear is a sound like that of hungry tigers turned loose to tear each other to the death.

If Tyler had had two more regiments in reserve behind his guns they could not have been taken. When the Federals were driven for the third time they were not disheartened, but wiped out. To recover his artillery the Federal commander detached a brigade from his right. Weakened only by that much Jackson could drive it. He divined where other generals had to grope. In the same breath he ordered reinforcements to the men holding the guns and a charge on the Federals center and left. From that moment the battle of Port Republic was decided.

Tyler must have realized it, but he would die game. With his own artillery pouring death into his ranks, he shortened his lines and for half an hour held Jackson with a fire of musketry so hot

that men advancing against it were struck by five or six bullets at once. It was his last effort. Foot by foot he lost ground—foot by foot Jackson advanced—and when there was no longer any hope, the Federal army faced about for the Luray and acknowledged its defeat. It was not a panic, but Tyler was routed. He was pushed for a couple of miles and then left to pursue his way toward the Potomac with only cavalry to sting his rear-guard and keep him going.

When Tyler was out of sight of the battle field Fremont came up. He had at last brushed the Confederate fly from his path and reached the river. Fremont was on one side—Jackson on the other, and the long bridge spanning the stream was on fire. If Fremont had fight in him he had come too late. Next morning he began his retreat on that Mecca of Federal pilgrimage, to be heard of in the valleys no more.

Port Republic was one of the squarest fights of the war. Tyler had the advantage in acting on the defensive, and he had every reason to hope that Fremont would come up in time to participate. Jackson had less artillery, but his troops were nerved by the knowledge that Fremont would be held, and that a victory at Port Republic would clear the valleys.

After Jackson had passed Strasburg and was on his way to Port Republic, Fremont fell in behind him. It was known for a fact that Shields was hastening up the Luray to reach Port Republic first. There was a plan to get him between the two armies. How could he say that he would defeat it? How could he know that he was to check one army, whip the other and clear the valleys of both? And yet Jackson so calculated. On the sixth of June, with Fremont at his heels, Shields hurrying up, Ashby dead and the Confederates pushing at the top of their speed, he sent a courier to Johnston at Richmond with the message:

"Should my command be required at Richmond, I can be at Mechanic's Run depot, on the Central Road, the second day's march."

He did not mean that he would leave the valley in possession of the Federals and hurry on to the spot named, but he meant that he would have finished the both armies by the time Johnston wanted his command.

Two days before Cross Keys—three days before Port Republic—that strange man had planned what would happen and what did happen. He had a strange power of intuition, shown in a dozen

instances. He never halted nor hesitated nor groped—he divined. Was it a gift? His men say yes; his enemies cannot say no. Once more, when we find him hurrying through Thoroughfare Gap to strike Pope's army in the rear, we shall see evidences of an intuition which startled those who shared his dangers and knew him best.

Behind the Earth-works.

AH! it was one of the prettiest June days even Virginia ever saw. There was such a mellow sunshine that every flower and blossom turned its face to be kissed, and there was such a happy, peaceful look down across the fields towards the James River that men forgot for a moment that war existed. In the trees overhead the robins called to each other, and once a blue-bird alighted on the wheel of a field-piece which had its shining brass muzzle thrust through the embrasure, ready to send its shrieking shell whenever hand pulled the lock-string.

There were a thousand of us down behind the earth-works, and we were so quiet that the voice of the colonel reached the last men on the flanks as he cautioned us: "My lads, we are going to hold this position against a whole army!"

See! A thin line of men—skirmishers to the number of fifty—suddenly break cover from the woods half a mile away, and advance upon us. They skulk—they dodge—they drop down and suddenly rise again and advance as stealthily as Indians intent upon surprising a hamlet. Bah! Fifty men against one thousand! No, it is not that. The Octopus is in the woods—these skirmishers are the long arms he is reaching out to feel for us—to uncover our position—to ascertain our strength.

"Puff! puff!"

It is the fire of the skirmishers. You know where the watch-dog is by his growl. They are trying to provoke the beast to betray his retreat. Zip! zip! How the bullets sing as they fly over our heads! There is dead silence behind the works. We breathe faster and harder—we clutch our guns with tighter grip, but we are silent. To kill an Octopus you must strike at the body. Sever his arms and they will grow again.

"Pop! pop! pop! Zip! zip! zip!"

"Steady, lads, and wait for the word!" says the colonel.

There is no excitement among us. I hear the man on my right shut his teeth with a gritting sound, and the one on my left is breathing like a weary man in profound slumber. If I should look up and down the line I might see pale faces, but I am looking down across the fields and over the heads of the skirmishers. The grandest sight of the world is to see the Octopus of War leave his lair and come forth thirsting for human blood.

Ah! here he comes! His feelers have failed to uncover us, but he can judge for himself that such a short line of works cannot conceal more than a full regiment. He does not know that our right flank rests on a swamp, and our left on an impassable ravine, while our front offers no shelter even for a rabbit. Look! the sight is worth ten years of your life! A full brigade pours out of the woods and forms for the charge. Regiments and companies swing into position as if on parade. The skirmishers redouble their fire, and a general gallops along the front of the brigade, as if to see that every foot is on line with its neighbor.

Now they get the word to advance, and at the same instant our field-pieces open fire. The cruel shell are striking plump into the front rank and tearing men to pieces by the half-dozen, but as the smoke lifts we find the Octopus marching on with steady movement. He wants blood. He will demand drop for drop—and more! Ha! The shriek of shell has changed to the whistle of grape and canister, and the men at the guns are working as if the fate of nations depended upon them. The smoke drops down in a great cloud, and one cannot see beyond his bayonet. Now it is rent and shattered, and it lifts and floats away in great pieces and fragments.

"Now lads—and fire low!"

The Octopus has been staggered—wounded—halted—but here he comes again. Right in front of me I see a face and form which I select as a target. I could kill him now, but I grimly wait for him to come nearer. He is pale with excitement, and as the man at his left is struck down my target loses the steady step of the line. But only for an instant. Now he is not over forty feet away, and the fire of musketry has checked the advance. My weapon points straight at him. I am looking right into his eyes. I note his brown curls, his high forehead—the white teeth shut tight together in his excitement. He is not over twenty years old. He has a mother whose poor old heart will almost break to-morrow. He has sisters who will refuse to be comforted for long months. And

such a fair-faced boy must have a sweetheart whose very soul will cry out in anguish at the news of his death.

I am going to kill him! The excitement of the check has confused him. He looks to the right and the left, and then into my eyes. He is standing almost alone. As our eyes meet, he sees murder in mine, and I read an appeal for mercy in his. The result of a battle does not hinge upon the life of a corporal. The war will not be over the sooner for his death. But I take deliberate aim at his breast and press the trigger, and even before I feel the shock of discharge I see the red blood spray out from the horrible wound, and he falls back with a shriek upon his lips.

The Octopus is beaten back. I go over the works and find my target. Those brown curls are damp with death—the fair face as white as snow—the ground soaked with blood so precious that every drop will call for a hundred tears from women's eyes. The blue eyes are wide open, the lips are parted, and as I bend over him it seems as if his voice came back for an instant to whisper the exclamation: *Murderer!*

And that was war! That was one of the acts which helped to make a victory for thousands to shout over—for flags to ripple—for rockets to ascend—for children to cheer and women to bless high heaven!

Colonel Morgan's Defense.

THE Federal Colonel William H. Morgan's conflict with Confederate troops belonging to Van Dorn's command and his spirited defense of Davis' Mills, Mississippi, in 1862, was an incident of war which none of the historians have given more than a line, although it was one of the most plucky affairs witnessed during the whole war.

Colonel Morgan, with about two hundred Indiana infantry and half that number of Ohio cavalry, was stationed at Davis' Mills, Mississippi, to defend a saw-mill, three or four storehouses, and a trestle bridge on the Central Railroad. The saw-mill was not in running order, but strongly built and situated so as to fairly command both the railroad and a country bridge over the creek.

This saw-mill was converted into a fortress in a novel manner. Railroad ties were placed on end all around it and firmly lashed, and then a second course of ties laid horizontal was constructed. Bales of cotton were then rolled into position and piled up until nothing of the mill could be seen. Port-holes were left for the muskets of the defenders, and a supply of water in barrels was at hand to be used to drown out fire.

When the block-house had been completed the Colonel proceeded to throw up an earthwork which not only commanded the approach to the block-house, but was a second key to the bridges. This earthwork was still in fair condition in the spring of 1884. All this work was begun only after news had been received that Van Dorn had dispatched a strong force up the railroad to sweep it clear of Federal occupation, and it was finished as scouts brought in word that Confederate cavalry was close at hand.

Morgan placed one hundred and fifty men in the block-house with plenty of food and ammunition, fifty of his dismounted cavalry in a ravine from which they had a fair range of the bridges, and the remainder were gathered in the earthwork. This was to be the first fight with most of the men, but with the exception of

two of the force all went to their positions in good spirits. These two, one belonging to the cavalry and the other to the infantry, deserted to the woods half an hour before the Confederates appeared, and during the fight were discovered by the Confederates and dragged out of their hiding places and shot as spies.

Soon after noon Van Dorn's troops formed for a charge over the country bridge and moved forward with cheers and yells. The fire of the entire Federal force was concentrated on a front of about fifteen rods, and the assault was checked within ten minutes. The Confederates supposed they were charging a camp, and anticipated only a slight resistance. When driven back their front was extended, reinforcements brought up, and preparations made for hot work. From a front of half a mile long they opened a hot fire of musketry lasting twenty minutes, and then a second rush was made for the bridge. The Federal fire was again concentrated, and again the column of assault was checked, broken and driven back.

After the second repulse at the bridge, troops were massed at different points on the front and attempts made to force the passage of the creek, but the result in each instance was the same. Said a member of Company M, Fifth Ohio Cavalry:

"Men never exhibited such reckless bravery as those dare-devil Confederates. It must have been plain enough to every one of them on that front that any attempt to cross the creek was offering up their lives, but they kept trying it as if anxious to be slaughtered. It was only pistol-shot from my position to the stream, and I had a dead rest and a sure bead as fast as I could load and fire. It seemed to me like murder to drop a man with every bullet."

When the entire Confederate force had been brought up and massed a third attempt was made on the bridge, the lines of assault being five deep. The head of the column gained perhaps fifty feet on the one preceding it, but the concentrated fire had the same result. The approach to the bridge was now covered with dead and wounded, and many of the latter, crazed with pain and maddened by thirst, drew themselves up the railing and dropped into the water below.

It was murder to order the Confederates to a fourth charge, but the commanding officer seemed to have lives to throw away. When he massed again he had a solid column in the middle of the highway, and on each side of it a line of men who were ordered to carry their guns at a trail and speed across the bridge without firing

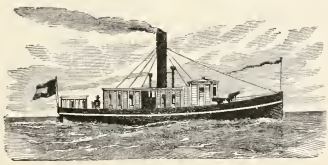
a shot. As this column was ready to break cover a hot fire was opened from right to left to distract attention, and at the same time balls of cotton soaked with turpentine were lighted and flung upon the railroad bridge with the hope of burning it.

When the assaulting column uncovered itself it was to meet that concentrated fire again, and although about twenty men succeeded in crossing, the remainder were struck down or driven back after a fight of ten minutes. This ended the serious fighting, although a scattering fire was maintained for an hour after, during which time the Confederate commander sent in a flag of truce and demanded an unconditional surrender! His messenger took back the request for a few more assaults to be ordered.

When the Confederates retreated they left in Morgan's hands upwards of one hundred killed and wounded, ninety-six muskets, two dozen sabres, two wagons, a lot of ammunition and about twenty prisoners, and drew off under the belief that the post was garrisoned by at least two thousand men. The loss to the Federals was only three wounded. One of the causes contributing to such a victory was the fact that the dismounted cavalry had just been armed with seven-shooters, thus enabling them to maintain a fire without a lull in which the assaulting columns could recover from their confusion. Van Dorn's force was at first estimated at six thousand men, but was subsequently known to have comprised only half that number, although this gave him at least ten to one.

First Confederate Gunboats

EARLY in the summer of 1862, Miss Sue Gelzer, a young lady residing in Charleston, donated an amount of money to a fund to be called "The Ladies' Gunboat Fund"—the idea being to raise a sufficient cash fund among the ladies of South Carolina to build and equip a Confederate gunboat. The scheme became popular in a day, and in a few weeks the sum of thirty thousand dollars in cash was in the hands of the treasury. Many of the contributors to this fund had to sell jewelry and other articles to obtain the money forwarded. As soon as it was seen that a large fund was certain to be raised, the work of building the first boat was begun, and she was not yet half completed when money enough had been raised to warrant the building of another. The second week in October both boats were launched at Charleston, in the presence of a great crowd, the first being named the "Palmetto State," and the second the "Chicora." The crafts were constructed entirely for the defense of Charleston harbor, and both took part in repelling the several attempts to enter the harbor. In the attempt to raise the blockade, as described elsewhere, in a separate article, these two gunboats took the lead in attacking the Federal blockaders. The action of the ladies of South Carolina was followed in other States, and the money contributed or collected by the women of the South from 1862 to 1865 amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars.



Van Dorn's Blow at Grant.

ONE of the severest blows Grant received in any of his campaigns was the capture of Holly Springs, just as he was prepared to make it the base for a grand movement against the western Confederate army. For weeks and weeks he had been collecting forage, provisions, and munitions of war at the Springs, and the garrison consisted of eighteen hundred men under Colonel Murphy. This force was considered all-powerful, as reinforcements could be hurried in at a moment's notice, and the only fear was from small bodies of Confederate cavalry.

Van Dorn went quietly to work about the middle of December—it was in 1862—to consolidate all detached commands, and on the twentieth he had a force of cavalry numbering at least two thousand. His movements were closely watched by Federal spies, and when Grant became satisfied that Holly Springs was the point aimed at, he notified Murphy to be on his guard against an attack. It is not clear whether this Federal colonel was a coward or an idiot. He had at least sixteen hours in which to prepare for the attack, but he made no movement beyond telegraphing Grant to hurry up reinforcements. Not a street was barricaded, not a defense thrown up, no official order transmitted to the men.

Soon after daylight on the morning of the twenty-second the Confederate advance dashed into the town and brought up at the railroad depot. Here was a guard of one hundred and eight Federals, and although seeing that they were overpowered ten to one, they made a hot little fight to save the depot, and had twenty men killed before they surrendered. Had all the Federal infantry been stationed here, the depot and its trains, at least, would have been saved. There was one long train, loaded with bales of cotton, and these would have made an excellent breastwork for at least five hundred men.

As soon as the Confederates had possession of the depot, their

regiments came charging in by every highway. The remainder of the Federal infantry was of no use, because broken up into detachments. Most of the cavalry in the town were Illinois troops. The men were anxious to barricade the streets and fight, but had orders from Murphy not to do so. When Van Dorn's men swarmed in these Illinoisans stood holding their horses until entirely surrounded. Then, when called upon to surrender, and with no regimental officers to lead them, seven or eight companies drew sabre and cut their way out and got safely away.

As soon as the captured Federals were paroled, Van Dorn began to look for greenbacks. There were scores of cotton buyers in the town, together with many sutlers and speculators. These men were "gobbled up," one after another, and taken to headquarters, where each one was ordered to "shell out." About fifty gold watches, a dozen diamond pins, and nearly one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in greenbacks were gathered in from private individuals. Over forty cars at the depot were loaded with cotton belonging to Federal speculators, and every bale was consumed, along with the trains and depots. In addition, two thousand bales were piled up in the town, and it made a grand bonfire. The idea was to cripple Grant's intended movement by destroying his stores, and the work was done in a thorough manner. What the Confederates did not wish to carry away they gave to the flames, and at no other time during the war did the torch find such a rich harvest. Every locomotive and car — every bale of cotton — every storehouse — every forage pile — every public building, made a bonfire. Grant had taken possession of scores of buildings and filled them with medical and quartermaster stores. On the vacant lots he had piled up sugar, meat, coffee, rice, molasses, beans, and bales of hay and sacks of oats. Not a hundredth part could be taken away, and the rest must be destroyed.

Buildings filled with ordnance stores were set on fire, and there were several explosions which wrecked houses two squares distant. One hundred and twenty-two barrels of powder were stored in one building, and when this explosion took place men half a mile away were knocked down by the concussion. The destruction included two million cartridges, six thousand muskets, three thousand sabers, two thousand five hundred revolvers, ninety-five thousand uniforms, eleven thousand barrels of flour, one million dollars' worth of medical stores, five hundred thousand dollars' worth of sutler's stores, eight hundred thousand dollars' worth of ordnance stores, twelve

hundred dollars' worth of quartermaster and commissary stores not included in the above, four hundred horses, eighty-four army wagons, twenty-two ambulances, a battery of field pieces, and enough to bring the total loss of the Federal government up to over seven million dollars.

Grant knew that Van Dorn would attack, but he felt confident that Murphy could beat him off. He, however, forwarded reinforcements, but the troops reached Holly Springs to find the place in ashes and the Confederates gone. In his official report, Grant gave Murphy and his officers a rebuke, which followed them until the last one resigned his commission, and the rank and file, willing to fight had they been permitted, were told that their conduct in accepting paroles could not be justified.

Army Panics.

THE panic which seized upon a portion of the Federal army at First Bull Run and resulted in demoralizing the whole, was repeated many times afterwards in both armies. Place a regiment in ever so favorable a fighting position, and give it the best officers in the service, and one thing more is needed. Unless men are driven to desperation they will not fight their best until possible disaster is provided for by an avenue of escape in the rear. Troops can be quickly and steadily half-faced to meet a flank attack, but if it continues long a panic is almost certain to be the result. The soldier fears that his retreat will be cut off. Even if he has no thoughts of retreat, this feeling forces itself upon him and demoralizes the bravest troops.

The slightest cause has led to gravest results in battles. Let a battery change position with a rush, running through a brigade, and those men must be handled firmly to prevent a falling back. Caissons in search of ammunition have stampeded regiments time and again. Let one regiment fall back hastily to secure a new position, and it is a cool line of veterans indeed which will open to let the men pass, and then close up firmly after them. It is not the fear of being killed that unnerves a man fighting in the ranks. Men who have fired seventy five rounds at close range have been afterwards stampeded by the fear of being surrounded and captured. With veteran fighters the fear of being made a prisoner is perhaps stronger than that of death itself. A man falling dead as a line advances produces no consternation. The gap is closed as quick as the men on either side can move up. But, let a man be wounded and call out at the top of his voice, as was sometimes the case, and a sort of quiver runs up and down his whole company. Let a second and third be hit, and it requires the stern: "Steady, men!" of the captain to prevent disorder in the ranks.

The teamsters were the direct cause of more than one panic. Being non-combatants and unarmed, they were, of course, helpless,

and for this same reason easily frightened. Let one single shell fall among the wagon-train, and nine out of ten wagons were bound to move. If one teamster abandoned his wagon, others were certain to follow his example, no matter how slight the danger.

When Gen. Sturgis had his fight at Guntown, Miss., the wagon train was by some blunder brought too near the front and parked in an open field. As the fighting grew hot the Confederates brought forward a single section of artillery and got the range of this train. Four or five shells did the work. A panic seized the teamsters, and the few who brought their wagons out of the field abandoned them along the only highway. This action blocked the road, preventing any movement of artillery along the thoroughfare, and in half an hour there was a panic among the men who had all along been fighting with the greatest bravery. The panic resulted in a rout entirely uncalled for, and the Confederates gathered in from nine hundred to twelve hundred prisoners, eighteen pieces of artillery, two hundred and thirty wagons and ambulances, six hundred horses and mules, and rations and ammunition in immense quantities. The bursting of five or six shells half a mile in rear of the lines of battle lost Sturgis that fight, and came near being the destruction of his whole command.

An incipient panic was often crushed out by the coolness of a few officers, who, recklessly exposing themselves to the fire of the enemy, would reanimate a regiment, but a brigade once started for the rear in disorder paid not the slightest heed to demands, entreaties or curses. As a rule, a command disorganized early in a fight was of but little use during the rest of the day, the men seeming to be thoroughly unnerved and beaten.

The Waste in War.

THE wars of 1776 and 1812, together with the Mexican War, must have been conducted with an eye to economy, for the country had little to spare during the first two named, and the Mexican War was fought at such a distance from home as to demand the utmost care in preserving the supplies which reached the armies. But with the American Civil War it seemed to be the rule to waste and destroy. Not a single department of government attempted to check the wholesale waste, and not a branch of the service made the least effort to take care of military property.

Beginning with the horse and the mule, without which no army could move, this terrible waste was apparent in the ordnance, quartermaster and commissary departments everywhere, and ran down the scale to the outfit of the poorest private. Uncle Sam paid any price asked for anything he wanted. There were better mules in Cheatham's Confederate wagon train the day he surrendered than Grant had at any time during the war. Farmers who had a poor horse or mule to sell, sold it to the government for double its worth. Too many teamsters had no care whether an animal lived or died. Nine out of ten teams would begin to fall away in flesh as soon as any work was demanded of them. In and around Harper's Ferry the government buried fifteen thousand animals which were used up by gross carelessness, stupid brutality, and the trickery of teamsters in selling forage.

At Pleasant Valley, below the Ferry, which was for two years a remount camp for cavalry, it came to be the rule to shoot a horse which had the slightest ailment. An animal with a sore back, which two weeks' rest would cure, or one with a cough which needed a dose or two of medicine, would be led out and shot down without an attempt to save him. Cavalry horses were never better provided for by a government, and yet horses never died faster in any war.

The waste around a camp was a matter of astonishment, but it could not be fully realized until the troops moved. Then one could pick up muskets, bayonets, wagon loads of sabres, belts, tents, uniforms, cartridges and provisions. While some of these articles were picked up and turned into the ordnance department, not five per cent of the value of the whole was saved. Official mismanagement placed millions of rations in depots, which had to be given to the torch. The want of nerve and strategy on the part of various commanders lost the government not only campaigns, but miles of wagon trains, and arms and ammunition enough to supply whole divisions. Beginning with the First Bull Run, the loss to the Federal government in arms, munitions, provisions and medical stores by reckless waste must have counted up tens of millions. What was captured by Jackson and others amounted to millions more. From July, 1861, to April, 1865, the Confederate government had the benefit of at least three hundred million dollars' worth of Uncle Sam's money. What Jackson took from Banks in one single campaign cost many millions, and for every dollar it cost the Union it was worth ten to the Confederacy. Indeed, from the very first battle, Uncle Sam was paying for the entire cost of the war for one side, and a very large share of the cost for the other.

The destruction of public and private property in various Southern States, falling upon counties, cities and individuals, must be estimated at hundreds of millions. Sherman alone, in his march from Atlanta to Savannah, caused the State of Georgia a loss of seventy million of dollars. A Federal cavalry raid which did not destroy at least two or three million dollars worth of public and private property was looked upon as a failure.

The war begot a reckless waste and extravagance on the part of the North which was carried from the field to the store and factory and shop and family, and which after all these long years may still be held responsible for many commercial disasters.

Stonewall Jackson in the Valley.

ONE cannot look over the history of war for the last century and find another just such general as Stonewall Jackson. He was a strangely peculiar man in all respects. He fought in a strange way—his plans were peculiarly original—he had such faith as few men ever possessed. Lee was deep and strategetic—Jackson was a surprise. He never fought a battle after war's tactics. He never moved as other generals moved. He never attacked where he was expected. He never understood his opponent's plans as was hoped he would. As a man he had no vices. As a Christian he had faith and reverence. As a general his strange career gave him fame in every land where brave deeds find admirers.

When Jackson moved there was no halting by the wayside. If he started with ten thousand men to reach a certain point by daylight and attack the enemy, he was there at the hour. If his troops were not all up he attacked with those he had in hand, even if there was but a single regiment. When, in March, 1862, he swept down the Shenandoah from Mt. Jackson to Kernstown, he reached the latter place at the head of a regiment. His foot-sore troops were strung out on the pike for a distance of twelve miles, and yet that one regiment formed a line of battle and moved to the attack. Shields had upwards of ten thousand men and was in position. Jackson had less than four thousand men when all had arrived, and yet for three hours it was one of the sharpest fights of the year. For nearly an hour Jackson fought two brigades with a regiment. His boldness in attacking the moment he arrived on the ground so astonished Shields that he acted on the defensive. It was only after he found that Jackson's troops were all up, and that they numbered less than four regiments, that he moved out and took the offensive. When night fell Jackson was beaten—his first and only defeat of the war. So continuous was the fire of musketry on the

Confederate side in that fight that scores of the men had to cool their musket barrels in the creek.

A Confederate lieutenant who was captured three days after the Kernstown fight was asked if the defeat had not greatly demoralized Jackson's men, and his reply was:

"Bless you, no! Why, his men never have time to be demoralized!"

And such was the fact. He fell back beyond Strasburg and in three days made such a demonstration that Shields called for reinforcements. Twenty days after he was being pushed into the Blue Ridge by Banks, and Banks telegraphed the North that the Valley had seen the last of Jackson. That boast had scarcely been printed when Jackson was moving. On the fourth day he struck Milroy beyond Staunton, drove him out of his path and picked up his army train, and was back in his lair before Banks had moved a man.

Milroy was defeated, Banks humiliated, and the government was determined to punish the swift-moving raider. While it was planning Jackson was moving again. By a rapid march over fields, through forests, across mountains and rivers and along almost impassable highways, he suddenly appeared in the Luray Valley. The Federal force at Front Royal could not have been more surprised had the ancient burying-ground there given up its dead. There was a quick attack, a sharp fight, and then the road leading into the Shenandoah Valley behind Banks was open to Jackson. Even while the fighting was in progress at Front Royal his columns were hurrying down the pike with the bullets singing over their heads. If Jackson could strike the Valley anywhere between Winchester and Strasburg he would be between Banks and the Potomac, and for hours his men moved at such a pace that the horses of the officers had to trot to keep up with them. It was Ewell's corps which was moving on the direct road to Winchester. Jackson took the road to Strasburg. Both would strike Banks on the flank.

But swiftly as moved the Confederates, the news went faster. It reached Banks, and he turned pale. He had over fifteen thousand men—Jackson had less than ten thousand. Why not stay and fight him? He had four hours' warning. He could pick his own battle field—he could even protect his men with earth-works. But Banks had no fight in him then. He who had "driven Jackson out of the valley forever" now ordered a retreat. He had good

blood under him, and men cursed his lack of resolution as they obeyed his orders. A retreat without a fight is a run. The cowardice of the action makes cowards of the bravest men. In one hour after Banks heard that Jackson was on his flank, he was sending off troops towards the Potomac. If it was not a panic it was a helter-skelter march, and the confusion increased as the hours passed and as it became evident that the Confederates were hurrying up.

Jackson and Ewell struck the marching column miles apart, but almost at the same moment. Jackson cut it in two, driving two regiments back on Strasburg, from which place they broke up into detachments and escaped over the roads and hills to the nearest Federal forces. Ewell drove the remainder of the column down the valley upon Winchester. Here Banks made a stand. He had still enough men to whip Jackson had he been the general to manage them. One quick rush, a crash of musketry and the roar of a few pieces of artillery, and Banks was again flying for his life, nor did he stop until safe across the Potomac. Is it disloyalty for a Federal who fought Jackson to write of his brave deeds? If so, Banks could be nothing short of a traitor. He ran from him—skulked away in the darkness like a thief, when he had an army large enough to crush him. When Sheridan and Early fought at Winchester, Early, at one point in the battle, fought a whole division with a brigade for nearly an hour, retreating only by inches. When Jackson struck Banks on the same field the Federal general hardly waited for the Confederates to reach him. The northern ultra-partisan, if there is such, who hates truth when it tells of Confederate successes, had better post himself on what led to those successes so often. Incompetency, mismanagement, cowardice and jealousy whipped the Federal armies often and again, and men who write in the years to come will tell more ugly truths than one dares to at this day.

Jackson again had the valley. When he drove Banks from Winchester he pushed on to Charlestown. The Federal post there went flying. At Halltown there was a crash of musketry lasting five minutes, and Jackson's men pressed on towards Harper's Ferry. Lines of battle had been formed for the attack when the retreat was sounded. What did it mean?

The North was wild with excitement, and the government at Washington never acted with more promptness. Federal armies were then lying in such positions that it was easy to set a trap for

Jackson. McDowell detached a column from his position near Fredericksburg and pushed it for Front Royal with all speed, and from thence it was to push on to Strasburg, there to unite with another heavy column under Fremont, coming from the West. Both columns were in rear of Jackson, though on the other side of the mountains, before he knew of the trap. If either Federal column reached Strasburg first, Jackson must fight superior odds. If both reached it in advance of him, he was lost. Forty thousand men could not fail to crush fifteen thousand.

The column from McDowell's army under Shields had orders to move rapidly. Fremont could not dally if he would reach Strasburg first. Jackson had three thousand Federal prisoners and a wagon-train thirteen miles long, but he had the shorter road. Not an hour nor a minute was spent in sleep — no time was lost in preparing meals. "Close up! close up!" was the oft-repeated order, and footmen made their three miles — sometimes four — an hour for hours on a stretch. It was a close race. When Jackson's cavalry reached Strasburg, Fremont's cavalry were almost within gunshot.

Both Fremont and Shields had imperative orders to make all haste to reach Strasburg in advance of Jackson. Shields knew of the orders to Fremont. Fremont knew of the orders to Shields. And Jackson knew of the orders to both. He did not let go his grip on a single prisoner who could march — on a musket — aye! he did not even leave a cartridge on the road, and yet he need not have hurried. Fremont did not wish to reach Strasburg first, for then he must fight Jackson alone. He had five thousand more men than Jackson, but ——! Shields did not wish to reach Strasburg first. Why? He had fifteen thousand men, while Jackson, outside of his train-guards and the escort for prisoners, could not have mustered over ten thousand fighting men. Was Shields afraid? If not, why did his army creep at snail's pace for the last twenty-four hours? They marched one mile to Jackson's two. Fremont hardly marched faster. If the two columns united, one Federal general must outrank the other. If Jackson was defeated, only one would receive credit.

Shields and Fremont were the two jaws of the Federal trap set to catch the wily Confederate. The road into Strasburg was the bait. When the game took the bait the jaws refused to spring.

When two Federal generals let cowardice and jealousy lose a chance to bag a whole Confederate army, what shall be said of it?

I have been over the routes taken by both Shields and Fremont as they marched to bag Jackson. I can walk farther in two hours than either army marched in the last eighteen. Jackson said of that affair:

"Either one had men enough to whip my army. Ten thousand men ought to have held me in check until the forty thousand had come up. Both armies ought to have reached Strasburg hours ahead of me."

Fremont had come up, willing or unwilling. Jackson had come up, also; and the Federal commander must make a show of attack. But Jackson waited for that attack until its failure to come off made him suspect a trick. Then he sent Ewell forward and opened the fight himself. Shields was not far away, and Fremont must be held back until all that long train was safe, and until the last Confederate had come up. A single brigade of Ewell's men drove Fremont's advance back in confusion, and two brigades held his whole army in check for hours. Such is the lay of the ground in that locality that a single Federal brigade might have halted Jackson. But that brigade was not there in time. When the last wagon and the last soldier had passed, Ewell was recalled, Ashby took the rear and Fremont entered the town to find it occupied only by women and children.

Any one can be brave when chasing a flying enemy. When Fremont found that Jackson was trying to get away, he pushed after him with all speed, fighting the rear guard every mile of the way to Harrisonburg. In one of these attacks Ashby was killed — Jackson's right arm. The war had developed no braver fighter, and one of the finest eulogies pronounced over his dead body fell from the lips of a Pennsylvania Colonel captured at the same moment.

The failure to catch Jackson at Strasburg brought Shields and Fremont such new orders as made them think their heads would fall if his did not, and while the first hurried up the Luray, the latter followed in Jackson's footsteps. If Shields could reach Port Republic first, Jackson would be between two armies. It was a neck-and-neck race, and the Confederate won. He not only walked out of the jaws of the trap, but he carried the trap off with him; that is, by destroying the bridges he made it impossible for Shields and Fremont to unite. Then Ewell was sent to amuse and check Fremont, and Jackson girded himself for one of the quickest campaigns war has ever known. He meant to crush Shields with one hand and Fremont with the other, and he did not mean to be ten

hours about it. Men fought there as they could not be made to fight at Gettysburg.

Call him a rebel fighting for a bad cause, but that will not hide his generalship from the eyes of the world. In ninety days this singular leader, who had neither an army wagon nor an ambulance when he began his campaign, captured over four thousand wagons, one hundred ambulances, thirty-six sutler's outfits, two hundred thousand dollars' worth of medical stores, four thousand prisoners, twelve thousand stands of arms, more than a battery of artillery, and such quantities of ammunition, forage, clothing and provisions that they were estimated by the ton and carload. In that ninety days his men marched over six hundred miles. There was more or less fighting during sixty of the ninety days. He inflicted square defeat in four battles and a dozen heavy skirmishes. When he struck Front Royal he caused such an alarm for thirty miles around that thousands and tens of thousands of dollars worth of Federal stores were burned. He captured in the valley over eight hundred horses and a large drove of beeves, and even when encumbered with a wagon train thirteen miles long, in addition, he marched twenty miles while the Federals marched twelve. In a campaign begun only after a Federal general had "driven him out of the valley," he whipped four Federal armies in succession and secured for the Confederacy such spoils as could not have been purchased for six million dollars in gold.

Stonewall Jackson's memory is such that the world has given his character as a citizen, and his success as a general, a leaf in history which can never be torn out. He hated no one. He fought for principle, and not for glory. He fought to win — to defeat Federal armies; and yet almost his last words related to a captured Federal colonel—spoken with all the kindness of an old friend, instead of an enemy fighting to destroy:

"Take Colonel Wilkins to the rear and see that he is well used."

Thirty seconds after the last word had left his lips, Jackson was mortally wounded.

The Fall of New Orleans.

ONE night in the spring of 1881 five Confederate officers, each one of whom had assisted in the defense and witnessed the fall of New Orleans, were assembled in Richmond, and to the question: "Was New Orleans ably defended?" each one answered with an emphatic "No!"

That New Orleans would have fallen into Federal hands within the year is quite probable, but that it might have held out for months longer will be admitted by unbiased readers when the situation is stated.

Neither the Confederate Secretary of War nor the Secretary of the Navy seemed to understand the danger which threatened, and a more unfortunate combination of circumstances working against the defenders cannot be found in the history of war.

In the last days of March, 1862, the advance of the Federal fleet destined to capture New Orleans entered the Mississippi river. About twenty-three miles above the bar were Forts Jackson and St. Phillip, being the only defenses of any moment between the city and the gulf. While these forts were well located to command the river, and, armed and garrisoned as they should have been, could have sunk any vessel afloat, they were not, in the first place, armed with anything above second-class guns. When the test came, it was discovered that the best gun in either fort fell short of the poorest gun in the fleet.

If it was anticipated by the Confederate authorities that New Orleans would be attacked by way of the river, no special preparations were made to ward off the blow. Neither of the forts had its complement of cannon, and neither was able to secure them, though the government was repeatedly appealed to.

While the city itself was garrisoned by ninety-day men, hundreds of whom had no other accoutrements than the pistols and shotguns brought from home, the garrisons of the forts were weak in num-

5413888

bers, poorly provided for, and had powerful enemies to combat outside of the Federal fleet. The powder in the magazines was of poor quality, the fixed ammunition could not be relied on, and there was such a lack of co-operation between the forts and Confederate river fleet as to prevent any concert of action until too late to avail. Porter reaped a glorious harvest at New Orleans, but let us see how it came about. It will not detract one iota from any Federal's patriotism to state facts as they appeared to Confederates, and as they can be verified in military reports.

About the middle of March the Mississippi began rising, and by the last of the month there was a flood which covered thousands of acres between the city and the bar. The two forts were not only isolated, but inundated, and could only be reached by boats. For days the water stood knee-deep on the parade ground, and the first guns fired at Porter were worked by men standing in ten inches of water. All the powder and much of the fixed ammunition, together with quartermaster and commissary stores, had to be handled two or three times over by the garrison, and scarcely a man escaped chills and fever. For six days previous to Farragut's appearance every soldier in both forts had been worked like a slave, with scarcely time to eat or sleep, and when they beheld the overwhelming force making ready for the attack, one must wonder that they had the pluck to go to their guns.

Early in the war the Confederates had the prudence to anchor a raft in the channel between the forts to obstruct the passage and hold an enemy under fire. It was easy enough to construct and anchor a raft, but one would not remain there. Wind, wave, flood and drift-wood all fought against it.

When a raft could not be made to remain on the surface a different plan was tried. A number of old sailing vessels were loaded with stone, towed to the right positions and sunk so as to completely blockade the channel, except a narrow opening. Heavy chains extended from one vessel to the other, and it seemed as if the great problem had been solved. As if in league with Porter, he had scarcely sighted the forts before a terrible gale came on one night and disarranged the raft so as to open several channels through it, and it was then too late to make any repairs.

The river fleet and naval force at hand consisted of eight or nine vessels, including the famous iron-clad Louisiana, then about completed, and the ram Manassas. The other vessels were passenger steamers and tugs, armed almost any way, and protected by bales of

cotton. The fleet was expected to aid the forts in driving back any advance by the river, but there was a series of blunders, mishaps, and misinterpretations, which rendered the fleet almost a cipher in the stirring events.

During the two weeks consumed by Farragut in feeling his way up the river to within gunshot of the forts, the Confederate fleet had time to prepare fire-barges and rafts, mount additional guns on steamers, and make ready for what was to come.

By the ninth of April, Farragut had closed up his entire fleet to within six miles of the forts, and on this day a Federal gun-boat ran within range of the Confederate guns to draw their fire and locate their number and calibre. The entire fleet, including the mortar schooners, had a safe anchorage in the elbow of the river below the forts, and here again the flood was an enemy to the Confederates. But for the overflow five hundred sharp-shooters could have been sent into the woods to harass and annoy, and no vessel could have remained within rifle-shot of the banks.

When scouts reported the entire Federal fleet in the bend, it was realized that the time had come to prove the worth of the fire-barges and rafts. The first one sent down was the only one out of the dozen sent at different times which kept the current and appeared among the fleet, and this one occasioned no damage and but little annoyance. In sending down the others the steamers towing them out exercised such poor judgment that the floating bonfires grounded on the banks long enough before reaching the bend. Much labor and trouble had been expended in constructing these barges, and it was time thrown away.

Porter had been a long time getting ready, but on the morning of the eighteenth of April he was heard from in the most emphatic manner. He had a fleet of upwards of twenty mortars, and the steady fire of these was backed by the heavy ordnance of the gun-boats. At least thirty-five Federal guns and mortars opened on the forts at fair range, and from half-past eight o'clock in the morning until night had fully set in, there was a steady pounding away with serious results.

It was wonderful how exactly Porter secured the range. Most of the mortar fleet lay behind the woods, entirely shut out from view and miles away, and yet the very first shell fired from a mortar fell fair within Fort Jackson. During the day four shells hit where one missed, and the firing, taken together, was more accurate than any fleet ever scored afterwards.

Within half an hour after the bombardment opened Fort Jackson was on fire, and men had to leave the guns to help subdue the flames. A conflagration was hardly extinguished in one locality before the incendiary shells started another, and three different fires were raging at one and the same time.

Before noon the garrison had lost its quarters, together with nearly all cooking utensils, bedding, blankets, and three or four days' cooked rations. Not a man or officer had a change of clothing left, and the suits they stood in were in some cases nearly burned off their backs. Had the men not been called from the work of extinguishing the flames, thus giving them full play, to that of still further protecting the magazines, the fort would have been blown up.

There was not in either fort a single gun to match the rifled ordnance of the gun-boats. This was before the Federal iron-clads and gun-boats had brought out the terrible eleven and thirteen-inch guns. Forts and vessels were armed alike from the ordnance on hand when the war broke out. Fort Sumter and other eastern forts had the heaviest and best ordnance. Forts Jackson and St. Phillip, guarding the path to a great city and a strategic point, had only a gun apiece which would even carry a shot to the nearest gun-boat.

The Confederate Secretary of War knew how the forts were armed and equipped, and yet he ordered one of the best guns away, instead of adding to the number. Even after Farragut had reached the bend the garrisons had to go to work and mount short-range guns to play on the channel. Indifference, jealousies, want of enterprise, and a great flood, were enemies working day and night to assist the Federal fleet.

When the fleet finally opened fire, the gun-boats took position in plain view and maintained it. The guns in the forts could scarcely reach them with the heaviest charges the metal would bear, while with ordinary charges the shot fell into the water long before reaching the first of the vessels. The powder had become damp and heavy and burned slowly, and within an hour after the bombardment opened, the Confederates realized that they were helpless until the fleet should come nearer. Four guns were dismounted in Fort Jackson by the first day's fire, and fifteen hundred mortar shells fell within the area of the works. Nearly everything that would burn had been reduced to ashes when the first day closed.

During the night of the eighteenth, Farragut's scout-boats as-

cended the river to the raft and even beyond, and the nature and position of each obstruction was known. Federal scouts also penetrated far enough into Fort Jackson to ascertain that the bombardment had inflicted great damage. Not a Confederate picket-boat was below the raft that night.

On the second morning the fire opened hot and was continued with fury all day and nearly all night, and three out of every five mortar shells plumped down within Fort Jackson. An officer told me that within two hours over one hundred shells fell upon the parade ground, plowing and digging it up in fearful shape. On this day seven or eight guns in the fort were dismounted and many of the gunners torn to pieces, and, as night came down, the overworked and dispirited garrison had but one consolation: during the afternoon three or four gun-boats had advanced within range of the fort, and in each instance had been driven back.

If Fort Jackson could hold out until Farragut was ready to make his rush, its guns would give a good account of themselves. But could it stand the terrific pounding? At the close of the second day five thousand shot and shell had been flung at its walls or dropped down behind them. The wet earth was bed and bedding for the men, and their rations were raw meat and damaged bread. Federal historians have written of the glories of that movement. If there was glory for the one side there were hardship, suffering, self-sacrifice and heroism for the other.

The third day of the bombardment was a counterpart of the others. Heavy weather sent the water up until it was knee-deep on the gun platforms in the lower battery at Fort Jackson, and the shoes of the gunners, soaked for days and days, fell off their feet. More guns were dismounted, more men killed, and the return fire of the fort went for nothing.

Had New Orleans been properly prepared for what had come, the garrison at Jackson would have been increased or relieved. Had the naval force been under brave management, it would have attempted to create a diversion and run some risk of hearing the whistle of a shot. There were no troops to send down, and no vessels with the pluck to steam down and try the range of their guns.

The success of the Federal scout boats emboldened Farragut, and on this third night a gun-boat left his fleet, steamed up to the raft, and when discovered and chased away she had been at work for hours picking up the trailing ropes, cutting the chains and dragging

the hulks out of the channels. Three of the old schooners were actually dragged a distance of fifty feet and a broad channel opened, and this within talking distance of two forts and a fleet which was to blow Porter sky-high!

The fourth day it was the same terrible story told again — disabled guns, suffering men, a rain of shells, a score of the garrison torn to fragments by the bursting of the dreaded missiles. Fort St. Phillip was escaping with an occasional shell, but Porter, with his bomb fleet, seemed determined to wipe out the very spot on which Fort Jackson rested. It would have taken three hundred men a week to repair damages already inflicted, and yet the Federal fire held steady and continued its destruction.

On this day the iron-clad Louisiana, mounting sixteen guns and being complete except as to her steam power, dropped down to the raft to act as a battery. Had she taken position lower down, among the obstructions, she could have brought such a broadside on any vessel attempting to pass as would have sent a ship like the Hartford to the bottom at one discharge. But she selected a different post, and one apparently much safer. Not one of her guns but would have easily carried to the bombarding fleet, but every one was silent. The Confederate navy was taking care of itself, and expected the forts to do the same.

For six days and nights there was a steady, galling, damaging fire, directed mainly at Fort Jackson. The fort was torn and rent and scorched and battered, but it was there yet and full of pluck.

Movements in the Federal fleet showed that Farragut was preparing for a rush past the forts, and the Confederates were ready for the event — that is, orders were issued to make ready, but they were not carried out. The rams were acting independently of the river boats, and the Louisiana was acting independently of the rams, and all were seemingly indifferent to suggestions from the forts.

General Duncan planned for the Louisiana to anchor in mid-channel at the raft. She had not only plenty of men aboard to work her guns, but at least one hundred and fifty riflemen. The rams and other vessels were to take positions to cover the channel on either side, using their stern guns to get a raking fire, and each having a supply of riflemen. Had this programme been carried out, is there a naval officer alive who will believe that Farragut could have worked a single vessel past the forts? Such a fire could have been brought to bear as would have shattered wood and iron and sent whole crews to graves at the bottom of the mighty river.

But the Confederate navy had its own plans; and when, just before daybreak on the morning of April 24, Farragut's fleet advanced, there was nothing but the fire of the forts to be feared. Fire barges had been collected by the score to be sent among the Federal fleet as it advanced, but not one of them was cut loose. Not even a bonfire was lighted to show the vessels to the gunners at the forts.

It was grand in Farragut to make the movement he did. He expected to meet the programme suggested by General Duncan, and a man not born for war would not have dared push his fleet up. When he was fairly within range both forts opened upon him with every gun which would bear, and the Confederate vessels at least added to the din and excitement. Cold shot, hot shot, shell, grape and canister were hurled down upon the moving vessels, and in return they poured out such broadsides as would have made Nelson rub his hands with delight.

In the darkness neither forts nor ships could be made out, and and the firing was all done by the flash of guns. The fleet steamed steadily and slowly along, each ship sounding as well as fighting, and before daylight broke thirteen of them had passed up the river clear of everything, and the fate of New Orleans was decided. Not a vessel could stand that fire after daylight gave the Confederates a chance to see what to fire at. Had the fire barges been sent down, Farragut might have been forced to try again.

The forts were passed and cut off, and yet they had not surrendered. Indeed, it was not the intention to surrender while the guns could be worked.

The many bitter pages of Confederate war history, made up of meager rations, ragged uniforms, long marches, and fighting at terrible odds, were rarely blotted by mutiny on land or sea. On the night of the twenty-seventh the garrisons in both forts revolted. They were cut off, isolated, discouraged, and felt that further resistance was a useless sacrifice. They gathered on the parade-ground in their wet and ragged clothes, scores of them shoeless, hundreds of them hatless—all of them suffering from exposure and want of food, and respectfully but firmly declared that the time had come to surrender the forts. The officers tried to drive them back to their stations, but without avail. They had fought gallantly and well, but, with a powerful enemy on either hand and New Orleans in possession of the Federals, of what hope was further resistance?

Over the Guns.

HERE is the position. Three guns of a divided battery are stationed on the crest of a hill to the left of an old orchard which surrounds an ancient farm house. The other three are on the right of the orchard, and the six pieces point at the meadows below — meadows broken by fences and hay stacks and lone trees, until they are lost in the edge of the woods a mile away. The eye ranges over the fields in front and sees nothing to fear. The ear listens to sounds in rear of the battery and hears the ominous preparations for a bloody struggle. Cavalry are swinging away to the right to get position, infantry are marching here and there, guns rushing along at a gallop, and aids fly from point to point with orders. In ten minutes a deep stillness begins to settle down over the left wing. The doves fly down from their cotes, the hens walk about in search of food, and the gray-headed farmer stands at the door and shades his eyes with his hand and looks curiously about him. Twenty minutes ago he sat rocking on the porch, and the bees flew lazily in the June sunshine, the birds sang in the orchard, and afar down the meadows he heard the voices of his sons as they swung their scythes.

Ah! what's that? Down there, where meadow and forest blend, we can see quick puffs of smoke, and here comes the sound of muskets. A blue cloud just begins to gather and rise down there when we catch sight of men. They are retreating back — coming towards the orchard. They fall back slowly, halting at every fence to tear it down, and to deliver a fire from behind the scattered rails. Now we see a long, thin line of skirmishers emerge from the woods and occupy the ground as the other line loses it. Back! back! Forward! forward! and you might think it pantomime if men did not fall out of the lines here and there and drop heavily to the earth.

There is a stir around us. The silence has been so deep that the jingle of a sabre or the rattle of a spur has made men nervous. Out from the edge of the woods, by the broad highway and across the peaceful fields, pours a host of armed men. Regiment after regiment, and line after line, sweeping forwards like mighty waves — now undulating, like the course of a serpent — now marching as steadily as the stride of Time. One — three — five — ten — you cannot count the flags. Silk and fringe, and gold and bunting stream over the heads of the men whose eyes are fixed on the orchard and the hillside.

The stir deepens. There is a tramping of feet; orders are given in quick, sharp tones, and three companies of infantry come up at a double-quick as a support and fling themselves down under the trees. Just a moment now to listen to the notes of the blue-birds and robins — to see the blue smoke creeping lazily from the farm house chimney — to note that the marching lines are almost within musket shot, and down over men, and guns and sabres and shot and shells, falls a shower of pink and white apple blossoms — emblems of purity and peace! Aye! a rough hand brushes them off — a cannon which a moment later is carrying a horrible death to a score of men.

"Boom! boom! boom!"

Now the fight has begun. Men raise their voices from whispers to mad shouts. The smoke leaps up and stains the pure blossoms. The flame springs forward and scorches the green grass to yellow, and then burns it to the roots.

Are the lines yet advancing?

You cannot see ten feet beyond the guns, but you can hear. Heavens! but how they shout and scream, and shriek and curse! The guns are using grape and canister, and the murderous missiles cut men into shreds and scatter flesh and blood over the living far behind. We are driving them back! hip! hip! hur——!

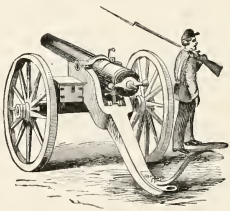
No! Here they are! Through the cloud of flame and smoke they rush at the guns — spectres of death bursting through and over the vapory barrier which has reared itself between the living and the dead. They shout in fury! They shriek in despair! They fight the very flame which dissolves them, and they pass the muzzles of grim monsters. Here on this acre of ground — here beneath the apple blossoms — is a hell on earth — a hell in which smoke and flame, and curse and wail, and blood and wounds and death are so mingled that those outside of it only hear one terrible

and appalling roar, as if some fierce beast had received its death-wound.

Shoot to the right or left — over the guns or under them. Strike where you will, but strike to destroy! Now the hell surges down even to the windows of the old farm-house—now back under the apple trees and beyond it. Dead men are under the ponderous wheels of the guns — mad devils are slashing and shooting across the barrels. No one seems to know friend from foe. Shoot! Slash! Kill! And——!

But the hell is dissolved. The smoke is lifting, shrieks and screams growing fainter, and twenty or thirty living men pull the bodies of the dead away from the guns and renew the slaughter against the lines marching across the meadow. Three hundred dead and wounded on the single acre! Blood on the grass, blood on tire and spoke and gun. Arms hacked off — brains spattered against the trees — skulls cleft in twain, and bloody fingers clenched fast into blood-red grass!

They tell of war and glory. Look over this hell's-acre and find the latter!



The Turning Point in McClellan's Career.

I SPENT the whole day riding over the fields of New and Old Cold Harbors. McClellan's first great battle with Johnston brought on his second with Lee. He fought Johnston at Fair Oaks in the last days of May—he confronted Lee at the Harbors in the last days of June. It is a country of farms and forests, and hills and plains. Autumn was dropping its ripe apples on the half-leveled breast-works erected twenty years ago, and the wild grapevines covered many a scar left on the trees by ball and bullet. Here are the swamps in which the dead and wounded were sucked slowly down by the treacherous ooze as shot and shell flew above them—here the slopes and fields across which death rushed with bloody hands to claim his victims by the thousand. At the top of this hill, where Federal cannon thundered destruction, a flock of sheep crop at the short, dry herbage. Down there where the little creek steals softly under the green banks and noisily rushes over the pebbles, the dead lay in heaps and the wounded crept to the stream in such numbers that the waters were dammed back and eddies of blood went circling round. Here, behind Powhite Creek, where Porter was massed, a school-boy would tell you that infantry would have a terrible advantage. All along this ridge is a grand sweep for cannon, and in the ravines below a whole division can find safe cover. Here are scars to make you wonder. Great limbs lopped off—trees cut in two—rocks broken and shattered—scars of bullets on every trunk and limb which was growing here on that June day. It is the only other spot in the world resembling the place at Port Republic where the Federal guns were massed, and over which men fought and died like demons. There were thickets and jungles in the path as battle-lines moved that day. They are here yet. As I sit on the old earth-works along the Gaines' Mill road to smoke a cigar at noonday, down in those dark swamps the owls scold each other and the frogs call out as if evening had come. You would wonder that a farmer's

horse could draw a cart over these fields, and yet it was here that batteries came into position at a gallop—whole divisions charged—thousands of men marched, fought and died. War may seek the green meadow or the dark jungle—the hill-top or the dense forest.

McClellan had been warned of the approaching hurricane. His cavalry pickets had been driven in from the left bank of the Chickahominy; Meadow Bridge had been seized by the enemy; the green grass at Beaver Dam had been wet with blood; Jackson was reaching out beyond the Federal flank. The bell had tolled its warning—a warning which rose on the air above the shrieks of the wounded and the roar of musketry and cannon. The warning was:

"Fall back—shorten your lines—mass your artillery on the ridges—hide your infantry in the ravines."

McClellan had obeyed. Jackson had struck him like a thunderbolt, but he was not paralyzed. With a grim coolness he issued the orders which massed men and cannon where they could not be flanked.

Down this winding road leading past the Mill the Federal picket boiled their coffee and munched their hard-tack at noon of the twenty-seventh of June, with the birds singing in the trees and the air filled with the lazy hum of perfect peace. Jackson's cannon sounded in the distance, but here all was quietness and peace. The noonday meal is scarcely finished when strange figures appear in the road—in the fields—in the woods. It is the advance of A. P. Hill. In thirty seconds the peace is broken by the pop of musketry and the cheers of men. The Federal picket gives way, fighting at every step, and sounding the alarm—the Confederates push on with a confidence which proves that battle-lines are following. From the McGhee house to Powhite swamp the alarm runs up and down the Federal lines—Lee is attacking!

Here on this ridge was the artillery. The Federal line ran to the right to that farm-house half-hidden among the cherry trees—to the left to that bluff covered with trees and under-growth, while cavalry were massed on either flank. Along the base of the ridge is a ravine—the bed of a crack now dry. A division of infantry occupied the ravine. Half-way up the ridge I can still trace an old breastwork of logs. Behind this defense was a second line of infantry. On the crest of the ridge I can find the old rifle-pits and the breastworks thrown up for artillery. On that June day the ground in front of this ridge was mostly clear. Here and there was a thicket—here a glade—there a swamp—here a few acres of

forest—there five acres of open ground. To reach the ridge every Confederate must make a fair target of himself. He must meet the terrible fire of three lines of infantry rising one above the other, and the cannon beyond will use nothing but grape and canister. It is a stronger position than Lee had at Fredericksburg—than Meade had at Gettysburg—than McClellan had elsewhere in his campaigns. Civil engineers have said it was the strongest position of the whole war.

A. P. Hill had the dash of Jackson in striking a swift blow. Hardly waiting to form a line of battle, he pushed his troops to the front in assault. There was no spirit of recklessness in that move. He knew the Federal position and its terrible strength. It could not be flanked. Could it be carried by direct assault? The way to answer that query was to advance. There was no halting to parry and thrust and look for a weak link in the chain. Gathering his division in hand Hill flung it square at the ridge. Twelve thousand Confederates, two thousand of whom had never seen a Federal soldier, moved as one man—moved as the tornado which levels forests and blots out landmarks. The moment that gray mass swings into view twenty thousand muskets open fire—fifty pieces of cannon shake the earth and send their echoes into Richmond and beyond.

Can flesh and blood stand such a fire? The air screams with its burdens of death, and the awful roar sways the tree-tops as in an autumn gale. There is a rush of feet—a cheer—and out from under the smoke-cloud that gray division dashes into the ravine—dashes up the ridge and over the logs—springs to the very crest and is among the guns. Neither storms of bullets nor walls of bayonets had checked it. It was only when the living wave had reached the crest and actually captured some of the guns that the surprised Federals rallied. The recklessness—the cold blooded abandon of that rush had so amazed the defense that many men stood without firing a shot.

Cheers of victory and shouts of defiance rose above the trees and floated down to Longstreet's men in reserve, but the sound died away in a wail. The Federal arm was uplifted—it swept through the air, and almost in a moment that gray division was hurled back to its starting point—shattered—limping—blood-stained—and a fifth of its number lying dead behind it. It was one of the most gallant dashes of any war—it was a repulse so bloody that men shuddered at the sight. It was the men under Gregg who led that

assault—it was the men under Morell and Sykes who hurled them back.

The repulse was not enough. As the Confederates retired they were followed by the Federals with a rush which nothing could check for nearly half a mile. Back, back, back, and for a time it looked as if Hill would be annihilated. It seemed beyond human power to reorganize those shattered regiments, but it was accomplished, and Hill stood up and took his pounding like the brave man and stubborn fighter.

At Groveton Pope hurled Kearney at Jackson to pierce his army. Kearney could fall back and endanger nothing. Hill had hurled himself at the center of the Federal position and been repulsed. If driven too far Longstreet would be taken in flank—Jackson's advance checked. Thus it was that when the great wave of blue had rolled over swamps and thickets and woods and fields until its impetus was weakened, it suddenly found Hill again in battle-line, with feet firmly planted. For an hour the firing was terrific and murderous, but Hill would not budge a foot. By twos—by fives—by dozens, his men went down where they stood, but those unhurt held their lines against every assault.

The Confederate army was waiting for the arrival of Jackson, who had been recalled from a move on the Federal flank. He was coming, but his advance found a foe at every step. Hill would be wiped out in another hour unless relieved. Longstreet was ready to relieve him, not with fresh troops, but by making an attack on the Federal position higher up—squarely against Morell's division. He swept forward like a mighty wind, coming so suddenly against the Federal position that the scene of Hill's assault was re-enacted. At the first rush Anderson's and Pickett's brigades were carried over the lines of blue and right among the smoking cannon. For ten minutes that rocky crest was a scene of dreadful carnage. Men used the bayonet—they clinched with bare hands—gunners wielded their rammers—cannon were discharged with the foe touching the muzzles. The mighty wind had struck a stone wall. The wall stood firm. Ten minutes of that awful fighting was enough for the Confederates, and a strong volley lifted them off their feet and hurled them back.

Warren's troops faced to the northwest, its left flank near the road running down across Powhite Creek to Gaines' Mill and connecting with Griffin's right. A part of Longstreet's men advanced on this highway as the fight opened, but never a man lived to reach

it. A Federal battery, with infantry supports lying in the dry roadside ditches, checked every dash. It might well have been said of the regiments pushed at this battery that every man had lost all consciousness of fear. As they swung out of a belt of forest they dressed their lines in the face of grape, canister and bullets, which cumbered the ground with dead before a man had advanced. When the order came they rushed forward with heads down, as if the shower of death was a snow storm. Over the open ground—across the bit of marsh—but no farther. Death met them there. It tore off legs and arms—it left headless bodies—it mangled human beings beyond recognition—it blotted bodies off the face of the earth, leaving only a horrible smirch of bloody atoms to tell that they had been there. Again and again these charges were made, but they only added to the awful sights in the open field over which the Federal torrent of death swept unchecked. For an hour Longstreet thundered at Morell and Hill at Sykes, and then all of a sudden there came a dread silence. As if the voice of some man rising above the crash of fifty thousand muskets and the roar of fifty cannon had commanded it, there was almost absolute silence. It was a time for the bravest to tremble. Nothing is so grim in war as a sudden silence falling upon a field of battle. Death is gathering its bloody robes clear of the ground to strike a new blow. Men refill their cartridge boxes—lines are moved—the artillery wheeled about—bloodshot eyes peer into the woods and over the fields. What meant that silence there?

"Jackson is here!" A shout rose on Hill's left and ran along the lines to Longstreet's right. Jackson had come up from Old Cold Harbor, D. H. Hill on his left, Ewell on his right. Each line was now almost a half-circle, but Jackson had scarcely come into position on the left before Slocum came up to strengthen the Federal right. Mid-afternoon had passed. The thick spots of forest began to cast dark shadows. The whole Confederate army was up—McClellan could not give Porter another man. If he could not hold his ground with what he had, it was destruction to the entire Federal position before Richmond which had been reached at such a cost of blood and treasure. The cheers for Jackson subsided, and then the woods were so still that men looked at each other in wonder.

From the Gaines' Mill Road clear around to Old Cold Harbor a wave suddenly rises up and sweeps forward. The Federals hear it as it starts. It is a roar in which the voices of men—the tramp of feet—the rumble of wheels and the gallop of horses are com-

bined. Jackson's whole corps, with the exception of the Stonewall Brigade, is advancing. The roar increases—the tramp comes nearer, and almost at the same instant thirty thousand streams of fire leap forward and thirty thousand muskets crash into the same echo. Hood's Texans rush forward like a thunderbolt, but they are checked by a fire so rapid and destructive that men fall flat to escape it. Hill seeks to overlap Buchanan's right flank, but a swamp blocks his path, and in ten minutes he is not even able to hold his ground. Hood, too, is being pressed slowly back, when up thunders a score of Confederate guns to his relief, and now it is a death grapple all along the line. The roar of a dozen Niagaras would have been drowned in that crash of battle. Men do not hear; if they see the line moving to the right or left, they move with it. They advance—fall back—load and fire. The Confederate shot and shell cut off whole tree-tops—sever trunks of trees—send great rocks whirling through the air. Logs and limbs are torn out of the breastworks and become agents of destruction. A shell bursts where a score of men are crowded together, and when the smoke lifts the spot is bare of life.

Hill's rush when first attacking was to be outdone. After the terrible cannonade had lasted half an hour, the Stonewall Brigade was advanced to reinforce D. H. Hill on the left. In half an hour more the sun would be down. If the Federals could hold the line an hour more they could hold it forever. The roar of cannon died away all at once, and the whole Confederate army advanced. Hood's brigade of Texans formed behind a thicket, through which shot and shell from the Federal guns were mowing great, wide swaths. As they moved out they rushed. Grape and canister were exchanged for shot and shell, but still the lines advanced, over ground into which men sank to the knees—over a deep ravine—over rocks and through thickets—death mowing them down at every step, and then they rushed. It was not a rush of men, but of devils. Their screams rose above the crash of musketry, and even as they rushed they fixed bayonets. Not a Federal moved out of the path of that advance. It struck the blue lines and melted them as liquid iron would melt snow. It cut a swath into the Federal position just its width, reaching from ravine to the Parrott guns on the crest.

It was just at sundown. Already the sombre shadows of approaching night were settling down upon hill and valley. The flash of every musket could now be seen—the red flames from the cannon made the whole field blaze. Slocum had been put in across

the highway which led to Gaines' Mill in one direction and towards Old Cold Harbor in the other. It was between Warren and Lovell that the Texans rushed. It seemed as if no body of men could live through such a hurricane of death. The fire of at least eight thousand muskets and twenty pieces of artillery was concentrated on that one brigade leading the rush, but it came on, and on, and on, and it wedged itself in the Union lines and remained there. For ten minutes a mob of ten thousand men whirled round and round in that eddy of death, and then the Federals gave way—slowly, foot by foot, and fighting so desperately and dying so gallantly that every Confederate historian has lifted his hat to the dead and spoken in praise of the living.

When the Union lines began to fall back the Second New Jersey and Eleventh Pennsylvania refused to move. They were fighting desperately on flanks and front with McLaw's Texans, and though exposed to a merciless fire their lines could not be broken. Unable to break their front, the Confederates flanked them, and yet they fought on. Aye! and it is Confederates who tell it, too, those gallant men continued the fight after they were entirely surrounded; and their arms were only laid down when the Confederates, awed at such bravery, ceased firing.

When it was seen that the Federal lines were breaking some one ordered a charge of cavalry on D. H. Hill's flank. Five hundred of the regular cavalry massed and charged into the jaws of death. They were swallowed up as a drop of water sinks into the dry earth —a useless sacrifice, and yet a forlorn hope.

Night came down to still the boom of cannon and the crash of musketry—to hide the blood-stained trees and stones and grass—to give brief rest to men with blood-shot eyes and hoarse voices and exhausted bodies. Then, from hillside and ravine—from field and swamp—from thicket and open came the wails and groans of the wounded. Men crawled here and there—men struggled up to fall and scream out with new agony—they dragged themselves over the bloody ground to lap the red waters of the creek and gain strength for another shout for succor.

And there were thousands who neither cried out nor moved. As they fell and died so they lay, the soft dew of a summer's night falling upon white faces which war's glory would lighten no more.

McClellan's right was beaten. He must fall back—he must have more than the sagacity of a Napoleon to bring that army to the James as a body.

Change of Base.

THE result at Gaines' Mill made the Federal situation extremely critical. Lee not only had Johnston's old army splendidly in hand, but Jackson's forces had been added to swell the number. Lee was not only moving on the short line, but had assumed the offensive.

McClellan has been vilified and maligned without stint because he did not pursue Johnston with more speed after the fight at Williamsburg. A general may order his army to move, but Providence must be consulted. Three hours' rain on the Peninsula meant highways without bottoms, and a condition of affairs which neither orders nor proclamations could better.

He has been grossly insulted by various Federal historians because he threw a portion of his army across the Chickahominy to be attacked at Seven Pines and Fair Oaks. Does an army move in a body or by portions?

He has been fiercely attacked because he did not follow up the Confederates as they sullenly retreated from those battle fields towards Richmond. After a battle there is work to be done. Commands which have even been held in reserve all day are more or less disorganized. At the front the cartridge boxes and caissons are empty, and the men who have fought for eight or ten hours must have food, if not rest. And it must not be argued that the columns of Longstreet, Huger and Smith left the ground in a panic. When they drew off it was after having had the whole day in which to reorganize. They fell back slowly and in good order, and a pursuit over country roads knee-deep in mud would have been senseless and dangerous.

He has been placed in a false light because his movements between Fair Oaks and Richmond were not more rapid. Lee had the inner line; he was intrenched; he was watching for a chance to strike a blow. He had his army in hand, and provisions and ammunition at his back. McClellan's army was strung out; he

had the long line; as a corps moved it had to prepare itself against a sudden onslaught by the vigilant Confederates. He had everything in the way of provisions and forage to bring up, and he had a thousand unforeseen difficulties to contend with and overcome.

And the historian who has asserted that Richmond was in a tremble and ready to be evacuated at the first sign of a vigorous movement *en masse* by the Federal army had not one grain of truth for the assertion. Johnston realized that McClellan should have two men to his one to make anything like a successful struggle for the prize. Lee was not troubled for a moment as to the result if he was attacked. After Jackson left the Shenandoah Valley to join forces, McClellan's fate, unless heavily reinforced, was as good as decided.

The battle of Gaines' Mill was the climax to McClellan's anxieties. Before that three courses were open to him. Jackson was already on his flank, and his base of supplies was threatened. He could concentrate either north or south of the Chickahominy and give battle to Lee — that is if Lee would attack him on the ground he selected. He could mass and push for Richmond, hoping to find it almost defenseless, or he could call in his right wing and retreat to the James. The slanderers would not have been satisfied had he accepted either of the first two courses instead of the last.

Richmond was not left defenseless. McClellan's advance would have been promptly resisted from the first movement, and the heads of his columns could not have forced their way two miles before Lee and Jackson would have been heard from on his flanks.

Had he concentrated to fight Lee, would the latter have felt obliged to attack him in the position thus selected?

A retreat to the James was decided on. The beginning of this movement brought on the battle of Gaines' Mill, although Lee did not yet suspect that the Federal army was intending to slip away. To get his stores away McClellan had to throw a strong force along the west side of White Oak Swamp, to hold every highway by which Lee might advance on Savage's Station, and these were all in position by the night of June twenty-eight. As soon as the two or three narrow and bottomless highways were clear of marching troops the stores began to move. These included heavy guns, forage, provisions, and a large drove of cattle, and the roads were packed and confusion reigned supreme. Do the best he could, McClellan had to leave more or less behind, and that it might be

of no benefit to the Confederates, what would burn was given to the flames and the rest destroyed.

Having cut loose from the White House, his base of supplies, the Federal commander ordered everything at that point destroyed, and the sacrifice amounted to tens of thousands of dollars. His movements puzzled Lee to a certain extent. But for this he might have been broken at any point. While McClellan showed a bold front everywhere, it was but strategy to secure a few hours more time. It was only on the night of the twenty-eighth that Lee discovered he had been deceived. McClellan was neither prepared to give battle nor to retreat down the Peninsula, but was making for the James and a new base. He had formed his lines at Savage Station to hold the ground until his trains could reach a point of safety. They were coming up and swinging into position all day and all night of the twenty-eighth, and on the morning of the twenty-ninth were ready. Trains and stores were being pushed rapidly towards the James, but they must be covered.

There was no transportation for the sick and wounded in hospital around Savage Station. An army on the retreat is sullen — anxious — selfish. An army in pursuit is exultant — vindictive — vengeful. The helpless must be left behind, as the Russian throws away his children to appease the appetites of the pursuing wolves.

McClellan, smarting and indignant over defeat which he firmly believed had been brought about through the meddling of the administration with his original plans, and the half-hearted manner in which his subsequent movements had been assisted, saw his rear-guard ready for battle and then dispatched to the Secretary of War:

> Had I twenty thousand, or even ten thousand fresh troops to use to maneuver, I could take Richmond; but I have not a man in reserve, and shall be glad to cover my retreat and save the material and *personnel* of the army. I have lost this battle (Gaines' Mill), because my force was too small. I again repeat that I am not responsible for this, and I say it with the earnestness of a general who feels in his heart the loss of every brave man who has been needlessly sacrificed. I have seen too many dead and wounded comrades to feel otherwise than that the government has not sustained this army. If you do not do so now the game is lost. If I save this army now I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you or any other person in Washington! You have done your best to sacrifice this army!

Such a dispatch could only have come from a soldier who had every confidence that he was in the right, and that the verdict of the country would be in his favor.

And as the June sun lifted itself into the Heavens and poured his warm rays down into the tangled thickets and dark woods and miasmatic swamps around Savage's Station, the Federal lines watched and waited. Lee was on the trail now. He had called in his commands and was sweeping down on his prey.

Toward the James.

LEE was advancing in three columns—Jackson striking the Federal rear-guard, Longstreet and Hill pushing along the Williamsburg road, Magruder and Huger closing in by the Newmarket highway.

Ten days previously the Federal army was an Octopus, reaching out long arms which drew blood in every direction. On that morning of the twenty-ninth it was a Fugitive—a Fugitive but not a coward. Let it alone and it would grant everything; press it too closely and it would turn and draw blood.

When the commands of Sumner, Franklin, and Heintzelman were in position at Savage's Station to give Jackson a check, McClellan pushed ahead to prepare for other contingencies. Two other armies were preparing to strike him terrific blows before he reached the James, and he must provide for the peril.

An hour after sunrise Magruder's advance encountered Sumner's front and was whirled back, and the fighting from that time until afternoon, when the whole Confederate command was up, was confined to the picket lines. About mid-afternoon the storm broke. Massed in solid lines of battle, and cheering as they stepped out, the Confederates broke cover and rolled up against the Federal position. Blow after blow was rained down upon the shield held up by that rear-guard of a retreating army, but it was like a rock.

Now the hammer falls upon Hancock, holding the woods on the extreme right—now upon Sumner's center, held by Richardson—now on Sedgewick, way down on the left, and riding about as if bullets could not kill; but each and every blow was returned with mighty strength. Blood flowed under the green trees—blood stained the velvet grass in the open fields—blood mingled with the dark and poisonous waters of the swamps, but the blue lines would not be driven. They were there as the sun came up; they were still there, but terribly thinned, as the sun went down. As night

came on and the Tiger drew back from the flame and smoke to lick his wounds, the Fugitive began his further retreat towards the James. Seven thousand dead and wounded men in blue and gray held the field of battle.

Magruder had been temporarily checked, but the two other Confederate armies were thirsting for blood. On the morning of the thirtieth McClellan realized that he could not advance beyond the Charles City Cross Roads without stopping to give battle. He must here wrestle with Longstreet and A. P. Hill. Seeing the storm gathering to sweep him away, McClellan turned at bay to draw blood. He had failed to reach Richmond—he had been obliged to plan a retreat—but he was not broken. In his retreat he would prove to the world that he had the skill of a great general and the courage of a hero.

His disposition to meet this second attack on his army placed McCall's division on the right, Slocum on the left, and Kearney in the center, each well supplied with artillery, and a reserve of several brigades of infantry held in hand to be thrown at any imperilled point. The ground was field and forest and undergrowth, and the line of battle as finally formed, had a front like the windings of a serpent.

The forenoon passed with heavy skirmishing, and it was not until two o'clock in the afternoon that Longstreet was ready. Then he hurled ten thousand men down upon McCall's weak division, and for two hours he was enveloped in flame and smoke and harried by a terrible shower of shot and shell. But he could not be driven. He was there to hold the right, and there he would die. Just before sundown he was breasted back for a quarter of a mile, but he gave up the ground foot by foot and finally secured a new line. It was in this movement that he lost a battery by a charge, and two more from being abandoned outright by their cowardly companies.

After striking McCall the attack rolled down the line upon Kearney. He had open ground on most of his front, and his batteries were ready with their deadliest missiles. As the gray lines appeared within range they were opened on with a fire which seemed to sweep the front clear of every blade of grass, but with their faces towards the guns the Confederates kept closing up the terrible gaps and sweeping forward. Shell was changed for grape and canister, and now the front was a wall of flame which rose far above the heads of the artillerists. Through this wall burst the lines of gray—right up to the muzzles of the death-dealing guns—

but then to encounter the close and destructive fire of the supports and be forced to retreat.

Three different times during the afternoon a fresh force massed on Kearney—each time to advance across the open ground to the muzzles of his batteries—each time to be sent back broken, rent, and bleeding.

It was the same along the front of every Federal command—a desperate attempt to find a gap through which to pour—a desperate resolve to prevent. When night came Longstreet and Hill were baffled. Magruder was following the Fugitive, but not too closely, and Franklin had struck Jackson in the face at White Oak Bridge. Under cover of darkness the Fugitive continued his retreat towards the James, and again the dead and wounded were counted by thousands.

The hour of peril to McCall came when his two German batteries—Knierim's and Diedrich's—failed him. As the Confederates broke cover for a charge every gun in these batteries was rushed to the rear in a panic and without excuse. Returned to the front again, and receiving the sneers and hisses of the infantry as they came up, it was not a quarter of an hour before every piece was abandoned as it stood, and such as were saved were hauled away by the infantry. As the artillerists broke for the rear they cut their horses loose and mounted them, and in dashing through the infantry they caused an excitement which for a moment threatened a panic.

Randol's battery had been particularly aggressive, and was so continuously well served that the Confederates determined to capture it at any cost. Instead of a line of battle advancing upon it, two Virginia regiments were massed in the shape of a "V," the point being toward the battery. The men were ordered to advance on a run and with arms at a trail and not to halt to fire a single shot.

With a wild yell the "V" left cover and dashed forward, and the fire of the entire battery was at once concentrated. Grape and canister tore through the wedge-shaped command, and its point was shattered again and again, but nothing could check its momentum. It came straight at the battery—it pushed between the guns—it swept the field clear and cheered as it dragged away the blood-spattered cannon.

Night had come, and the Fugitive—anxious—wounded—bleeding, but undefeated, pressed on. Malvern Hill was the beacon light held out to him as the black clouds gathered overhead and the darkness increased the difficulties of the march.

The Tiger was following—grim—thirsting—confident.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
B L

The Spot Where McClellan Cried "Halt."

STANDING in the front door of the old brick Malvern House you see Turkey Bend in the James River to the south. It is two miles away, over ravine, hill and thicket, and yet it seems almost at your feet. In that bend lay the gun-boats which helped save McClellan's army.

Thirty steps in rear of the house is a natural sink, the beginning of a deep ravine which runs into Deep Bottom. The bottom of this sink is a solid bed of marl. In taking out marl they have taken out fifty cannon-balls and unexploded shells, and there are more to be discovered. The trees are broken and splintered, and a thousand bullets have been picked up along the steep sides.

To the southeast, on a clear day, the eye can discern Harrison's Landing, which was McClellan's haven of safety. To the northwest is the Crews farm, across which the Confederates surged as they came to the attack, and on which blood poured out until the quivering earth would drink no more. To the south and west is forest—below me is the road leading to Richmond by way of Varuna Grove. Between the hill and the road, where Porter was posted in reserve that day, is a field of ripened corn. To the right of this *was* a meadow. To-day it is a tangled wilderness of shrubs and vines.

The old brick house has a story of its own. Four hundred and thirty-nine grape-shot and bullets hit the bricks that day, and thirteen cannon-balls left marks which only the trowel can efface. Here in the yard, under the shade trees, the surgeons worked, and as they plied saw and knife great branches fell upon them from the tree tops. Shell and ball and bullet are lying in the tangled grass, and the rank weeds hide rusting swords and broken bayonets.

Malvern Hill is a singular spot. It is an almost level plateau of ground nearly two miles long and about a mile wide. On the river side the banks are too steep for soldiers to climb. In front, or

towards Richmond, the ground slopes away like a lawn, and a creek winds in and out and furnishes with its banks natural cover for ten thousand men. McClellan had fought the battles of Fair Oaks, Williamsburg, Gaines' Mill, Peach Orchard and Savage Station, and here was his last stand.

And so the retreating Federal army at last reached Malvern Hill. Every day had witnessed a bloody battle, and every night a long march. McClellan had been sacrificed, but he was doing what scarce another general in the world had ever done—winning victories in a retreat. Each battle was begun by the Confederates with the feeling that the Federal army would be cut to pieces and captured. Each battle ended in a victory for the men in blue. If McClellan reached City Point his army was saved. Therefore, as he reached Malvern Hill on his retreat, the Confederates made one last, desperate effort to crush him. And, therefore, too, as McClellan reached that grand battle ground, he determined that the foe which had so exultantly pursued his trail should receive a bloodier check than had yet been given his legions.

There were four roads by which the Confederates could pour their troops against McClellan's left. Sixty cannon were massed to strengthen this flank. On the crest on which forty of those guns bellowed thunder that day, a farmer's boy is dragging in fall wheat. Further to the left where the other twenty added their flame and smoke, there is a tangle of weed and briar and brush. As McClellan sat on his horse that day on this crest his eye could take in his whole semi-circle of battle and count three hundred cannon with their black muzzles to the foe.

Down under the crest of this hill, behind knolls and ridges and the banks of the creek, were four brigades of Federals. Before them were the fields and meadows of the Crews farm. Behind these fields were the dark pine woods in which the Confederates were massing. Above these men lying in ambush were the sixty cannon, each gun having a plunging fire on the plain. All night long Sykes, and Morell, and Couch, and Hooker, and Kearney and a dozen other heroes had been busy, and as morning came little further was needed. A few guns were shifted, lines dressed, gaps filled, and in the full glory of the glorious summer morning the men waited for the fury of the storm to burst.

A death-like silence fell upon the army as it waited. Here for the first time since the sudden and overwhelming attack in the swamps of the Chickahominy there was exultation in the hearts of

the men as they stood in battle line. The humblest soldier could see that attack meant defeat, no matter what the force. Couch's division was hiding at the foot of the plateau, eager for the fight to open. Further up were the grim cannon. Beyond these the blue lines and the drooping flags. Hunted and hounded, the Fugitive had turned at bay. Betrayed and abandoned, he was going to prove himself more than a match for the hosts of Lee, Jackson and Magruder.

To the right of the Crews farm, on the fields hidden by rows of shrubbery, the Confederate infantry marched and massed until the earth trembled. To the left, under the dark pines, legions of men in gray stood waiting. From the pine-bordered Varuna Grove road other legions debouched into the forest and marched by the flank until they formed in battle line across the green fields which were drinking in the summer sunshine. All the morning lines of gray marched to the right or left, batteries wheeled slowly into position, and that ominous silence which means more than murder held the air and the earth in its grasp.

A sudden tremor quickly ran along the lines of blue. The Confederate skirmishers came out of the pines in a long, thin line, and boldly advanced into the fields. They can count two hundred of the Federal cannon on the plateau, and they can see the blue lines massed for battle, but they are coming to feel the way across the fields—to see what that fringe of bushes conceals—to discover what is hidden behind the ridges. They skulk—they dodge about—they creep and crawl over the grass like snakes. It is a mere handful—routed and sent flying by one volley from Couch's advance line. The Confederates now understand what is before them, and they wait for other brigades and divisions to come up and swing into line. Every fifth man in those gray lines will be a corpse before this July sun goes down.

An hour after noon the storm bursts. Out from those dark pine woods sweeps a double line of battle, banners rippling, muskets gleaming, and lines dressed as if on parade. In ten seconds more than two hundred cannon, each piece having a clear range, open on the moving lines with shot, shell, and canister. Where the shells burst a gap fifty feet wide is opened in the lines. Where grape and shot and canister tear through, men are piled three deep. Malvern Hill quivered from center to circumference under that terrible roar of artillery, and yet those gray lines came on. Behind them the fields were strewn with corpses, but the living wall rolled on and on

as if no power on earth could stop it. The same steady tramp, tramp — no faster, no slower, and men who looked at them under the smoke-cloud wondered if they were soldiers of flesh and blood.

Now, when the lines are only a stone's throw from the men lying behind the creek, a whole division springs up at the word, muskets are brought to an "aim," and a sheet of fire a mile long leaps across the narrow space and withers and scorches and shrivels whole brigades. It is one grand terrible crash — one leaping, hissing billow of flame — one furious shriek and scream of ten thousand bullets seeking for prey, and the ambushed tigers along the creek and the grim guns on the hill have no further work to do. Of all that grand line of battle a few poor hundreds hobble back beneath the shelter of the woods. From creek to the forest the grass is no longer green. It is gray with the dead — it is red with the blood of men torn to fragments. Men never made a more gallant advance — lines never met with a bloodier repulse. Slowly the blue cloud lifted and floated away over the thick forest towards Harrison's Landing, and the guns were still.

The Federal signal-men on Malvern Hill now gave the gun-boats in Turkey Bend the range and location of the Confederate right, and a dozen monster guns suddenly opened fire. Great shells rose with terrible whirr, sailed over the heads of Porter's men, and fell among the pines and exploded with a crash which was heard miles away. Branches as thick as a man's body and fifty feet long crashed down on the massing Confederates or were whirled about like straws; and pines which had braved the hurricane and the lightning flash for half a century were splintered and riven and dashed to earth at a blow. Under the cover of the woods — amidst the awful explosions and the fearful crashes, the Confederates reformed and moved out again.

The instant those gray lines were clear of the forest, Malvern Hill shook and trembled again with the roar of cannon, and the gun-boats redoubled their fire. Shot and shell, and grape-shot and canister whistled and screamed until there was one awful and continuous shriek. Every man in gray looked into the eyes of a horrible death, and yet the columns moved forward without an instant's halt. Regiments were decimated before they had traversed a third of the distance, and yet the survivors moved forward. One shell from the gun-boats struck down a score of men, but the gap was closed and eleven men were left to represent the company. Think of the three hundred cannon—the shrieking, screaming tons of iron hurled into

that crowded mass, and then wonder how men faced it! With heads bent forward as if breasting a snow-storm — with teeth hard clinched and muskets tightly grasped, the Confederates again dashed at the hill, to be again confronted and withered by the fire of Couch's men. A single volley and the gray lines were no more. In place of them were heaps of dead, writhing, wounded, and a few battalions rushing back to cover.

Then silence fell upon hill and forest, broken for the next two hours only by the sullen boom of the Parrotts on the gun-boats as their fire was still trained on the woods. McClellan's left was his weakest point, and that weakest point had beaten back two desperate charges by twenty thousand men, and had not lost above a hundred in killed and wounded. If the left could not be ronted the center and right must be impregnable. Did the silence mean that the enemy had abandoned his purpose? Men looked down upon those fields sucking the blood of six thousand corpses, and answered yes.

Silence is never more ominous than during a battle. Then it means that batteries are taking new positions, battle lines being changed, and new plans being brought into play. Let the roar of battle suddenly die away on the right or left and grim silence take its place, and those who were fighting like heroes a moment before will turn pale and tremble.

At four o'clock the birds sang in the old trees around the Malvern House, and commanders of brigades and divisions asked each other what that silence meant. Not a living Confederate could be seen, and what was passing under the pines no man knew.

Beaten back in those two desperate charges, the Confederates were the more determined. They had attacked by regiments and failed. Now they would attack by brigades and divisions, and succeed. At six o'clock, as the sun hung like a great ball of fire above the trees, fury was let loose. Scarcely a gun was fired as a warning. All of a sudden two hundred Confederate field-pieces were galloped to positions along the far edges of the fields and at once opened a terrible fire on Malvern Hill. Three hundred guns instantly replied, and the roar of that terrible artillery duel was plainly heard thirty miles away.

For half an hour hill and plain was enveloped in semi-darkness, through which flames darted and missiles shrieked. Then the Confederate batteries suddenly ceased and the gray infantry moved out of the woods. Over the bloody grass — over the dead — a mighty torrent of war swept forward to do or die. Death swooped down

from the plateau and claimed scores and hundreds. The gun-boats hurled death to hundreds more, but those lines never stopped till within thirty yards of the creek. Then Couch's men rose up and swept them off their feet with one terrible volley.

The Federal cheers had not yet died away when the gray masses came again. Brigades reduced to seven hundred men by that fire rallied and reformed where the corpses lay three deep and dashed at the hill on the double-quick, but not to reach it. Three—five—seven successive times those gray lines rallied and rushed, and field batteries crept forward over the corpses until the color of the gunners' eyes could be told by the men under the hill. When the sun went down the fight was ended. McClellan's position was impregnable. His left wing alone had beaten back five times its strength, and the army which had so exultantly pursued, and which was so persistently determined to destroy, was shattered to the core. Those who looked down from Round Top at Gettysburg after Longstreet's charge did not see such a sight as the men who looked across the meadows of the Crews farm. The horrors of war left foot-prints there which fifty years of time will not efface.

Not a hundred trees are missing from that dark silent forest. There they stand, just as when that July sun went down on those scenes of horror. It was not a tornado which rent and twisted and shivered, and left scars and traces to astound. It was not the sudden sweep of a whirlwind which brought down tree-tops and splintered trunks.

In the sandy bed of a dry ravine in those woods which hid Magruder's men that day, I found a startling reminder of that fierce grapple. There lay an unexploded hundred-pound shell, just as it crashed through the trees. Relic hunters have carried away thousands of bullets and hundreds of pieces of shell, and the battle field has sent to the Richmond junk dealers tons upon tons of lead and iron, but no man has been bold enough to disturb this sleeping monster.

All day long, as cannon roared and muskets crashed, McClellan was hurrying his trains through Deep Bottom to the river, whose glimmer his soldiers could see when the smoke lifted. Night brought him victory, but it also brought retreat. Only when the river was reached could the army be fed and reorganized.

The afternoon is waning as I turn for a last look at the old brick house with its scars of cannon-ball and bullet. The rent and shivered

trees cast their shadows on the bricks. No hand has traced a word or letter there, but still I read:

"Twenty thousand Federals lie dead between this hill and the Chickahominy. Who sacrificed them?"

Aye! who did? Who baffled McClellan's plans? Who left that army exposed? Who refused him support to make victory of defeat? Who was it who muttered and sulked when that army was rescued and crowned with victory?

There is no tablet in the wall, but across the bullet-chipped bricks I read the words dispatched to Secretary Stanton from the Savage Station, and never to be forgotten while history lives:

I know that a few thousand more men would have changed this battle from a defeat to a victory. As it is, the government must not and cannot hold me responsible for the result.

I feel too earnestly to-night. I have seen too many dead and wounded comrades to feel otherwise than that the government has not sustained this army. If you do not do so now the game is lost.

If I save this army now, I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you or to any other persons in Washington.

You have done your best to sacrifice this army!

History need only preserve the words. Every house and hill and forest and meadow from Malvern to the dark waters of the Chickahominy will furnish accusing witnesses for half a century to come.

McClellan—Lee—Pope.

AFTER Malvern Hill—what?

Lee had thrown his army at the plateau, and it had been flung back, broken—bruised—disorganized to a certain extent.

When McClellan issued his order for the army to fall back to the James, there was indignation among many of his officers, and Porter, Kearney, and others were loud in their protestations. Because the Octopus, reaching out his cruel arms in a last effort to clutch and destroy his victim, had been beaten off, certain officers leaped to the conclusion that Lee was sorely defeated and could be pursued back over the same route to the gates of Richmond.

Was Lee broken? Emphatically no! As night fell upon the battle field of Malvern Hill, thousands of his men had not yet fired a shot. A few brigades were disorganized, as might have been anticipated, but the greater part of the army was well in hand. Had McClellan moved to the attack next day he must have left a defensible position to attack one of Lee's own choosing, with the odds of battle against him.

And the hot-headed subordinates and carping critics seem to have lost sight of the important fact that, even had Lee retreated towards Richmond, McClellan was in no condition to follow. He had burned his stores at the White House—at Savage's Station—at every spot where he halted to make a fight for his life. He had lost scores of wagons and thousands of horses and mules, and as his troops swung into line at Malvern Hill it was with empty haversacks. To pursue Lee he must have time to reorganize his shattered divisions, replace his trains and find a way to feed his army.

Could Lee have been beaten back over those roads by the Federal army, even if fully prepared for the aggressive? No, again! As he left Richmond to fall upon McClellan it was by three different roads, with three different commands, to strike the Federal army at

three different points. In no one battle could he claim a victory.

Had Lee retreated, McClellan's pursuit must have been by the same highways, held by strong rear-guards. Had Lee halted and McClellan been forced to attack, what were the chances for a Federal victory?

McClellan drew back to the river, his campaign ended. He had left behind him nearly sixty pieces of artillery, half a dozen battle-flags, thirty thousand stands of arms, fifteen thousand dead, wounded and missing, and had reduced millions of dollars' worth of stores to ashes. He was a fallen chief. "Defeat" was written on every wall, and the country called for his head. His proud spirit must have burned over his position—at the insults heaped upon him—at the knowledge that a hearty co-operation on the part of the government would have brought different results.

As the army fell back to the James it made itself secure from successful attack and began to reorganize. Lee remained before it for a few days, and realizing that it could not be moved for some time, he withdrew towards Richmond to assume the aggressive.

On the twenty-third of July General Halleck was appointed commander-in-chief of all the Federal forces, and during the same month General Pope was paraded before the public as the coming successful general.

Pope's Fights Around Manassas.

JACKSON is moving!

So said the Federal signal flags on the morning of the twenty-fifth of August, 1862.

Pope had fallen back from his line on the Rapidan and retreated behind the Rappahannock. Lee had followed him and meant to attack. A part of the Confederates had forced the crossing of the river, and the two great commanders were moving their chess men here and there as they made ready for the great battle which could not long be delayed.

Jackson was at Jefferson, on Lee's left. On the morning of the twenty-fifth he took the road to Amissville, and after crossing the river there, he turned to the northeast, in the direction of Waterloo. It was then that the Federal signal flags waved the news. With his right wing and center Lee meant to face Pope and hold him where he was until Jackson had carried out a plan. What was it, and where was he going? Pope did not know. From the direction of the march Jackson could strike into the Shenandoah, or he could swing into the rear of the Federal army. Which course he would take no one in that Federal army knew or seemed to care. At least no energetic movement was made to find out, and by and by Pope made up his mind that Jackson had started for the Shenandoah and would bother him no more.

All day long of the twenty-fifth Jackson pushed ahead at cavalry pace, and by the next evening he was at Bristol Station, squarely in the rear of the Federal army. Instead of turning to the west at Salem and making for the valley he had turned east and marched for Manassas. Five thousand Federals posted in Thoroughfare Gap could have held him until the arrival of an army corps, but there were no Federals in the Gap. Pope had seen Lee cut twenty-five thousand men off from his army and swing them beyond the Federal right, and yet he took no steps to guard the approaches in his rear until too late. As the hours passed by Jackson hurried on, and on,

and on, expecting each hour that his great movement would be exposed, but never meeting with the slightest opposition. Had he found a division holding Thoroughfare Gap he must have turned back. On the night of the twenty-sixth, when he struck the railroad, Pope sent a single regiment down on the cars to drive away the "intruders," supposing that Mosby had dashed in. Instead of Mosby with a hundred guerillas, it was Jackson with twenty-five thousand fighters. It was only on the morning of the twenty-seventh that Pope realized that any considerable body of Confederates was in his rear.

Manassas was the great Federal storehouse. It was a part of Jackson's plan to destroy everything, and he lost not an hour in beginning his work. Ewell was sent in the direction of the Federal army, and the weak Federal guard over the depot was speedily overcome. Then, for an hour or two, Jackson's men were let loose on the stores. There was everything there to tempt a soldier's appetite, and the Confederates had not eaten full rations for three days. Men ate their fill, and then loaded themselves down with sugar, bacon, canned fruits and choice hospital stores. Jackson's march towards Centreville could be traced by empty cans and bottles and the stores which the men were tired of carrying. What could not be eaten or carried away was to be burned, and it was only when that great cloud of smoke rolled heavenwards that Pope knew any part of Jackson's plans. Official Confederate reports show that they removed or destroyed supplies which had cost the Federal government millions of dollars. One of the captures was a field battery of eight guns, complete even to horses, and this battery was sending death into the Union ranks two days later.

On the afternoon of the twenty-seventh, in pushing forward toward Manassas to develop the enemy, Hooker ran upon Ewell, and a battle opened which did not close till the dusk of evening. Jackson depended on Ewell to stay there until the stores were destroyed, and at sundown sent him word to fall back. Hooker plumed himself on having driven the enemy across Broad Run and put him to flight, but Ewell was retiring in obedience to orders. It was a fight between divisions only, but so hotly contested and so bravely maintained, that neither line had been driven a hundred feet when Jackson's order came.

Pope reached Hooker after the fight and then made up his mind that Jackson was at Manassas and could be bagged. Orders were instantly dispatched to different corps commanders to concentrate

on Manassas, but before any brigade outside of Hooker's division had advanced a rod, Jackson was moving. Pope expected him to remain at Manassas until the Federal army found it convenient to bag him, and great was his surprise when he dashed out of the woods on the morning of the twenty-eighth to find Jackson gone. The Federal bag was ready, but the victim was nowhere to be seen. In what direction had he gone?

Pope killed himself as a leader when he issued his bombastic proclamation to the army, but he was a fighter for all that. He fell back from the Rapidan to shorten his lines and secure a better fighting position. The best military writers have praised his sagacity in this. He meant to fight Lee on the Rappahannock, but Lee, Jackson, and one or two other things prevented. Lee mystified him by certain movements. Rain swelled the river and prevented Pope from crossing part of his forces to assail Lee's rear and flank. A corps commander retired from a position he should have held. Jackson cut loose, and no Federal knew his objective point. Pope did not believe Jackson would dare swing into his rear. He did not suspect that it was Lee's plan to march after Jackson and pour through the same Thoroughfare Gap to join him.

Hooker lost his wits at Chancellorsville. Burnside lost his at Fredericksburg. Pope did not lose his around Manassas, but he failed to discover what the enemy were doing, and all his moves were made in the dark. He sent orders by one courier and countermanded them by another. He marched divisions and corps all day and counter-marched them at night. After Jackson had been gone from Manassas ten hours, Pope ordered up a corps to cut his marching line in two! He expected to find Jackson on the twenty-eighth where he was on the twenty-seventh. He expected him to retreat through Thoroughfare Gap, when Jackson knew that Lee was coming to join him through the same Gap. He expected Jackson was after the wagon trains in one direction, while he was really marching in another direction to pick his position to wait for Lee's arrival. Pope was no coward; neither was he incompetent. But he was mystified and dumb-founded and groping his way from hour to hour.

As soon as it was discovered that Jackson had gone towards Centreville, Pope acted with energy, but he made a mistake. He could not get rid of the idea that Jackson wanted to retreat through Thoroughfare Gap, and march back to rejoin Lee on the

Rappahannock, and he hastened to throw a force between Jackson and the Gap. Jackson was simply looking for a position to await the arrival of Lee, and the force thrust between him and the Gap would presently find itself between two Confederate armies. Pope had his plan to bag Jackson — Jackson had his plan to hold Pope until Lee came up. In this determined attempt to capture Jackson, Pope ordered McDowell to close in. To obey he must leave Thoroughfare Gap undefended. He took the responsibility of detaching the divisions of King and Ricketts and leaving them behind, but as soon as Lee made his appearance these divisions retired and permitted him to pour through and join Jackson.

What is known as the battle of Gainesville was brought about through a mistake of Jackson. A Federal column on the march to a new position, was supposed by him to be in retreat, and he gave orders for an attack. The blue column wheeled into battle-line at the sound of the first gun, and for about three hours the conflict was close and bloody. On the Federal side King's division alone was engaged, and though opposed by superior numbers they could not be driven a single foot. When Jackson discovered his mistake he would have drawn off, but this the Federals would not let him do.

As Gainesville was the mistake of Jackson, so was Groveton the mistake of Pope. Still following up his theory that he could bag Jackson, he made the attack at Groveton on what he supposed was Jackson's army, but which was in reality the entire Confederate force, Lee having come up and been in line for many hours. Porter was to come up on Jackson's flank at Groveton, and was court-martialed and cashiered for his failure to do so. And yet, when Porter was ready to move, he found Longstreet in his front. Porter knew what Pope had to learn hours after — that the Confederate army was all up. Porter held fifteen thousand Confederates from pushing on to Groveton. When the order was sent him to move against Jackson, Lee was supposed to be still on the other side of the Gap. McDowell interpreted the same order to suit his own ideas, and no charge was brought against him. King and Ricketts fell back from Thoroughfare Gap against all orders, letting Lee in, and yet they sat in judgment on Porter. Sigel misinterpreted a plain order by which a part of the troops had a march of nine miles for nothing, but his blunder was excused. Pope attacked like a man who meant to win a victory, and when night

fell the fields of Groveton were heaped with dead and wounded. That was all. Jackson was still there.

Late in the afternoon, after several hours of terrific fighting, and after Milroy, Schenck, Reynolds and Schurz had taken their commands in and fought them until exhausted and obliged to fall back, Pope saw that Jackson could not be driven by any such fighting. The Confederate center was protected by a railroad embankment. Pope determined to mass a crack brigade and hurl it upon the center, and to follow it with a division. Hooker was to lead, and he selected Grover's brigade of five regiments. It was composed of regiments from Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Pennsylvania, and every man knew that desperate fighting was in store for him. With muskets loaded and bayonets fixed the blue regiments advanced at a steady pace. Confederate shells tore through the ranks, and grape and canister cut wide gaps in the lines, but nothing stopped the onward march. Now they halt to deliver their fire, and then they rush for Jackson's center with cheers which are heard two miles away. After that one volley they must depend on the bayonet alone. They dashed into the smoke, over the dead and wounded, through the woods and thickets, and Jackson's first line of battle was driven from the embankment with cold steel at their backs. There was a shock—a grapple—and that Federal wedge had entered Jackson's center. Pausing only a moment to reform, the blue brigade rushed at the second line, bent it back upon the third, and for a few minutes men jabbed with the bayonet, struck with clubbed muskets, and fired at such close range that the flame of the powder seemed to follow the bullets through the victims. Two lines had been carried—the third was fighting as regiments fight when they realize that retreat means disaster to a whole army. Confederates who helped to bury the dead at that point say that scores of blue and gray clutched each other as they went down in the agonies of death. Dozens of men lay dead with bayonets pinning the corpse to the earth.

Grover's brigade was to have been supported by a division, but that division did not come. The wedge had penetrated—Jackson's third line could not stand another blow, and yet not another Federal advanced. Why? No need to ask Pope—he had no explanations. Longstreet was there at noon, and yet when that charge was made, hours later, Pope was seeking to bag Jackson and ignorant that he had been reinforced. Slowly the blue lines yielded, retreating foot by foot, and when that brigade had reached the

Federal lines again it had left five hundred dead behind it. It had penetrated Jackson's center — it had left five hundred corpses in its path — nothing more.

Pope could have advanced his whole line as well as a single brigade. History is silent as to why he did not. He was trying to bag Jackson. Did he expect to do it by throwing him men to shoot at? When Grover was driven back, bloodstained and defeated, Kearney was ordered to try the same dash at another point. He put himself at the head of Stevens' division and he rushed upon A. P. Hill. Had Phil Kearney been ordered to lead a single company against all the artillery in the Confederate service he would not have flinched. Gallant as any cavalier of old — brave as any knight of history, if the whisper had reached his ears that death would clasp his hand a few hours later at another point on the same field, he betrayed no sign. He had seen Grover driven back — he knew what desperate fighting awaited him, but no man saw his face grow paler as he took the place of honor and dashed straight at Hill, who was on Jackson's left.

Every Federal history which is written in truth will admit that Hill was outnumbered on the start. Some of his men had only three or four rounds of ammunition left, when Kearney swept down upon them. They were rolled back, and Jackson's left was actually turned and taken in flank. Then again men fought with clubbed muskets—with the bayonet—even with branches twisted off the trees, and with rocks pulled from the soil. Gregg's brigade received the first shock. What it cost him is told in Confederate reports. In five minutes he was out of ammunition and fighting with the bayonet alone. In a brief quarter of an hour that one brigade had lost over six hundred men. It was pushed back, but it could not be routed. Regiments which had not a cartridge fell back in order, with bayonets pointed towards the Federals. Where was the Federal support? Did Pope expect that one division to bag Jackson? It had almost cut him in two in the center, but when it had done all that desperate men could do, Hill threw forward two fresh brigades, and Kearney was driven back, leaving a thousand dead and wounded to prove his valor.

And still Pope labored under the delusion that he had only Jackson's army in front of him. Longstreet had been there ever since noon—Stephen D. Lee was there with all his artillery—Porter was being held by a Confederate force, and yet Pope would not believe it. Even when the Confederates shortened their line for an

expected advance by the whole Federal army at sunset, Pope was pleased to construe it into a retreat, and he pushed three brigades into a position where they were decimated and driven out. Six thousand Federal dead were lying on the field of Groveton—every assault of Pope's had been repulsed, and yet he sat down and telegraphed, after being forced to believe Longstreet had come up:

"We fought a terrific battle here yesterday. . . . The enemy were driven from the field. . . . The enemy lost two to one. . . . He is retiring towards the mountain. . . . We have made great captures."

The enemy had not been driven a single rod. He had simply shortened his lines. He was not retiring. He had not lost two to one. Pope had captured nothing; the enemy had captured many prisoners and several thousand stands of arms, and yet Pope thought he had won a great victory, and he spent the night in preparing plans to crush the whole Confederate army on the morrow! That morrow was to see the number of dead quadrupled—to see Pope driven at every point—to see the blue lines falling back upon Washington. Pope was to be defeated and driven, and his head was to fall, but some one else was to suffer with him. Fitz John Porter, held at bay by Longstreet, and likewise saving Pope by holding Longstreet from moving on, was to be degraded and disgraced, and his judges were to be the men who left fords open to Jackson—who left bridges for his artillery—who skulked away from Thoroughfare Gap at Lee's thunder and let him through to Jackson's aid! Pope groped his way over those fields like a man blindfolded! He ordered and countermanded in the same moment. He remembered dozens of orders which he never wrote. He filled every road with wagon trains and then expected whole army corps to march at the rate of three miles an hour. The best Federal military authority, writing for the years to come, and writing in a spirit of peace, with all the facts before them, have pointed out such grave errors and serious mistakes in his campaign that readers must wonder that any part of his army reached a haven of safety.

Defeat.—Invasion.

THE battle of Groveton was Pope's last effort before being driven north of Bull Run. It proved his pluck, but it brought another defeat. When he had withdrawn to the heights of Centreville hope returned for a few hours. He had a short line, a strong position, and reinforcements from McClellan's army were hastening up. If Lee would only attack him in front he might hold his ground.

But Lee had no thought of hurling his troops against that strong position. He had counted Pope's dead and wounded — he had seen thousands of Federal prisoners marched to the rear — he felt certain that Pope was more or less disorganized and debating on further retreat.

Jackson was sent on another flank movement. Detaching his command and that of Ewell without confusion or delay, he crossed Bull Run, gained the Little River turnpike, and then swept around towards Fairfax. Pope must retreat beyond Fairfax or find his army between Lee and Jackson.

Jackson's movement was on too large a scale to escape detection. Pope divined his intentions, realized the danger of the situation, and at once ordered a retreat. He fell back just in time to prevent Jackson from gaining his rear, but the wily old fox was already on his flank at Chantilly, and he hung there until he drew blood from two thousand men. It was here that the gallant Phil Kearney yielded up his life, and the same pitiless storm beat down upon the faces of other dead for whom a nation was to mourn.

Pope began his "headquarters in the saddle." He scoffed at "lines of retreat." He would study "the probable line of retreat of his opponent." He would "look before and not behind." That address was issued on the fourteenth of July. On the second of September his army was cowering behind the defenses of Washington. He had lost over twenty-five thousand men, twelve battle-flags, forty pieces of artillery, twelve thousand stands of arms, three

hundred wagons, two thousand animals, and stores worth millions of dollars had been destroyed. Lee had lost ten thousand men, but he had gained forty miles of ground and all the spoils.

Lee had no thought of assaulting the defenses of Washington. McClellan had been deposed — Pope beaten — Virginia practically swept clear of Federal commands. The hour was ripe for invasion. By the seventh of September he was in Maryland, and the cry of "Invasion!" had startled every hamlet in the North.

The Crisis.

AS Pope rode to the front, McClellan's army was being recalled from the James. As Pope reached the climax of his military glory, McClellan was ordered to report at Alexandria — deposed — degraded — disgraced. As the roar of the guns at Chantilly reached his ears he forgave the blow struck by Halleck and telegraphed him:

"I cannot express to you the pain and mortification I have experienced to-day in listening to the distant firing of my men. As I can be of no further use here, I respectfully ask that, if there is a probability of the conflict being renewed on the morrow, I may be permitted to go to the scene of battle with my staff — merely to be with my own men, if nothing more. They will fight none the worse for my being with them. If it is not deemed best to trust me with the command of my own army, I simply ask to be permitted to share its fate on the field of battle. Please reply to this to-night."

The records of war do not show another such appeal from a deposed commander. Fremont would not serve under Pope because the latter had been his inferior in rank in the west. McClellan was willing to serve as a volunteer under the man who had done his best to cover him with insult. Halleck made no reply to the appeal, but in his arrogance he was preparing for a terrible fall. Scarcely twenty-four hours had passed when, after an interview with the humbled and broken Pope, he telegraphed:

"I beg of you to assist me in this crisis with your ability and experience."

This was followed by a request from Lincoln for McClellan to hasten to Washington, and he was at once placed in command. He understood the danger, and he planned to meet it. Lee was throwing his whole force across the Potomac, and the Federal army must march fast and fight as it never had before.

In five days the troops which had sought the defenses of Wash-

ington after Chantilly, broken, dispirited, and their pluck gone, were marching over the highways of Maryland to meet Lee and defeat him. Accident placed in McClellan's hands Lee's plans, and it was discovered that Stonewall Jackson had Harper's Ferry as his objective point. McClellan needed the men and material there. So long as it held out Jackson would be unable to combine with Lee, and McClellan had the fewer to encounter in the struggle which must take place.

South Mountain.

AT South Mountain Lee waited for McClellan to come up. He must hold him until Jackson had solved the problem at Harper's Ferry.

Passing out from Frederick, the Federal army moved in two great columns—one towards Turner's Gap in the Mountain—the other towards Crampton's. D. H. Hill, with a weak division, was left to defend Turner's Gap, and on the morning of the fourteenth the advance of one Federal column appeared before him. South of the Gap, to prevent a flank movement, he had posted Garland's division.

Reno, who had the Federal advance, lost no time in calculating the chances. Driving ahead with a division, he planted his batteries at the base of the mountain and ordered his infantry up its steep and wooded sides. If he could gain the crest he could take the Gap in reverse. The Confederate defenders were posted behind rocks and trees, having the strongest natural cover, and as the Federals advanced both sides resorted to Indian tactics. Men sprang from tree to tree and rock to rock, each one fighting on his own hook, but at noon the Federal force had pressed the Confederates to the crest. Reno could hold his ground, but he could advance no further. Longstreet was reinforcing Hill as rapidly as possible, and the Confederates on the south crest were able to hold their own from noon until night.

By two o'clock in the afternoon all the Federal troops which could be handled on the ground were in battle line, and McClellan was hammering away at every point.

The Confederates who were defending the Gap itself had the advantage of twenty to one. It was simply a country highway—narrow—winding and full of natural defensive positions—from plain to crest. Only two Federal brigades advanced into the Gap, and they gained ground only by the inch. A dead man was left at every foot, and the Confederate lines fell where they were

posted. It was long after dark before the Gap was won to the crest, and of the men lying on the rocky road nineteen out of twenty were dead.

The Federal right, as in case of the left, could advance only as men afterwards stormed Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. Lines of battle could not be preserved as the men pulled themselves up by the rocks and trees, but the fight never slackened for a moment. Two hours after dark the Federal army had gained the crest of South Mountain, and now had an equal footing as to position.

During the same hours of daylight the other Federal column was hammering at Crampton's Gap. On this column depended the salvation of Harper's Ferry from the clutch of Jackson. It was the same as at Turner's—the Gap desperately defended—the flanking mountain sides witnessing the same tactics of advance—the fall of night bringing a victory to the Federal arms.

If Miles still held Harper's Ferry, Lee was in a position of peril. If Jackson had seized it he could form a junction with Lee to face McClellan. Lee had fought at South Mountain to gain time—McClellan to save Miles. Fifteen hundred Federal dead and wounded, and over two thousand Confederate, told of the bitter fighting, but Lee's object had been won.

Surrender of Harper's Ferry.

DROP an apple into a bushel basket and you have the situation of Harper's Ferry. It is not a village at the base of a mountain, but a village surrounded by mountains, and a field-piece on Maryland or Louden Heights can hurl its missile into any part of the antiquated town.

As McClellan's army left Washington in pursuit of Lee, Harper's Ferry became a burden of anxiety to the Federal commander. To capture it, Lee must detach from ten to fifteen thousand men from his force. If bravely defended every one of its defenders would count as a man in the field confronting Lee.

As Jackson swept down from Williamsport the small Federal force at Martinsburg retreated to the Ferry, and as the Confederates appeared before it they found the place garrisoned by about twelve thousand men. Garrisoned is not the word, considering that the place was at the mercy of any five hundred men who might secure the Heights spoken of. It was a pen in which twelve thousand Federals cooped themselves up and waited for capture.

It is on record that Miles was positively ordered to fortify the Heights at least a month before Lee crossed the Potomac, and he had the men, tools and cannon to do so, but he made not the slightest move to carry out the order. There was time even after Lee had crossed the river to place Harper's Ferry in such a defensive condition as would have made a hot fight necessary for its capture, but not a step was taken.

Miles was neither a traitor nor a coward. He was simply one of that class of incompetents so often met with holding responsible positions in the Federal service. He had less common sense in the face of danger than any one of those twelve thousand men penned up with him.

By the morning of the fourteenth Jackson had the Heights, and

the garrison was very nearly cut off. When it was realized that this state of affairs had been brought about through Miles' incompetency there was mutiny and rebellion in the garrison. Officers went about cursing the fate which had placed such a man in power, and soldiers destroyed their arms and could scarcely be restrained from burning the town.

Colonel Davis, who had about two thousand cavalry under his command, saw that a surrender was coming, and he gathered his men together at dark, and broke through the line of investment with slight loss and made good his escape. During the night a number of Federal scouts and rangers made their escape on foot, and there was an abundance of time to spike every cannon and destroy most of the stores.

But Miles was like one dazed, issuing no orders and having no control. At daylight next morning, when the Confederates opened on his battery on Bolivar Heights, the colonel seemed for a moment to feel something of the spirit of a soldier. He went among the guns and encouraged the men, but soon realized that his position was untenable and ordered the white flag run up. It was after this flag had been raised that Miles was killed by a cannon-shot.

Harper's Ferry was surrendered with its twelve thousand men when five thousand could have held it if Miles had obeyed his orders. Lying there unmounted were seventy-three large cannon, and Jackson likewise came into possession of thirteen thousand five hundred muskets, two hundred and thirty army wagons, six hundred horses and mules, eight hundred tents, two thousand blankets, six hundred sabres, half a million cartridges, and hospital stores almost worth their weight in gold to the Confederacy. Not an hour was lost in preparing to convey all this property across the Potomac into the Confederacy. When these arrangements had been made he left A. P. Hill to carry them out, and started with his command to join Lee. Franklin was coming up to the aid of Harper's Ferry, and Lee had to move every command swiftly and concentrate at Sharpsburg to prevent the Federals from getting some of his detached corps into a trap.

Sharpsburg.

LEE has fallen back from South Mountain to the Antietam River, and is posting his forces on the ridge above the town of Sharpsburg.

Word has been sent to Jackson, and his infantry are marching at the rate of five miles an hour.

Word has been sent to McLaws, and his detached command will make no halt until it faces the Federal lines at Sharpsburg.

It is the morning of the seventeenth of September, 1862. Here is going to be a struggle which shall be remembered as long as there is an American nation.

Who can record the feelings of McClellan? Ten days ago he was in disgrace. Lee had driven him from the Peninsula, Halleck had insulted him, and the country had lost confidence in his generalship.

He is here this morning in supreme command. He is facing that same general and that same army once more. He can stand in front of his headquarters and look down upon an army of eighty-seven thousand Federals.

On the hills of Sharpsburg are forty thousand Confederates—less than half McClellan's strength. It is a grand opportunity to strike a blow which will demoralize the whole Confederacy.

Stand here with me, in Lee's center, and we will look down upon a struggle which will not be equalled in fierceness again during the war, except at Gettysburg and Chickamauga.

From this center we can look down upon sixty thousand Federal troops and witness every movement.

Here is the Federal position: Hooker, with three divisions, is in the woods and fields on the extreme right, with Mansfield's corps behind him, and Sumner's just ready to cross the stream. Burnside has the left wing, and the center is formed by the troops of his right and Sumner's left.

Stonewall Jackson has the Confederate left, opposite Hooker;

Longstreet the center, and there is really no right, nor will there be until the arrival of the Confederates who are hastening over the dusty highways.

Boom! boom! crash! The battle has begun! Hooker has picked up his eighteen thousand men and is hurling them at Jackson's less than six thousand. Jackson has one flank on the Hagerstown highway — the other on the river, while his center is near the Dunker Church. He has the cover of woods and walls and depressions, and when those three Federal divisions bear down upon him he opens a fire so hot and so continuous that eighteen thousand men are halted — broken — repulsed. The Federals reform and advance again, and for an hour the crash of musketry is terrific.

The Federal sword thrusts at the left — at the center — at the right, but there is no opening. Every thrust is parried — every blow returned.

If Jackson is forced down on the center, as Hooker has planned, it is ruin to Lee. Every Confederate realizes this, and every man is desperate.

For more than an hour Hooker uses his eighteen thousand men as a sledge-hammer to batter away at one third of their number, but he does not drive the Confederate line a single yard. It is only when thirty pieces of Federal artillery on the other side of the Antietam are massed to enfilade Jackson that he falls back, but he retreats step by step through the woods and across the fields. He falls back almost to the Dunker Church, but will go no further.

To let go of the Hagerstown road means defeat. To let go of the river means destruction. To give up another rod of his line may mean the annihilation of the whole Confederate army.

Jackson has lost a thousand men since the fight opened, and the remainder of his command are out of ammunition. He sends to Lee for aid, and Hood and Early bring up five thousand men to help him hold his lines.

Hooker is baffled — enraged — determined. He brings up Mansfield's corps, and now twenty-five thousand Federals bear down upon ten thousand Confederates like a mighty wave. The wave rolls up to the line of flame, but no further. It recedes and rolls forward again, but only to be broken. Here on this contracted line death holds carnival and shouts in exultation.

In the forest the freshly fallen yellow leaves are being stained with blood. In the meadows the parched earth is enjoying a feast. In the cornfields the yellow stalks are plashed and splattered, and

the dead of Jackson and Hooker lie side by side. Here, after the armies have left, farmers will collect shot and shell by the wagon load and haul them down to a sink or morass near the church and dump them in to have them out of the way. Not two or three wagon loads, but fifteen or twenty; and every year the plow will turn up grape and canister by the bushel.

Jackson is again reinforced, though the two skeleton brigades scarcely make good his loss, and now Hooker orders up Sumner and is wounded as the latter reaches the front. Sumner assumes command, but hardly has he issued his first order when Jackson prepares for a desperate move.

The Confederate left does not number over twelve thousand men, and yet Jackson is going to advance in the face of the three corps of Hooker, Mansfield, and Sumner—numbering over thirty thousand men!

The Confederate ammunition wagons are driven right up to battle-line, and the soldiers refill their cartridge boxes as Federal bullets fall around them.

Now, at the signal, Jackson changes from the defender to the assailant, and from river to highway his lines advance.

Shell and grape and canister beat at them, but they do not halt.

The crash of musketry is appalling, and the hail of bullets has no interval.

Forward! forward!

Gaps are torn in the advancing lines, but the living will not halt.

Flags go down to be soaked in blood, but there is no stop.

From the troubled waters of the Potomac to the Dunker Church and beyond, the gray lines are breasting the storm of death and gaining ground.

One after another, Federal brigades and divisions are pressed back—flung aside—walked over—annihilated.

Back—back—back—and Jackson has finally regained his lost ground, and McClellan must order Franklin's corps to that flank to even hold the Confederates where they stop for a time to reform and replenish their ammunition.

Three Federal corps shattered by less than fifteen thousand Confederates! In after months General Sumner will testify before the committee on the conduct of the war:

"General Hooker's corps was dispersed; there is no question about that; I sent one of my staff officers to find where they were, and General Ricketts, the only officer he could find, said he could

not raise three hundred men of the corps. In the meantime Mansfield had been killed and a portion of his corps thrown into confusion."

Jackson holds the Confederate left secure—Franklin can hold the Federal right.

Look down upon the center, into what the citizens of Sharpsburg will ever refer to as Bloody Lane—into what history will call the Sunken Road. It is a highway cut through hills for a distance of a mile or so, and troops passing over it do not even show their heads to an enemy forty rods away. In this sunken road two brigades of Confederates are massed to protect Lee's center. They are there when Burnside, who had been ordered to cross the Antietam at eight o'clock and attack Lee's right, finally moves at noon. His advance compels the withdrawal of several batteries on Lee's center, and a half-right-about-face of a portion of the troops there, and McClellan now pushes forward some of his batteries until they have the range of this sunken road.

Grape and canister go screaming and shrieking through the massed Confederates, and not one-half of them escape from the trap. Citizens here who will look down into that sunken road to-morrow, before a corpse of all these thousands on this bloody field has been buried, will tell you that it is the most awful sight men have ever looked upon.

It is a slaughter-pen and worse yet. Heads, arms, legs, feet, hands, and bloody trunks of mangled humanity fill the road from bank to bank, and old soldiers look down from the banks and turn away sick at heart.

Now turn to the Federal left—to Burnside's bridge. It is a stone bridge over the Antietam, and in crossing it from McClellan's battle line to Lee's position there is a deep cut in the hills as the road rises to surmount the range. McClellan's right and center has moved forward and fought. At noon Hooker has pushed Jackson a mile and a half, and the center has advanced a mile, forcing Lee to change his headquarters to a brick house half a mile back of the town. Had Burnside advanced at eight o'clock in the morning, Lee would have been driven at every point. His right was terribly weak, as Longstreet's men were strung out all the way from the bridge to Harper's Ferry. The order was to carry the bridge, but there is no point for a quarter of a mile up or down that a soldier could not ford and keep his cartridge-box dry. A skirmish line is sent forward, a few shots are fired, and that

is Burnside's effort to carry out orders. At nine Hooker has lost two thousand men, and Burnside has hardly fired a gun. At ten the center has lost two thousand men, and Burnside has not killed a Confederate. At eleven he is where daylight found him. At noon six thousand Federals lay dead, and Burnside has not lost a man. He is dead now, but he lived to have historians ask him if he was not cowardly seeking a new downfall for McClellan by thus cowardly refusing to obey orders.

At one o'clock Colonel Key is ordered by McClellan to force the bridge with Burnside's troops, leading them himself if Burnside will not—and then the latter moves.

What is in front? The answer is that two single Federal regiments carry the bridge in ten minutes, as soon as let loose. Lee has been sending troops to aid Jackson, and his contempt for Burnside is shown in placing less than eight hundred men to guard this approach to his right. Burnside has the bridge, but Lee holds the heights above. One determined rush will capture his guns massed there or drive them back through the town, but Burnside advances—halts—advances—hesitates—and finally sends back for reinforcements, although he already has five to one.

Some of the guns on Lee's right are positively without infantry supports. A dash by a single brigade may decide the great battle, but it is not made.

Franklin can hold Jackson, but nothing more.

Lee has made his center secure in its position, and any direct assault means the destruction of assailants.

Burnside can break through Lee's right without losing a thousand men, and he has force enough to crush that wing back on the center, but he is not the man for the emergency.

We can see the right of Porter's fifteen thousand reserves lying hidden along the Red Hills across the valley. Let Burnside move with vigor and strike a worthy blow, and he can have aid to follow up success.

Those reserves are a menace to Lee. They prevent his right and center from any advance when opportunities offer. But for them he would, in the early morning, have flung the few skeleton brigades composing his right across the bridge and boldly sought to drive Burnside's whole corps down on the Federal center.

Night comes and the battle dies away, each army clinging fast to its position. It is a drawn fight. Burnside could have made it a defeat for Lee.

What a storm the North raised because McClellan did not bag Lee's army! Hooker, Mansfield, and Sumner driven back to their battle line of the morning—Burnside plotting, hesitating, and failing—the center having enough to hold its own, and it was McClellan who would have been bagged but for the menace of the reserves lying along the Red Hill. There was a great flaunt made of Lee's army being demoralized. Demoralized armies do not go into camp as he did that night within cannon-shot of his battle line and coolly wait for a river to fall and uncover a ford. He waited and showed his teeth. When he retreated he fastened his teeth into the flesh of those who followed. When the advance-guard pushed on after that "demoralized" army the Potomac ran red with the blood of Porter's men.

The sun goes down as on that day. To-night there is the lowing of kine, the far-away voices of men, the soft rustle of the wind over fields of corn and wheat and clover. On that night more than fifteen thousand corpses lay on those fields before me, with white faces and bloody hands uplifted in pitiful appeal to the young harvest moon. Meadow and corn field and thicket shivered under the stains of blood, and the swift-moving waters of the creek ceased their flow as they found the channel filled with dams made of human corpses. All this here, and yet it was not enough. In the dark woods beyond the shot-riven church, in which each Sabbath day was raised a prayer to God for peace, were limb and trunk and corpse until wounded horses turned back and sought another way.

It is dark as I ride slowly over the hill wet with blood that day, and now and then I look back and almost believe that I am followed by a troop of spectres, who wave their skeleton arms in the faint moonlight, as if driving me from that direful field.

Murder in War.

THE object of war is to kill, but even in the killing there are methods recognized as legitimate, and others which are stamped as infamous. A command which used explosive bullets in a battle need look for no mercy to the prisoners captured, although it would be perfectly legitimate to run a mine under a fort and blow a hundred men into the air.

At the evacuation of Yorktown the chief of ordnance under Johnston directed that a large number of torpedoes be placed where they must be encountered by Federal soldiers. Some were placed near wells—others in the works—others alongside of highways. All were so prepared that the slightest pressure of a foot on the board or stone covering them would bring about an explosion, and from twenty to thirty Federals were killed by them before the murderous plan was understood and a general warning sounded. A search was then instituted, and scores of unexploded torpedoes were unearthed and rendered harmless.

Again, as the rear-guard of the Confederate army left Williamsburg, large shells, provided with sensitive fuse-primers, were buried in the highway, and as the Federal cavalry rode upon them six or eight men and horses were torn to fragments by the explosion.

Such killing was nothing short of murder, and whether supported by the Confederate military authorities or not it was so repugnant to the fighting men in the field that the practice was abandoned. There were a thousand times during the war when picket-firing seemed so much like cold-blooded murder that both sides called for a truce, and men who had the courage to make good soldiers stamped the use of foot-torpedoes and sub-terra shells as barbarous.

The Abandonment of Norfolk Navy Yard.

THERE were dozens of reasons why the Federal government should have held on to Norfolk navy yard, and not one single solid reason why it should have been abandoned as it was. On the nineteenth of April, 1861, that yard was one of the finest in the world. On the morning of the twentieth it was a scene of such desolation as men look upon but once in a life-time. The government had spent millions of dollars in machinery and buildings and appliances, and the yard was full of cannon, anchors, cables, shot and other material almost worth their weight in gold just on the outbreak of a war.

Virginia had seceded, and many government posts in the South had been taken possession of in the name of the Confederacy. Every citizen North and South knew that war was coming like a billow of flame, but the volcano had not fairly burst forth. There were only a few marines at the yard, but one hundred volunteers could have been thrown into the place by a snap of the President's finger. New York, Boston, or Philadelphia would have raised five hundred or a thousand men to hold the yard within ten hours after being appealed to, and there was no moment previous to the evening of the nineteenth when a band of volunteers could not have been landed.

In spite of the protests of army and navy officers, it was decided to abandon Norfolk. Had it been decided to send a small reinforcement the place could have been held until everything of value had been removed. It was down on the Confederate programme that Norfolk would be vigorously defended, and its easy possession was a matter of intense surprise.

On the nineteenth of April the Confederate General Taliaferro, then in command of the few thousand militia Virginia had rushed into the field, reached Norfolk and boldly entered the navy yard to see what Uncle Sam was going to do about it. Commodore McCauley, then commandant, held a "talk" on the subject, and it was

agreed that neither party should take an offensive step until receiving further instructions from their superiors. It was a confab of two hypocrites. McCauley had already received instructions to abandon the place, burning and destroying what he could not take away. The Confederate general had his instructions to capture the yard, and troops were already on the march to attack it.

As soon as Taliaferro left, the gates were locked, extra sentinels posted to prevent citizens from discovering what was going on, and then every man in the yard set to work to carry out the plan already matured. The Pawnee and Cumberland were the only two vessels which could be made use of, and all articles of a portable nature were carried aboard as fast as possible. In this way most of the small arms, many small cannon, all the books and records and models and various other things were saved. But the chief loss to the Federals would result from what could not be moved in a few brief hours.

There were four or five fine vessels in various stages of completion, and two afloat. Just then those ships were worth millions in the North — tens of millions to the South — but neither were to profit by them.

McCauley intended to destroy everything and then slip out like a fugitive from justice. Had Dupont, Dahlgren or Porter been in command there would have been a fight, and when forced to evacuate, the Federal forces would have played the guns of the Pawnee upon everything in reach. Instructions from Washington at that time were suggestions, guesses and suppositions, and McCauley could have taken the same course as Major Anderson did.

But there was to be no fighting. The man who had a chance to become a hero preferred to be a deceiver. Within half an hour after he had agreed to hold things in *statu quo* until further orders, the two ships afloat were being scuttled and property was being hurried aboard the Pawnee. The capstans, windlasses, and other fixtures on the vessels were rendered useless, standing-rigging, destroyed, and so many holes were bored through the bottoms that it was hoped they could never be raised from the deep.

There was the grand old Pennsylvania, carrying guns enough to have replied to every piece of ordnance thus far mounted by the Confederates — the Columbus — the Merrimac — the Raritan — the Delaware, and the Dolphin, together with two or three half-finished cutters and frigates yet unnamed, and four or five vessels to be repaired. No plan was proposed or discussed to save one of these,

although the Pawnee could have towed them out one by one in spite of any hindrance from the Confederates.

The ships which could not be scuttled were to be burned. Cabins, forepeaks, and holds were filled with wood and coal, and the hulks on the stocks were smeared with turpentine and oil and piled around with cordwood. With each hulk would go the ship-house, and with the ship-house all the sails, cordage, and such material as had been stored up or could be dragged there.

When the destruction of the ships had been insured, attention was turned to the various buildings in the yard. Most of these were of brick and of the most substantial sort, and only a part of the furniture could be removed. The machinery in the bakeries was broken up, desks and chairs knocked to pieces for kindling-wood, and two or three small engines destroyed. Then bonfires were prepared in the various houses, and for fear that the flames might not complete the destruction intended, kegs of powder were placed here and there, as was afterwards done at Pensacola by the Confederates.

Although the commandant had only about twenty hours in which to begin and finish his task it was time enough to work appalling destruction. At dark it was known throughout Norfolk and Portsmouth that the two ships had been scuttled and that something unusual was occurring in the navy yard, but the Confederates were not yet ready for a movement. It was not anticipated that the place would be abandoned, and no one dreamed that possession could be had without resistance and bloodshed.

The afternoon wore away and evening came, and still every man in the yard was hard at work. It was intended to drive a rat-tail file into the vent of every cannon, and thus render them at least temporarily useless to the Confederates, but in the haste of doing so much this enterprise was not carried out, nor was the fixed ammunition thrown into the water, as contemplated.

The ship-ways, basins and dry docks were damaged as much as possible, the spars and timbers prepared for burning, and by ten o'clock there was little more to do before applying the torch and sailing away.

The great powder magazine, containing tons of various grades of powder, was in charge of a single sentinel—a petty officer named Oliver, who had been in the United States service as man and boy for upwards of twenty years. On that eventful day he was still a Union man, and was ready to obey every order from his superior.

He had been given no special instructions, nor did he know at dark that the place was to be abandoned.

In the evening, as Oliver sat at the supper table surrounded by his children—his wife being dead—there suddenly came the tramp of many feet and he found himself a prisoner to a band of thirty or forty of the Norfolk Fire Department. It was a band which had volunteered for this very duty, and their appearance was a complete surprise.

Oliver surrendered only after he had been overpowered and bound, and his captors could neither coax nor threaten him into giving up the key of the magazine. Axes were brought and the doors cut away, and the powder went to Richmond and was served out to fight the battle of Bull Run.

The magazine was captured before ten o'clock in the evening, or two hours before the Pawnee steamed away. At any moment during this interval she could have trained her guns upon the spot and driven the Confederates away, but she did not make a move, much to their astonishment. But for that powder Beauregard would have had to fall back from Bull Run, perhaps to Richmond, without a battle. Such a movement might have changed the complexion of the entire campaign, and the first battle fought might have resulted in a crushing Confederate defeat.

An hour before midnight the loading of the Pawnee and Cumberland had been finished, and the marines and employees filed aboard. Citizens of Norfolk and Portsmouth had heard of the capture of the powder, and were assembling in excited crowds, but no one could secure information as to what action McCauley intended to take. Being an old officer, it was generally believed that he would fight, and the assertion that he would abandon the post without firing a musket would have been resented even by his enemies. The guards were kept at their stations until a quarter of twelve, and then withdrawn very quietly and detailed to light the various fires.

Ten minutes was time enough to apply the torch to everything prepared, and before the first blaze had thrown its light over the yard every soul was aboard the vessels. In ten minutes more, after seeing that the destruction would be complete, the Pawnee steamed away for Fortress Monroe, the Cumberland following in tow. It was not until the midnight heavens were alight with the angry flames that the Confederates realized what had taken place and

was then occurring. Then a grand rush was made for the navy yard.

The Federal commander had made sure work with his incendiary torches. The Confederates rushed in to find hulks and storehouses and offices in flames beyond any hopes of salvation. Men rushed here and there, seeking to save what could be dragged out, but as the mines which had been prepared began to explode the excited populace were forced to fall back and become spectators of a scene full of grandeur and desolation. Everything was dry as tinder, and the flames took hold fiercely and towered aloft until the white-caps rolling into the bay changed color to blood-red, and the sentinels at Fortress Monroe stood aghast to see midnight turned into day by the awful reflection.

All the remainder of the night and far into the next day the flames continued their work of destruction, but what was saved to the Confederates was of inestimable value just then. It was a work of little magnitude to raise the Merrimac, which afterwards became the celebrated iron-clad ram, and within ninety days many of the cannon were thundering defiance at Federal forces hundreds of miles away.

The North was indignant over the way Norfolk had been given up, and it was ever a matter of regret with the government. There was a slur, too, in the commandant agreeing to a truce and then going to work to burn and destroy. Had McCauley defied the Confederates he could have held them at bay for three or four days at least, and had the government backed his spirit with reinforcements, who can say that Bull Run would have been a Union defeat, the Merrimac ever rebuilt, or Norfolk become a Confederate stronghold?

How the Dead were Uncovered.

HARDLY had the civil war closed before steps were taken to establish national cemeteries adjacent to great battle fields for the re-interment of the Federal dead; and Southern people, to their great honor, though utterly impoverished, collected their dead as far as possible and gave the bones a resting place in grounds donated for the purpose. The sentiment of the country to-day would let the dead in blue and gray sleep side by side.

The idea of gathering all the Federal dead together at certain points seemed at first an utter impossibility. Men had been covered by the sod in every State in the South, and there was not a highway in some of the States without a grave to almost every rod of pike. But the work was long ago accomplished by both Federal and Confederate hands, and the cities of the soldier dead, visit them where you may, are and will always remain points of deepest interest.

Of course the greater portion of the dead at Antietam were killed right there on the battle field, and the work of resurrecting the skeletons and transporting them to the graves in which they now rest was comparatively easy, although by no means pleasant. When those in the near vicinity had been removed, wagons were sent out for a distance of twenty miles. Those who were buried at Halltown, Shepardstown, Hagerstown, and other points within reach, were resurrected and conveyed to Antietam.

It was generally supposed that all who fell in battle were identified by the burial parties, or at least the greater number, but such was far from being the case. Many of McClellan's dead at Sharpsburg were dropped into the trenches without the least effort to discover their identity, and hundreds more had their names written on slips of paper pinned to their clothing. Time had reduced the paper to mold and dust, and unless a finger ring or a button could furnish a clue, the bones had to be buried as "unknown." But for

the gross carelessness of certain officers it would now be possible to find the grave of almost every Federal soldier who fell in battle. At least ninety-nine soldiers out of every hundred had note book, wallet, watch, key-tag, Testament, or something from which his name could be learned with little trouble, and there was no excuse for burying him without a search. In one part of the field at Antietam, the dead were placed side by side in the trenches, each one's name plainly written and inclosed in a bottle, and canvas covered over the bodies before the dirt was heaped on. These bodies were rapidly handled, but in other cases the diggers had to search among the dirt and mold and bones for a clue even to the division to which the dead belonged. What is said here of Antietam applies equally well to all other battle fields. A shameful neglect of plain duty has given up a big corner of every national cemetery to the "unknown" dead.

At Winchester are collected the dead from half a dozen of the battle fields in the valley, and from a hundred skirmishes between Staunton and Harper's Ferry. The Federal cemetery is situated just out of town on the Berryville pike, and the Confederate dead are buried in the city cemetery close by. Both grounds shook with the turmoil of battle in the struggle between Sheridan and Early. Where the headstones have been planted for the Federal dead, Early made a last fierce stand against Sheridan during the battle of Winchester. Where the Confederate dead sleep their last sleep and the marble figure of Stonewall Jackson overlooks all, bullets clipped the headstones of those who were buried there years before, and the soldiers rested their muskets on the grass-grown graves as they fought at bay.

Riding out towards Malvern Hill from Richmond, one finds the National Cemetery strangely located in the woods—a dismal, lonely location, and one attracting but few sight-seers. Between that spot and the battle field are a dozen beautiful locations for such a cemetery, and one can but wonder what influence passed them all by. Outside of the hundreds who fell at Malvern Hill, there are buried here hundreds who died at Harrison's Landing and other points, of disease and wounds. Indeed, some of the bodies were transported thirty miles.

Many of the dead at Chancellorsville were reburied at Fredericksburg, together with those who fell at Ely's and Germania fords. From this point wagons were dispatched twenty-five and thirty miles to bring in bodies buried here and there by the road-

side. Many a poor fellow who gave up his life in a skirmish at some crossroads and was hastily buried while the column waited, has been resurrected to sleep his last sleep where his comrades lie thickest. One has but to walk up and down the graveled streets of these cities of the soldier-dead to see what brigades and regiments were foremost in the fray. Here a captain of a New York company has grouped around him thirty—forty—even fifty of the brave men who followed him into the charge and fell beside him. Here is Michigan—there Ohio, further on Illinois and Indiana with their sacrifices, and the names of battles engraven on the marble stones will thrill the blood of him who reads them fifty years hence.

It is an unpleasant reflection, but the contractors who exhumed and reburied the bodies were paid so much for each, and this led to base trickery and worse frauds. Coffins were furnished for each "subject," and in scores of cases two and three bodies were made to fill from four to six coffins. In opening the battle field trenches, "about so much" was averaged off to represent a corpse, and was duly coffined up and taken to the cemetery. One of the men who had assisted to resurrect over six thousand corpses told me that he had often seen three skulls in one coffin. In other instances three or four coffins would be filled with bones and dirt. The idea was to hurry the work as fast as possible, and make as much money as possible, and it was not always that the diggers would stop to look for the identification of the skeleton before them. Military reports gave the names of those who fell in this or that battle, and there is cause to believe that they were called into use to give names to headstones covering no one knows what poor fellow's bones. The more corpses, the more coffins; the more coffins, the more headstones; the more graves, the more pay. That was the scale on which all worked, and if all did not get rich out of their contracts it was not the fault of the government.

In uncovering the bodies the diggers found plenty of evidences of reckless and hasty burials. Many of the cemeteries have glass cases filled with rusty watches, rings, keys, medals, knives and other articles taken from the dead, and yet the cemeteries did not secure a hundredth part of these rusty treasures. Gold and silver watches, often in good order, were appropriated by the diggers, and in more than one instance they captured sums of gold and silver.

A curious story is told of a body uncovered at Chancellorsville. The poor fellow had crawled into a thicket to die of his wounds,

and though the Confederates held the field and buried our dead, they did not discover the body in the bushes. Only when the Federals, years after, were gathering up the dead for reburial did one of the party stumble upon the moldy blue cloth covering the wasting skeleton. A gold watch was the first valuable secured, and upon opening the back case this much of a will was found written in pencil, and perhaps during the darkness of night:

"If my body is found by Federals I want my watch and money sent to my wife."

Who was his wife? Who was the soldier? Had the body been discovered directly after the battle the name would doubtless have been found with it, but now there was nothing left but blackened bones and moldy fragments. There was no money, but there was a handful of black mold which had once represented greenbacks—perhaps a large sum.

Few soldiers are sanguine enough to believe that all the Federal dead were gathered into the cemeteries, although the contractors had every inducement to hunt them out and bring them in. Every highway in northern Virginia has its forgotten graves of men suddenly stricken down and hastily buried by those who could not have recognized the spot a week afterwards. The same is true of portions of Tennessee, Missouri, Mississippi, Arkansas and other States. And those riddled by canister and shattered by shell and buried in one horrible mass of blood and shreds—what of them? The Potomac river has never given up a tenth of its dead. So with the Mississippi and other streams.

And yet it was a grand, noble thought alike in Union and Confederate, to search out the dead of war and give them burial in some sacred spot, over which men may walk with uncovered heads as they remember the fierce cries of war and realize the blessings of peace. They sleep peacefully and well, whether there is a name on the tombstone or not—only to be awakened on that day when the names of men shall count for nothing.

The Harbor Defenses of the Confederacy.

ONE aboard of a vessel on Charleston bar, looking up the harbor would have said in 1861 that no vessel ever constructed could run the gauntlet to the city. Uncle Sam had long prided himself that that harbor at least was impregnable to foreign foe, and had there been no war at home he might so flatter himself to this day. Fort Sumter was built to knock wooden ships to pieces. In turn, iron ships were built to knock Fort Sumter to pieces. The American rebellion not only taught America a lesson in war, but it instructed the whole world.

The first gun of the war being fired in Charleston harbor, and that seaport being the most valuable in the South, it was but natural for the Confederates to infer that the Federals would make the most determined efforts to possess that stronghold. Outside of all sentiment in the case, it was the great port for blockade runners, and had it been captured in 1862 or a year later there would have been no need of Sherman's march to the sea.

Its haste to begin the war saved Charleston to the Confederacy. Had Anderson evacuated Sumter as he did Moultrie, it is not probable that any further defenses would have been erected. The Confederates would have argued just as the government has always argued, that the two forts were ample protection. So they would have been until the first iron-clad came out, and then it would have been too late to take the needful steps. To reduce Sumter, Fort Moultrie was strengthened, a floating battery constructed, and several dirt forts erected just where they afterwards proved the worst kind of eye-sores to the Federals.

When the iron-clads came out they found Charleston harbor not only defended by the most impregnable earth-works, but in possession of fine ordnance and artillerists who had learned the science of long-range firing.

The time had then gone by when the Confederates were willing to take any chances, and they at once began further harbor defenses. Forts Sumter and Moultrie had been repaired and strengthened, and eight other forts and batteries erected between the city and the bar. Every buoy has been removed in the channels, and the channels obstructed. Across the right-hand channel was a cable supported by casks, and to the cable were hung ropes, nets, torpedoes, and whatever else could be thought of. The left-hand channel was filled with piles driven into the bottom, and projecting six or eight feet out of the water. In the center was a passage forty feet wide, defended by torpedoes containing twelve hundred pounds of powder. Seven or eight heavy guns could be trained on this one spot at rifle range. Half a mile above the first row was a second, and above that a third, and the ship which might safely pass all would then be under the fire of the Confederate iron-clads. No craft ever built and no commander ever born would have dared such a passage. Had the war endured for a score of years Charleston could never have been captured from the water side. That it was not taken from the other side on at least three different occasions is still a matter of surprise to the Confederates who were defending it. Like Richmond, it was a great bugaboo to the Federals, and like Richmond it escaped capture time after time when the right sort of movement would have brought victory without scarcely an attempt at defense.

While the Yankee must be credited with upsetting the world's notions of ordnance and ship-building, having shown that a monitor and two guns had every advantage of a line-of-battle ship loaded down with old-fashioned muzzle-loaders, the Southerner is entitled to the credit of showing the world how to obstruct harbors and make use of torpedoes. Both the iron-clad and the torpedo will play equally important parts in all wars to come for the next two hundred years. America is to-day almost solely dependent on the torpedo to protect her coast and harbors, and those who fully understand the nature of that weapon of war are satisfied that it is a safe protection.

Having no navy of its own, the sight of Federal vessels floating their rivers and blockading their harbors naturally forced the Confederacy to cast about for some destructive agent to come to their assistance. Torpedoes had not been sufficiently studied to warrant success, but it was not long before they were in use in a dozen forms. It was clear enough to every one that if a large quantity of powder could be exploded under or against a vessel

afloat serious damage must ensue; but how to get the powder there was the serious question.

Among the first, if not the very first, torpedoes planted, were those in the James River. The Federals scouted the idea at first, but after two or three terrible calamities had been brought about through the explosion of these hidden monsters, no Federal craft feared the dangers of land so much as it did the hidden dangers of the water over which she sailed.

One of the first Federal victims on the James was a transport loaded with forage. She was steaming swiftly on her way when all of a sudden she rose several feet in the air, broke in two before she came down, and sunk out of sight before one could have counted ten. She had struck a four-gallon demijohn filled with powder. Her destruction was followed by that of several others, and by and by it became a part of the duty of the crew of an armed vessel to take small boats and hunt out these monsters, and many of the ironclads were furnished with grapnels to fish them up.

The first efforts at torpedo warfare were crude enough. The torpedo itself was a demijohn or a keg, and the design was to fire it by percussion. Not one out of eight were of any value. The powder would get damp, or the torpedo would be carried away, or something would occur to render it useless. A Confederate who helped to plant torpedoes in the James told me that he saw one explode after a steamer had passed over it and was a hundred feet beyond. The explosion threw a column of water fifty feet high and ran a wave over two feet high along the shores for a mile. Had the explosion occurred under the steamer she would have been lifted high in the air and destroyed.

When the Confederates called electricity to their aid their torpedoes became a real terror, and the wonder is that the Federals did not lose ten vessels where one was actually destroyed. It is no wonder, either, when one comes to understand what difficulties confronted the Confederacy whenever anything out of the ordinary line was demanded. In building a ship at New Orleans the anchors had to be sent from Charleston, some of the bolts from Richmond, and other things were forwarded from Wilmington or had to run the blockade from Liverpool. It was as much of a task for the Confederates to make a torpedo holding six hundred pounds of powder as it was for the Federals to plate a gun-boat. If they had had the wealth and conveniences of the North, no Federal gun-boat could have passed up or down their rivers or anchored off their

harbors. The Confederacy would have planted a hundred of the monsters where she actually planted one.

In December, 1862, as the gun-boat Cairo was steaming up the Yazoo River to attack the works at Drumgool's Bluff, she ran afoul of an electric torpedo and was sent to the bottom in six minutes. That river for the space of a dozen miles was defended by these monsters. The torpedo itself was nothing more than a demijohn full of powder, anchored three or four feet below the surface. The float was a log, and this was anchored or held in place by a rope running to the bank of either shore. By pulling or slackening these lines the torpedo could be held at any desired distance from the surface. Anything striking the line on either side sent the galvanic spark straight to the powder.

Had a battery of six guns been discharged at the Cairo, and all the missiles struck in one spot, the damage could hardly have been greater. A hole large enough to back a buggy into was torn open in her bows, all her heavy guns upset on their backs, the boilers lifted off their beds, nearly every man knocked down, and several severely injured; and there was not time to save a thing before she went down in twenty-five feet of water. Thus, in six minutes, at less than fifty dollars expense, the Confederates destroyed over three hundred thousand dollars worth of Federal property, and cleared the river of a much-dreaded gun-boat, besides sending forth a warning which made the remainder of the fleet timid for weeks.

On several other occasions on that same river Federal vessels had narrow escapes from following the Cairo to the bottom, and the torpedo-terror prevented many movements which might have been made at night.

Mobile Bay, at the time of Farragut's attack, had at least a dozen torpedoes planted in the channel, and although only one exploded, the consequences were appalling. That was an electric torpedo suspended by two buoys. As the iron-clads moved to the attack the Tecumseh ran afoul of this torpedo. It appeared to the Confederates who saw what followed that she was lifted thirty feet high, accompanied by such a mass of water that it seemed as if she was about to sail away in a water-spout. When she dropped back the shock must have shattered her into sections, for she went down like a cannon-ball. Every gun was overthrown, most of the crew knocked senseless, and at least a third of the bottom of the craft was torn away. Four-fifths of the crew went to the bottom with the Tecumseh, many of them dead before the waters closed over them. It

has been asserted that the Tecumseh carried a torpedo into the fight to use against the ram Tennessee, and that this monster doubled back under her bottom and exploded. Farragut makes no mention of any such torpedo in his official report, and the Confederates who planted the infernal machine in the channel saw the Tecumseh lifted just as she reached the spot.

It was calculated by Confederate authorities that the torpedoes planted in Mobile Bay alone destroyed three million five hundred thousand dollars worth of Federal property and four hundred and eighty lives. Something like fifteen vessels altogether were blown up and totally destroyed, and out of this number three were first-class iron-clads.

Dozens of chimerical plans were proposed for the destruction of the blockading fleets, and there were many dismal failures. One plan was to string torpedoes on a long rope suspended by buoys and let the affair drift down across the bows of the ships. This might have worked in a narrow river with a swift current, but it was a failure in the harbors. The line would foul or be carried to one side, or in some other manner render its freight harmless. Scores of floating torpedoes were sent down with the tide in hopes they might inflict damage, but it only one or two instances did they pay for the wasted powder. On one of the Western rivers a Federal gun-boat one day fired into one of these floaters, and, though pistol-shot away from it, the explosion shook the vessel until she groaned, and flooded her decks with muddy water.

Later on in the war both North and South made use of a torpedo fastened to a spar which projected from the bow of the boat and could be exploded from inboard at the right moment. The spar and its heavy weight in the water was a terrible load on a ship, and only in a few instances did the invention meet with success.

Shortly after the new Ironsides had taken her station before Charleston, the Confederates brought out the torpedo-boat which now lies in the Brooklyn Navy Yard among the relics. The "Devil," as it was afterwards known, was a baby monitor, showing scarcely an inch above the surface and carrying no smoke-stack. When sighted from the deck of a vessel it was mistaken for a fish. A Confederate naval commander named Glassel ran this boat out of Charleston one night with a torpedo and spar at her bow, having only men enough to work her. The Ironsides was at anchor, and he steamed straight at her. The boat made no more commotion than a shark would have created, and the Ironsides was struck

before any one had a suspicion of the character of the strange vessel.

The torpedo-boat ran full at the great ship and exploded the torpedo fairly under her. The ship was not lifted, but was swayed to one side as if suddenly pushed, most of her guns upset, her crew thrown about, dozens of beams and braces broken, and such damage in general created that she had to leave the station at once for an overhauling. The explosion threw a column of water fifty feet high, almost drowning the vessel, and this very fact created disaster to the launch. She was buried three feet under water, rolled about like a fish, and some of the light stuff blown overboard from the Ironsides fouled her machinery at the same time her fires were drowned out. Thus incapable of motion, and right under the fire of the marines, the boat was obliged to surrender.

Had the South used her gold to buy and plant torpedoes, instead of equipping privateers she might have shown their power for defense and destruction to a far greater extent, and probably inflicted fully as much loss in dollars and cents. Her privateers damaged only the public at large; her torpedoes damaged the enemy at her doors. Poor as she was, and laboring under the difficulties she did, she brought the torpedo problem to such a point as to destroy in the last two and a half years of the war over sixty Federal vessels, at least twenty of which were armed crafts. The loss footed up millions of dollars, and the cost was a mere nothing. The new ordnance and new projectiles are making their mark in war, but the torpedo will be eventually empowered to say how near a ship may approach a fort, and whether an armed craft may enter a river or harbor at all.

Eccentricities of Bullets.

AT the battle of Peach Orchard when McClellan was making his change of base, a Michigan infantryman fell to the ground as if shot stone dead, and was left lying in a heap as the regiment changed position. The ball which hit him, first struck the barrel of his gun, glanced and struck a button of his coat, tore the watch out of his vest pocket, and then struck the man just over the heart, and was stopped there by a song book in his shirt pocket. He was unconscious for three quarters of an hour, and it was a full month before the black and blue spot disappeared. At Pittsburg Landing, a member of the Twelfth Michigan regiment of infantry stooped to give a wounded man a drink from his canteen. While in the act, a bullet, aimed at his breast, struck the canteen, turned aside, passed through the body of a man and buried itself in the leg of a horse. The canteen was split open, and dropped to the ground in halves. At the second battle of Bull Run, as a New York infantryman was passing his plug of tobacco to a comrade, a bullet struck the plug, glanced off, and buried itself in a knapsack. The tobacco was rolled up like a ball of shavings, and carried a hundred feet away. Directly in the line of the bullet was the head of a lieutenant, and had not the bullet been deflected, he would certainly have received it. As it was, he had both eyes filled with tobacco dust, and had to be led to the rear. At Brandy Station, one of Custer's troopers had his left stirrup-strap cut away by a grape-shot, which passed between his leg and the horse, blistering his skin as if a red-hot iron had been used. He dismounted to ascertain the extent of his injuries, and as he bent over, a bullet knocked his hat off and killed his horse. In the same fight was a trooper who had suffered several days with a toothache. In a hand to hand fight he received a pistol ball in his right cheek. It knocked out his aching double tooth and passed out of the left hand corner of his mouth, taking along a part of an upper tooth. The joy of being rid of the toothache was so

great that the trooper could not be made to go to the rear to have his wound dressed. An object however trifling will turn the bullet from its true course. This was shown one day at the remount camp in Pleasant Valley. They had a "bull pen" there in which about five hundred bounty-jumpers and other hard cases were under guard. Once in a while one of these men would make a break for liberty. Every sentinel in position would open fire, and it did not matter in the least if the man ran toward the crowded camp. On this occasion the prisoner ran for the camp, and as many as six shots were fired at him without effect. One of the bullets entered the tent of a captain in the Twelfth Pennsylvania cavalry. He was lying down, and the course of the bullet would have buried it in his chest. Fortunately for him, a candle by which he was reading sat on a stand between him and where the bullet entered. This was struck and cut square in two, and the lighted end dropped to the floor without being snuffed out. The ball was deflected, and buried in the pillow under the officer's head, passed out of that and through his tent into the one behind it, thence between two men, and brought up against a camp kettle. There is in Detroit, Michigan, a man who was wounded five times in less than ten minutes, at Fair Oaks. The first bullet entered his left arm; the second gave him a scalp wound; the third hit him in the foot; the fourth buried itself in his shoulder; the fifth entered his right leg. While he was being carried to the rear, his bearers were killed. While his wounds were being dressed an exploded shell almost buried him under an avalanche of dirt. In being removed further to the rear, a runaway ambulance horse carried him half a mile and dumped him out, and yet he is seemingly hale and hearty, and walks without a limp.

At the battle of Perryville, when the Fifth Wisconsin battery came into action one of the guns threw a solid shot which struck a soldier full in the breast, crushing him to a pulp. His musket flew to the rear, whirling savagely through the air, and it crushed the skull of one soldier and badly injured another. The shot deflected to the left after striking the first man, and then it crushed a lieutenant's hip, broke the leg of a private behind him, and rolled along the ground and crushed the head of a wounded man. A shell fired by Sloan's battery struck a stone weighing about fifty pounds, and while the shell failed to explode, the fragments of stone killed and wounded several men. A Confederate shell which fell among Jackson's men alighted in a little

creek at which scores of men were filling their canteens. It came down in a group of ten or twelve men and plunged into the very spot where a canteen had just been filled. While the shell did not explode, its fall splashed water over fifty men. An ex-Confederate captain now living in Atlanta who lost his arm in that battle, had a button cut from his breast by a grape-shot, his scabbard struck by a bullet, and his cap knocked from his head by a piece of shell before receiving the bullet which crushed his elbow. A gun in one of Anderson's batteries had a right hind wheel shivered by a solid shot. It had scarcely been replaced by the spare wheel when another shot crushed the left wheel. The men were trying to drag the gun back when a shell struck it fair in the mouth and split it for a distance of three feet. None of the men around the gun were hurt by this shell, but three soldiers in line over two hundred feet away were struck down. A Confederate shell sent into Stedman's brigade exploded over the heads of a company advancing, and while no one in that company was hurt, four men in the center of the next company behind were mortally wounded.

The Merrimac and Monitor.

ONE dark night closely following the fall of Fort Sumter the United States soldier in charge of the powder magazine at Norfolk was treated to a surprise. A dozen members of the Norfolk Fire Department entered his quarters and informed him that he was a prisoner. The name of that sentinel was C. B. Oliver, and, although now a man of sixty, he is in good health, and is the trusted janitor of the Exchange National Bank of Norfolk. He had then served in the navy over thirty years, and was gunner of the United States frigate Germantown. She had returned from a cruise in June, 1860, and he had been detailed in charge of the magazine. His wife was dead, but he had his children with him, and they were eating supper when the summons came.

But Oliver stoutly refused to give up the keys to the magazine, and, in the confusion, managed to secrete it where it could not be found. While he was put under guard, men procured axes and crow-bars and broke down the doors and set about the removal of the powder. While they were engaged in this work the United States ship of war Pawnee came sailing into the navy yard on her mission of destruction. If Oliver could have signalled her she would have made short work of the rabble, but a strict watch prevented any movement on his part. Nearly all the firemen in Norfolk were that evening engaged in taking out the three hundred thousand pounds of powder, and much of it was in Richmond the next morning. It was this powder which the Confederate troops used at first Bull Run.

Oliver had long served with Lieutenant Jones, of the navy, and when the officer forsook his colors, the gunner followed him into the Confederate navy, and was again placed in charge of the magazine under a new flag. There he remained until assigned to the

Merrimac. He was ordered to her long before she was ready for sea, and as a matter of fact he helped to mount her guns.

The Merrimac was the hull of a ship of war of that name which was burned to the water's edge when the navy yard was destroyed; but who first conceived the idea of the iron-clad ram has been lost in the lapse of time. It was an experiment in which few believed and only a few hoped for great results. For this reason the work was not pushed, and again the plans were so vague that the Tredegar Works had great difficulty in sending down what was wanted. Two or three times during her progress the Confedcrate government came near ordering all further work to cease.

When the Merrimac was all ready for sea a call for volunteers was made to man her. She was still looked upon as a suspicious experiment, and no man was taken into her by orders. She was largely manned by men who had seen service afloat, but her last thirty volunteers were from the Norfolk Heavy Artillery, Captain Thomas Kevil commanding. The Captain is now and has been for many years Chief of the Norfolk Fire Department, and his standing as a citizen is above question. He had charge of one of the nine-inch guns during the two days' fight, and he saw as much of both actions as any man living.

The Merrimac was armed with eight broadside guns, the lightest of which was a six inch rifled. She had a bow and a stern gun which weighed fifteen thousand pounds each, and each was worked by twenty-five men. The broadside guns required fourteen men to each. Her total crew footed up at least two hundred and fifty men. All her ammunition was shell with the exception of a few solid shot to be used hot. The gunner was the Oliver before mentioned, and his station was in the magazine.

On the way down to the Roads to make her debut before the Federal fleet, it was found that the Merrimac steered so hard that four men had to be called to the wheel. This was because her rudder chains worked at five different angles, and to this fact is attributed in part her failure to reach the Minnesota, and to destroy the Monitor. After her two fights the chains were altered so that three of the angles were dispensed with, and she then steered with one man at the wheel as freely as any tug. She plowed the water on an even keel, drawing about twenty-three feet, and not one single man among her crew was even nervous. Each one knew that the design was to attack the Federal fleet, and that the monster would

meet with the hottest kind of a reception, but they laughed as they stood at their guns.

It was Saturday, the eighth of March, 1862. As the Merrimac rounded Craney Island there lay the mighty Cumberland before her. All knew her for a gallant old ship, having the best battery aboard of any ship in the Federal navy. She lay idly rocking to the swells, boats at the booms and flag lazily floating in the light breeze, and the iron monster put on more steam and headed straight for her wooden-walled victim.

The alarm was first given from the battery at Newport News, and was quickly taken up by the fleet. The Minnesota, the Roanoke and five gun-boats advanced to meet the strange monster, making, with the Congress and Cumberland, a fleet of nine, and having ten times the armament of the Merrimac.

The silence of death pervaded the rebel ram as she steamed on. Not a man spoke — not an order was given. It was understood by all that she was to dash into the Cumberland, and two hundred men looked from the open port-holes and almost forgot to breathe as the ram kept her course. Across the waters came the roll of the drum as the frigate beat to quarters, and three minutes later she swung broadside to, and pitched solid shot from twelve heavy guns full at her unknown enemy. Seven of them struck fair and square, but glanced off right and left. Without swerving a point from the course — without a cheer — without sign that she had life aboard, the Merrimac steamed onward. Another broadside, and yet another, from the doomed frigate, and then the monster struck her. Historians who say that the Merrimac fired a shot before she struck are wrong. She fired her bow gun *as* she struck, and the man who fired it is still living. She was under such speed that the engines were reversed a full minute before the crash, else she would have cut her way to the other bulwark. When she backed out she left a yawning hole in the Cumberland, and she then lay off and used such of her guns as could be brought to bear until the frigate went down.

The brave hearts in the old frigate fought to the last. Men who looked down upon her decks from the Merrimac tell me that there was no confusion — no shouting — no panic. Every man stood to his station, and even when the waters washed over her rail her guns were loaded and fired. Indeed, the last shot was fired from a gun half buried in the waves. Down she went, with over four hundred

souls aboard, and of these over half were lost, but she would not strike her flag.

Captain Kevil could look down upon the decks of the Cumberland from his port-hole as the Merrimac backed away and began firing. It was a sickening spectacle that met his gaze. The shell had torn men to shreds and scattered arms, legs, and pieces of bloody flesh over the guns and even into the rigging. And yet there was no confusion. It was wash-day on board the Cumberland, and long lines of shirts were hanging in the rigging over the men at the guns. The frigate was at anchor, wrapped in perfect security, and had less than six minutes to prepare for action, and yet Kevil looked down upon her decks and saw every living man at his station, and every gun being worked as coolly as if the frigate's crew had fought a dozen previous actions. The men must have felt her going down under their feet, but no one deserted his post. Had the Merrimac been a seventy-four the Cumberland would have sunk her in ten minutes.

The Congress had opened fire from every gun which could be brought to bear, but the amazed gunners saw their solid shot glance from the iron sides and sloping roof like filberts snapped against sheet iron. The third shot fired from the Cumberland struck the pilot-house of the Merrimac, flew a hundred feet straight into the air, and in its descent hit the roof and rolled off.

As soon as the ram backed away from the Cumberland, the Congress slipped her cables and ran ashore. The Merrimac could not get within a mile of her, but, assisted by the Confederate wooden gun-boats, she soon made a wreck of the frigate. When the Congress hauled down her flag, two Confederate tugs and several small boats at once ran to her to take off the prisoners, and while engaged in this work and while two white flags were flying from the frigate, the Union shore batteries opened on the crowd. This is admitted in every Union history, but no historian has the courage to denounce the dastardly meanness of an act by which several Union prisoners were wounded while being transferred. It is charged by Confederates that they were also fired upon by the marines on the Congress. Those who deny the accusation can perhaps explain how the commander of the Merrimac and a dozen others were wounded by musket balls. At this act of treachery the tugs were withdrawn and the Congress was set on fire with hot shot and destroyed.

By the time the Merrimac was through with the Congress the

rest of the Federal fleet had run under the shelter of the batteries. The Minnesota would have followed, but unfortunately was aground. Darkness was now coming on, and the ram stationed herself so as to cut off the frigate's escape in case she should get afloat, and night settled down over the waters.

The Merrimac had been struck over a hundred times, and yet not a plate or a bolt had started. Her stem, which Headly and other historians describe as a terrible steel prow, was simply a mass of cast iron only fourteen inches thick, bolted to the stem timbers. It was in no wise a ram to crush or a knife to cut, and Buchanan had the word of all the mechanics at the yard that if he went head on against a vessel he would loosen this stem. When he crashed into the Cumberland he did loosen it, and all night long the Merrimac had to keep her pumps going to keep down the leak.

All the guns had been mounted for point-blank firing. Their elevation or depression was difficult and dangerous, and the ram had to secure a certain position in order to make her shot tell. This was the reason she did not attack the Minnesota after finishing the Congress. She drew more water than the frigate, and could not approach near enough to get the point-blank range. She had also steered very badly during the action, and had several times narrowly escaped running aground.

The next morning would have witnessed the destruction of the Minnesota and all the other vessels in the Roads but for the arrival of the Monitor. The Confederates knew there was such a craft on the way down, and there was great curiosity to catch sight of her. She was as much of an enigma to the Merrimac as the Merrimac was to the Union fleet, and the opening of the fight was like the cautious sparring between two boxers. The Monitor had this advantage: Her light draught enabled her to play all around her big antagonist, while the Merrimac with her deep draught, had a hard time to keep off the shoals.

The first gun was fired by the Monitor, and the monster solid shot struck the ram with a thud which was felt in every part of the ship. The Merrimac meant to run over her, and this feat was tried before she fired a shot. She did strike the "cheese-box," and she pushed her over until they thought she was gone, but the prow of the ram slid off, the Monitor righted and then began the grandest fight those waters had ever witnessed. The little Monitor sailed round and round her antagonist, banging solid shot at her from every point, and the Merrimac used every gun which could be brought to bear.

In the action of the day before, shot and shell had beaten against the ram so rapidly that one could hardly have counted the concussions. Now it was a series of terrible concussions about a minute apart, and if the men had not been working their guns they would have heard the splintering of wood behind the heavy armor.

In seeking to bring the bow gun to bear on the Monitor the ram ran aground, and at this critical juncture the Monitor made the circuit of her no less than three times, coolly looking for some weak point which a shot might pierce. In this circuit two of her shot struck the muzzles of two of the Merrimac's guns and broke pieces a foot long off their muzzles. One of these was the gun commanded by Captain Kevil. It had just been loaded, and the concussion not only discharged it, but wheeled it into battery again unloaded. Pieces of the broken muzzle, as well as splinters from the solid shot, flew into the open port-hole, but without doing any damage. It was the damaged gun of Captain Kevil which sent the shell against the Monitor's look-out and blinded Lieutenant Worden.

Every Federal historian closes his account of this engagement by having the Merrimac turn and retreat. Outside of the indignant denial of her crew, scores of Norfolk citizens, as well as a French sea captain who saw every movement, claim that the Monitor ceased fighting after Worden was blinded, and started for the cover of the shore guns. It is certain that the Merrimac had suffered no loss, her crew was full of fight, and there was no reason why she should have cried quits.

Her disadvantages consisted in the difficulty of steering her, her deep draught, and the fact that she had no solid shot. She fought the Monitor with shells alone, and of course these were shivered when they struck her plates. Had she been provided with steel-pointed solid shot for her two large guns, the result might have been disastrous for the Monitor. When she returned to Norfolk her rudder-chains were altered, solid shot were taken aboard, and the damages inflicted by the Monitor were repaired in a day. Some of the shot had dented the iron and bulged the wooden planks behind. By the use of jack-screws these bulges were forced back and then stayed in place. I cannot find a single Federal historian willing to admit that the Merrimac fought under any disadvantages. They likewise carefully avoid mentioning that she had no shutters to her port-holes. Had this been the case with the Monitor she would not have remained above water ten minutes after the first gun was fired.

When the ram went down into the Roads again, she meant fight. Her plan was to run directly against the Monitor and throw a party of boarders on her deck. These men were provided with wedges to wedge the turret fast, and with hand-grenades and bags of powder to throw down her smoke-stack. Their first grapple was, however, to be their last. On more than one occasion the Merrimac defied the united fleet, Monitor and all, and was never able to get another fight. On the eighth of May, while the Federals were shelling Sewell's Point from seven different vessels, two of them iron-clads, the sight of the Merrimac rounding Craney Island sent every vessel back to Old Point.

Much has been written regarding the expectations of the Confederate government with the Merrimac. She would certainly have destroyed the fleet in the Roads, and perhaps had a fight with Fortress Monroe, but as for her going out along the coast, it was never dreamed of. She was lying off Tanner's Creek when the Confederates evacuated Norfolk, and the orders were to run her up the James River. She was lightered until her iron plates no longer protected her bottom, and yet she drew too much water for the river. She had no pilot for any other river or harbor, most of her ballast was gone, and it was decided to destroy her.

The Merrimac was run ashore on Craney Island, her crew landed, and then Oliver, the gunner, set fire to her and laid a powder-train to her magazine. All her guns and ammunition were left aboard, and as the crew had a long march before them most of them left all baggage behind. Every gun was loaded and in battery when Oliver left, and the heavy doors of the magazine were thrown wide open.

The crew had been on the march an hour when the explosion took place. Just in the gray of morning there came a terrible rumbling of the earth, followed by a shock which made them stagger. A column of smoke and flame shot up over the tree tops into the clouds, and from this fire-spout came the boom of cannon discharged in mid-air, while shell shrieked and hissed in every direction. A monster solid shot from one of the big guns whirled over four miles of space and fell with an awful crash among the pines ahead of the little band, and they had seen the last of the Merrimac.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

The Evacuation of Corinth.

CORINTH was one of the charnel-spots of the war. From the time the Confederates first occupied it until the last Federal left it the spade of the grave-digger never had an idle hour. The soldier who tented on its soil and drank of its water faced death as surely as in battle. Low, flat, its soil full of chills and its waters unfit even for horses to drink, Confederate and Federal found it a graveyard as well as a strategic point. "Died at Corinth" is the legend on hundreds and hundreds of headstones in the national cemeteries, and "Died at Corinth" supplies the epitaph of hundreds and hundreds of Confederates.

Directly after the battle of Shiloh, Beauregard retreated by slow and easy marches to Corinth, and there intrenched. It has been asserted that Halleck more than any other man was to blame for getting Grant into a position to be annihilated, and it is certain that directly after the battle he made no secret of his personal hostility. He at once proceeded to Shiloh and took command of the army in person, and in reorganizing it he took care to humiliate Grant by virtually depriving him of his rank. Grant's own immediate command was divided and sandwiched until he could not find it, nor was he consulted in regard to its disposition.

It was the last days of April before Halleck and his grand army of upwards of eighty thousand men were ready to move on Corinth, and in the interval he took due care to keep the nation on the watch for the end of the rebellion.

While Halleck's proclamations and dispatches carried the idea that he meant to walk right over Beauregard and into Corinth when he was once started, he had scarcely left the Tennessee River behind when he began to intrench. There is not to-day a single mile between Shiloh and Corinth where his old intrenchments cannot be found. Whenever his advance struck a Confederate picket and a

dozen carbines were discharged, the orders went back for spades and picks.

The army moved like a hobbled horse. Its average advance was not half a mile a day. Corps and divisions and brigades left one line of breastworks to advance and erect another, and had Corinth been twenty miles farther away Halleck would have been all summer reaching it. From the third to the twenty-first of May, Halleck advanced only five miles, although the Confederate force on his whole army front had at no time numbered a division. Every day he had a dispatch for the Northern press, and every night he hugged his intrenchments and routed out the whole army at every alarm from the picket posts.

Beauregard had in and around Corinth a force not to exceed forty-five thousand men. His lines of works were erected for temporary defense, and were not started until after Halleck began moving. The Federal works built three miles out of Corinth, and built in thirty-six hours at that, were far stronger than any erected to defend the city.

And yet Halleck not only conceived the idea that he must lay siege to Corinth after the regular fashion, but he got such a train of siege-guns on hand for the purpose that half his army was worn out in getting the monsters over the country and in position. Beauregard had cause to dread a prompt and rapid advance of the Federal army, with a quick and vigorous rush upon some one point of his works, but there was no cause for alarm over Halleck's programme.

That the great Federal army marching on Corinth would eventually arrive before it, and that its evacuation was only a question of time, must have been clear to the Confederate commander, but yet, to delay the time as long as possible, he delayed Halleck. Two of the Confederate attacks made upon portions of the Federal army while on the march were dignified as battles, although only a few brigades were brought into action. Whatever Beauregard did puzzled and delayed Halleck and proved his incompeteney. None of his corps commanders could have committed greater blunders, while Grant or Sherman were far more qualified to command the army and push it ahead to victory.

Outside of the two attacks mentioned, the Confederates delayed Halleck by such skirmishing as would have delayed no one else. Whenever the Federal advance struck a Confederate picket which held its ground for any length of time whole brigades would be ordered up, and if a scout came in with the report of a Confederate

division in position on one of the roads, the matter was serious enough for a council of generals.

On the twenty-eighth of May Halleck had fairly invested Corinth, and his siege guns were up and in position. Beauregard did not have an earth-work on his whole line that field artillery could not have battered down, nor was there one single point in his line which was considered impregnable. It was pretty conclusively shown, when the Federals finally occupied Corinth, that had Halleck massed on his right and attacked sharply he would have doubtless broken through. Indeed, a sudden dash by ten thousand men at any point on the Confederate line would have tried it severely.

Halleck neither massed for a crushing blow nor tried a sudden dash. He was going to besiege Beauregard, the same as if the Confederate troops had been shut up in a walled city, with no line of retreat and no way to renew supplies of provisions. Having double the force of Beauregard, behind intrenchments equally as strong, Halleck waited for attacks instead of making them, and for three or four days routed the army out upon the slightest pretext. On the thirtieth day of May he fully expected an attack all along his lines, and that without further excuse than heavy picket firing.

Beauregard had known for days and weeks that he must fall back when Halleck moved up. The value of Corinth as a strategic point was not worth risking a battle in which he would be outnumbered, and must attack intrenched lines at that. Therefore, on the last days of May, orders were given for the evacuation of the place. No point was ever abandoned in a more orderly and systematic manner in the face of an enemy.

Every infantry corps was ordered to move at a certain hour, by a certain road, to a certain rendezvous. Every baggage train had its position assigned and was given a particular hour for leaving. Every ammunition train and battery knew its position in the line of retreat, the strength of its guard, and the spot where it was to halt on the other side of the Tuscumbia. While four-fifths of the infantry were to begin the retreat at a certain hour, it was under such instructions that, had an attack been made by Halleck at any point during the night, every brigade would have wheeled about and marched back to the trenches without confusion. About one-fifth of the infantry was left in the trenches for some hours, and cavalry in considerable force was at the front. The cavalry was to skirmish and annoy and keep up appearances until the last of the

infantry was miles away, and then in falling back to destroy bridges and obstruct the roads as much as possible.

The whole history of the war does not furnish another such cool and deliberate proceeding as the evacuation of Corinth. Much of the Confederate line was under fire. Halleck was moving bodies of troops here and there, and his siege guns were expected to open fire every moment, and yet the Confederate evacuation was without hurry or excitement. Beauregard had two railroads by which to send away stores, and he did not leave ten dollars worth of public property behind him. All his guns, ammunition, tents, wagons, ambulances, and other stores were sent off in safety. The orders to each corps, division, brigade and regiment were so clear and plain that mistakes were impossible.

The programme must be carried out in the face of a great army ready to spring at a moment's notice. The Confederates, therefore, resorted to Yankee cunning to conceal their movements. A balloon, not large enough to hold a man, but big enough to fool Halleck, was sent up on the night of the evacuation and held suspended for some hours. The glare of the camp fires made the balloon plainly visible to the Federals, and the amount of iron and lead fired at it would have been a load for a freight car.

At stated intervals through the night the railroad locomotives at the depots blew whistles as if trains were arriving, and soldiers detailed for the purpose cheered the "reinforcements" so vigorously that Halleck believed the whole Southern Confederacy was massing in Corinth.

Another of the tricks was to keep the camp fires burning and now and then send up signal rockets and open picket-firing. The Federal picket-line was thus kept disturbed and anxious, and Halleck was sorely puzzled to know what new plan Beauregard was carrying out. Worthless tents and ammunition and broken wagons were left as prizes, but whatever was of value, no matter what the trouble to move it, was moved. Several artesian wells had been bored in search of better water. The machinery of these was not only taken away, but the wells themselves destroyed. The programme of evacuation was carefully followed, and on the morning of the thirtieth Halleck had before him only the Confederate cavalry pickets.

At daylight on that morning when Beauregard's army was miles away Halleck opened the siege of Corinth. His great guns roared, his army cheered, and round shot and shell pounded at undefended

earth-works. When he finally became satisfied that Corinth had been evacuated he rushed in, captured four hundred convalescents who had not been able to move, as many old muskets, a few half-burned freight cars and disabled locomotives, and that was the end.

On the fourth of June, Halleck recovered sufficiently to report that Pope had pushed Beauregard many miles, capturing ten thousand prisoners, fifteen thousand stands of arms, twelve field-pieces, a train of wagons, nine locomotives and many cars.

Pope had not captured six hundred prisoners; he had not even attacked Beauregard in force; he had not pressed him at all; he had not captured eight hundred muskets, nor a single field-piece, nor an army wagon. He had captured some cars and disabled locomotives, but had himself lost prisoners, and had abandoned many mules and wagons.

Beauregard deliberately withdrew to a new position at Tupelo, and Halleck left for the East to secure a grander field for his military ambition. He left no friends behind. Arrogant and conceited, he had perilled a campaign, disgusted a nation and shown his utter incompetency every hour in the day. Had Halleck stuck to the West it is doubtful if Grant, Sherman or Thomas would have even continued corps commanders.

The Battle of Perryville.

HAD the war begun with the battle of Perryville as it did with Bull Run, history would have given it pages instead of lines, and yet it was one of the best-fought and most gallantly contested battles of the whole war, and its results were a hundred times greater than Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, or Cold Harbor. It was Bragg's first grapple with the Federal commanders who were to work his downfall in after months, and it was a movement on his part destined to dispel the Confederate illusions that Kentucky had only to see the Southern flag to rally by thousands.

In September, 1862, Kirby Smith had driven the Federals from Cumberland Gap, and had pressed on to Rogersville and met and scattered the forces of Nelson, and then taken position at Lexington. From this point he gathered supplies, recruited several regiments, and made such cavalry demonstrations as to seriously alarm Cincinnati. Bragg had pushed down and captured Mumfordsville and its garrison, and had then turned from the road to Louisville and established himself at Bardstown. Buell's advance at an early day drove him from his position, and it was not until the seventh of October that Bragg concentrated at Perryville for battle. Believing that he had Buell's forces so widely separated that he would have to deal with only a single corps, his plan was to concentrate, attack, defeat, and then make a junction with Kirby Smith and walk over the forces in that general's front.

McCook had come up slowly, skirmishing heavily, and it was noon of the eighth before he swung into position on the Federal left. One can trace his lines these long years after. The woods, in which his first line of skirmishers was posted, have disappeared and given place to fields of corn, and some of the houses and barns are no longer there, but the stone walls and the hills and the shade trees tell the story. It was a strong position—so strong that before Hardee moved forward to the attack he had a council with his divi-

sion commanders and warned them that the attack must be made with a rush to be successful. Two hours after noon Hardee with his three divisions moved out in splendid style, and the first musket fired from the Federal skirmishers in the woods along Rousseau's front killed a captain in Buckner's division. With that shot all the Federal batteries in position opened fire, and the Confederates broke from "common-time" to "double-quick," and rushed to the attack.

Cheatham's division had come down the Maxville highway, and as they reached the bridge spanning the creek now called after him they found the Federals in their front, and the fight began in bitter earnest. The stone walls behind which the Federals were posted stand there to-day, showing the marks of hundreds of bullets, and so fierce was the fire from behind these defenses that line upon line of Confederates prostrated themselves until its fury should pass. From their positions along the banks and in the timber they soon opened a galling fire in return, and before the fight had lasted thirty minutes they were gaining ground. Many of the guns on the hill above the Federal position were silenced by the fire of the sharpshooters, and when it came to be shouted along the lines that Jackson had been killed, the raw troops in his division, many of whom had never fired a gun before, began to flutter. If they gave way they would open a fatal gap. A dozen officers rushed to rally them, and the Confederates were near enough to hear a captain crying out in stentorian tones:

"Stand firm, boys — for the love of the dear old Union, don't give way!"

Jackson's troops rallied, even though some of the regiments were in full retreat, and they stood to the stone walls and poured in such volleys that the Confederate advance was paralyzed. A captain of Buckner's division, in describing this part of the fight, said:

"We saw Jackson's men giving way, and with loud cheers we pushed forward to drive them. My company was within fifty feet of the wavering blue line, when all of a sudden it rallied and gave us such a volley that nearly half my seventy men were killed or wounded, and our advance fell back in the greatest disorder."

Terrill's men had the strongest kind of a position, and two batteries behind them were so posted as to sweep the whole front. When the Confederates were forced back by Jackson's men they rallied and moved at an oblique against Terrill. In his division were several regiments never under fire before. They waited like old veterans for the advance, but when the Confederates broke into

a run and began yelling the raw men fell back without discharging their muskets, and the enemy's bullets no sooner struck among them than they retreated in a panic that carried their officers with them. Where the batteries were posted is now a cleared field. As the crowd surged back Terrill rode to and fro, commanding and pleading, and just beside a tree since dead and chopped down, he fell mortally wounded. This completed the panic, and most of the division rushed pell-mell for the rear, hardly a man taking his gun with him. Then was seen a brave sight. Starkweather's brigade was in reserve. It moved up in gallant style, opened ranks to let the frightened recruits pass through, and then steadily advanced to the walls and rifle-pits, drove the Confederates out, and planted themselves there to stay. McCook's left had been fairly turned, but this one brigade stood in the way. A whole division was hurled against it time after time, but it clung to the walls and maintained such a fierce and rapid fire of musketry that Buell supposed McCook's whole division was hotly engaged. For an hour and a half this gallant brigade repulsed every assault made, but then had to fall back to a shorter line to prevent a flank movement.

A Confederate colonel who wrote a newspaper account of that battle, said of Starkweather's brigade:

"We had McCook's left fairly beaten and one whole division on the run, when a single brigade planted itself across our advance. Such nerve and gallantry will seldom be witnessed again. I myself was in four of the charges against their position, and twice I thought we should swarm right over them, but each time we were driven back by their cool and terrible fire, leaving the ground covered with our dead and wounded. Hardee raved and stormed, and charge after charge was made, but the blue-coats could not be driven. When they finally shortened the line they moved back under fire in a manner to reflect credit on the best troops Napoleon ever commanded."

Rousseau occupied a ridge partly crowned with trees and partly under cultivation, crossed by two highways and offering shelter for his infantry and good positions for his batteries. In his front was Crazy Creek, half hidden with willows and its banks forming splendid breastworks. Beyond were fences, walls and fields. Where Anderson formed his line of battle twenty years ago the corn grows rank and the wheat stands high. Where Rousseau pushed forward the brigades of Lytle and Harris to hold a skirt of woods, the May breezes rustled the ripening oats as I looked

down from the spot where Sloan's battery was stationed. There were many raw regiments in Anderson's division, a number of the companies being totally undrilled, and only three regiments having been in any previous engagement. Regiments were massed for the attack under artillery fire, and as the bugle sounded its notes the entire division moved forward.

The two Federal brigades were firmly rooted and not a musket cracked until the Confederate lines were within pistol-shot. Then a rush was made, but it was met by such a fire that the men were appalled. Held to their work by the officers, many of them fired in the air, while whole companies in some cases charged bayonets at each other in the smoke. Some of the veteran regiments, however, displayed the greatest gallantry, charging squarely up to the Federal position and fighting on either side of the walls and fences. It was a terrific fight for fifteen minutes, and when the Confederates retired, the ground from hill to creek was thickly strewn with victims. In a few minutes the gray lines were reformed for another advance, this time resolved not to be halted. Without stopping to fire, they swung up the slope with yells and cheers. The weight was overpowering—the Federals fell back to the main line.

The Confederates were pushing on when another Federal brigade hurried down, and every piece of artillery which could be brought up was soon in position and using grape and canister. Anderson also brought forward his guns, and for half an hour there was a desperate struggle. Bragg said in after years that the fighting at this one point between two divisions was fiercer than any portion of the battle of Chickamauga where an entire corps was engaged. When a fourth Federal brigade had been advanced, the Confederates in their turn had to give ground. They were followed up briskly until Rousseau's line rested where the fight opened.

Failing to drive Rousseau, Hardee massed everything against Sheridan's division, and for a few minutes drove it before him. Sheridan called upon Mitchell for reinforcements, rallied his line across the Springfield pike, and after a quarter of an hour of hot work he ordered an advance of his whole division, McCook's flank swinging at the same time. At some points the Confederates stood until bayonets clashed, but the impetus of the mighty wave swept field and wood and highway clear of the gray, and as they began to give way the Federals cheered along the whole front.

This was the first battle in which Federal and Confederate regiments raised in Kentucky were placed opposite each other.

Both realized the fact, and they fought with a bitterness which other regiments could not feel. In the last advance, about a dozen men belonging to an Ohio regiment pushed ahead so rapidly that they suddenly found themselves surrounded and taken prisoners. Before they could be sent to the rear a company of Federal Kentuckians advanced to rescue them, and at the same moment a company of Confederates raised in the same county rushed forward to hold the men. One of the Confederates, now living in Franklin, Tenn., says of the struggle which took place:

"We did not stop to fire, but rushed forward with the bayonet. In a moment we were all mixed up, jabbing and prodding with bayonet and striking each other with the butts of muskets. A Federal, who had formerly lived within two miles of my farm, made a push at me, and his bayonet passed between my right arm and side and went through my coat. Before he could withdraw it I hit him a blow with my fist, and when he fell I sprang on him and held him down, although he bit my thumb to the bone. We were having it hot and heavy when our folks fell back and left me to be captured. In those few minutes I saw the bayonets used at least twenty times, and I believe that fully thirty men were struck with muskets."

The Confederates were being pushed, but they were giving ground rather slowly, still fighting, when unexpectedly certain brigades began to march out of the fight. It is charged that Polk lost his head and ordered a retreat to a new line. Polk laid the blame upon Bragg, and an effort was made to hold Hardee responsible. No matter with which officer the fault was, the Confederates began falling back, and once the retreat was begun it ended in a helter-skelter rush through the town, and in the rapid pursuit and capture of many prisoners and a considerable quantity of war material by the Federals. At night, against the protest of the division commanders, the Confederates were withdrawn and the entire field left to the Union forces.

Previous to this fight, Bragg encouraged the idea that a Confederate army could easily clear Kentucky of any Federal force and keep it clear. He promulgated the doctrine among his troops that they had only to charge the Federal lines to scatter them; and his men were led to believe that they had only to fire a few volleys to win a battle. Indeed, his plan was to whip the Federal army in about an hour and then make a rapid march to join Kirby Smith, who was held at bay elsewhere. Polk had the same contempt for

the blue-coats, and Hardee had often been sneered at for asserting that Northern men would stand up in line of battle. The results of Perryville were bitter in several respects. The Confederate soldier realized that he had been deceived and defeated where he expected an easy victory. Bragg and Polk had their plans disorganized, and the idea of holding Kentucky had to be abandoned.

As Bull Run taught both armies in the East the fact that war meant fight, and fight meant kill, so also did Perryville furnish the Western armies with a lesson written in blood. Future battles were to be fought with something more solid than a braggart's assertions. Both sides realized that where numbers were reasonably equal, the fight would be steady and furious, and so it proved through the long and bloody years that followed.

The Evacuation of Pensacola.

THE evacuation of the Norfolk Navy Yard, with the destruction of whatever could not be removed, had its parallel at Pensacola. In both cases it was a work regretted by commanders and deplored by the troops detailed to perform the work. In one case a great and valuable navy yard was destroyed at scarcely a day's notice, to prevent the Confederates from profiting by the immense accumulation. In the other, the evacuation was contemplated for many days, and time was given for the removal of the more valuable stores. And yet, the Confederate commander could not have issued his final orders without a sigh of regret. In the heat of battle men will needlessly kill; on the march soldiers will recklessly burn and destroy, but when it comes to marching out of a post surrounded by friends and ordering the fire-brand flung into fort, barracks, storehouses, ship-yard, dry-dock, arsenal and quarters, and destroying that which is sadly needed elsewhere, man must be less than human to take delight in it.

Early in the war, the Federal government determined to possess Pensacola, and operations in that direction were carried forward with such vigor that in the spring of 1862 the Confederates realized their inability to longer hold it. That they did not make sacrifices in other directions and cling to this post was something deeply regretted in after years. Here was a position naturally strong and easily made impregnable—a fine harbor for blockade-runners, splendid conveniences for building privateers, and stocked with millions of dollars' worth of arms, ammunition, tents and other stores. While it was scarcely second to Charleston in general importance, it was given up almost without a skirmish. True, it had in one sense been isolated and endangered by the success of the Federal fleet on the Mississippi, but they could have made a fight for it where the Norfolk yard had not the least chance. Anxiety for

the safety of Mobile lost the Confederacy a prize the like of which was never to fall into its hands again.

For a week previous to the climax the Confederates were making ready for the certain destruction of everything. Although they had been moving the stores away for weeks, there was yet left an immense amount. Uncle Sam had not been stingy in his appropriations for that navy yard, and it was in reality overstocked. There were two hundred or three hundred tons of coal on hand, and a score of men worked for two days to make one of the hottest and most dangerous bonfires ever lighted. Twenty cords of wood were distributed through the heap in such a manner as to act as kindlings and give the flames a good start and scatter them, and then about one hundred loaded shell, fused and ready for firing, were distributed. This heap of coal burned for five or six days, giving out an intense heat, and the shells made it dangerous for any one to approach the locality. The last one did not explode until the fourth day of the fire.

Every spar, plank and piece of timber of any value was destroyed by ax or saw or auger, the saw-mill sent away, and the basins of the dry-dock were blown up with powder. The charges were so placed as to blow out stones and timbers, and instead of the dry, clean basin, leave only a mud-hole full of debris. Every block, pulley and foot of rope were sent off, as also all the iron, lead, brass and copper. Even the door-knobs and hinges were taken off before the buildings were set on fire. The big ship-yard shears, derricks, ways, sheds, etc., were thoroughly destroyed before anything else was done.

The anticipation proved to be correct, that as soon as the flames from the burning buildings lighted up the heavens, the Federals would suspect an evacuation and open fire to drive off the troops detailed for the work of destruction. Therefore, to make sure that every fire once set would accomplish its work, garrets were filled with shavings, partitions saturated with turpentine, and rooms filled with light-wood. In each building loaded shells were scattered freely about, and nothing was left undone to add terror to the scene when the brand was once applied.

There was a quantity of old powder on hand which was not deemed worth sending away, and kegs of it were rolled into different buildings and into the casemates and bomb-proofs of the forts, and the explosions produced all the havoc that could have been hoped for.

There was only a limited quantity of shipping at Pensacola at the time, but such crafts as had not escaped were collected for destruction. Four or five steamers, two sloops, an old schooner, several flat boats and barges and all the small boats attached to the post were lashed together, filled with combustibles, and prepared to burn to the water's edge.

It was a job of no small importance to remove the big guns from the forts. It would have required skill and patience and many aids to have accomplished it by day and in time of peace, while the Confederates had to work by night and within cannon-shot of the Federals. Every gun could be seen through a glass from the Federal position, and knowing that each gun would be missed as soon as dismounted, the Confederate commander had spars sawed off at the ship-yard of proper size and form, painted black, and put in the place of each gun removed; and so well did these Quakers fill the place of the columbiads that the trickery was not suspected. Only one old gun was left at Fort Barrancas, and this was never made use of by its captors.

Among the articles which could not be sent away were a quantity of cannon-balls, grape-shot and several field-pieces; these latter of rather ancient pattern. It was easier to bury them than to dump them into the water, and graves were prepared at different points and the iron rolled in. Two years later a Confederate deserter pointed out one of the spots and its contents were taken out, but there must be tons of metal yet rusting under the soil of Pensacola.

In order to make certain of destruction at Barrancas all the galleries and casemates were filled with dry lumber and mined for explosion, and powder trains were run to different points. It may be added that the destruction was complete, the fire burning out everything and the explosions tearing down and filling up every passage-way. Just at that date the destruction of a fort like that was looked upon as a great event, but six months later war had taught the men on either side that a sandhill with a couple of guns behind it was fort enough to answer all purposes.

A few light-draught steamers had been loaded with stores and sent up the Escambia River. For fear that they would be followed and captured the last boat up carried a detail of axmen, and wherever a tree could be felled to obstruct the channel it was done. For two or three years, or until the Federals had worked long and hard,

and the high water had assisted, the river was impassable even to a skiff.

The signal to apply the torch was given shortly before midnight on the ninth of January, 1862, and in five minutes fires were burning at every point. That Pensacola was being evacuated was now known to the Federals, and a fierce cannonade was at once opened on the place to drive out the incendiaries and if possible save some of the public property.

An Alabama cavalryman who was in the detail to apply the torch, had assisted to fire a building or two and was approaching the coal pile to light one of the spots prepared when a Federal shell came screaming through the air and dropped into the coal and exploded with terrific force. A ton or more of coal was flung about, and the flames from the powder set fire to the heap. Not a man applied a fire-brand to the pile, but singularly enough those who were striving to save it were the ones who caused the destruction.

The Confederates who had begun their work amidst the most profound stillness were forced to finish it under a shower of shot and shell. Cavalry-men rode from point to point and applied the torch, and in several instances buildings were struck and the men narrowly escaped death.

The only public buildings spared were those so situated that private property would be involved in their destruction, but it is known that the Confederate Secretary of War would have spared everything but the forts. But for the accidental delay of his letter of instructions, or rather, positive orders, the forts would have been blown up and everything else left intact.

Within an hour after the signal was given to begin the work the Confederates had accomplished all they had planned and were leaving the place. It was reported in dispatches at the time that hundreds were killed by the Federal fire. Three or four men were wounded by the shells, but no one killed.

Not satisfied with the wholesale destruction enumerated above, the Confederates removed and carefully coiled up ten or twelve miles of telegraph wire, and also took up and carried away several miles of railroad iron. The design was to make the destruction complete, and a more thorough job was never accomplished.

It was a sad sight which greeted the Federals as they took possession of Pensacola. Everything was yet in flames, and every minute or two the roar of the various conflagrations was broken in upon by the explosion of a shell. Long enough after the buildings

had been reduced to ashes the shells which had been filled so long as to be almost worthless, or which had fallen into the cellar and escaped the first heat, continued to scatter their fragments about in an uncomfortable fashion.

Nothing of any value to the victors had been left, but it was the position itself which the Federal government coveted and was determined to secure. It was gained almost without the loss of a life on either side.

The Fight at Island No. 10.

HE who seeks to write of the war ten years hence will visit battle fields to find no trace of war's struggles remaining. Forts are disappearing, earth-works being leveled, and fields are changing so rapidly that one who fought there can find no landmark. Fifteen years ago almost every man encountered on cars, steamboats, and in hotels in the South had fought in the Confederate ranks. To-day the proportion is not one in five. A decade hence it will not be one in fifteen.

The other day when I steamed up the Mississippi to look for Island No. 10, it had disappeared. In place of an island large enough in 1862 to mount forty or fifty guns and furnish quarters for two thousand men, I found only a "tow-head"—just the faintest proof that an island had once rested there. The great river was tearing at the little left in a savage manner, and he who passes the historical spot to-morrow may perhaps sail over the spot where the cannon thundered death and defiance to the Federals for month after month.

One of the first plans of the Confederate government was to secure and hold the Mississippi, Tennessee, Cumberland, and other great rivers furnishing communication. Both the Tennessee and Cumberland were practically lost when Forts Henry and Donelson fell, but the Mississippi was to be a bone of contention to the last days of the struggle. Island No. 10 was one of a series of fortifications intended to check the upper Federal fleet. While it was an island, only one of the channels around it was navigable, and that was so narrow that a pistol would carry a ball across it.

In the winter of 1861 the Confederate government began fortifying the island. In addition to the score or more of guns mounted on the island, and protected by heavy earth-works, a full dozen were mounted on the main-land in such a position as to enfilade any boat passing up or down the channel. When fully occupied, it was one of the strongest positions on the great river.

Just before Foote appeared above the island, the Confederates built an immense scow and had it towed to a proper position and anchored. Nearly a score of field-pieces were then placed upon it to assist the shore batteries should the Federals attempt to pass. While no official of the Confederate government speaks of this floating monster in his official reports, the pilot of the steamer which towed the scow to its place, as well as several members of the crew, can remember every incident connected with it. For reasons that can not be satisfactorily accounted for, the scow was either allowed to float away or was scuttled before she had served any purpose.

In March, 1862, when Foote appeared above the island, he looked upon it as an obstruction which could be brushed away in a day or two. His days ran to weeks, and weeks to months before his first gun-boat slipped past. He had seven or eight gun-boats, all but one or two iron-clad, ten or twelve mortar-boats, and transports enough to carry a small army. The ordnance which Foote brought was the heaviest ever used upon the Mississippi. His mortars were mounted singly upon great barges, and each shell, when loaded, weighed about three hundred pounds. A charge of twenty-five pounds of powder would hurl these bombs over two miles, and the fall and explosion of each one was something truly terrific. The concussion, when one of the monstrous mortars was fired, was such that men became disabled after four or five rounds, and some were rendered deaf for days at a time. Hundreds of old logs and roots which had rested on the bottom of the river for years were brought to the surface by the concussion, and when all the mortars were engaged the roar and din covered the river with bubbles and drove thousands of men to fill their ears to protect them against the sound.

As soon as Foote discovered the true nature of the obstacle he had encountered, he sat down for a regular siege, and this was prolonged until the patience of the country was worn out. His siege operations were conducted from a distance of two miles, and he had it all his own way. The Confederates did not have a single piece of ordnance which would begin to carry with his mortars. They soon discovered this and saved their ammunition, though it was a galling thing to receive a fire day after day, and week after week, to which no response could be made.

The works at Island No. 10 were detached batteries — six guns here, three there, five at another spot, and so on around to the last. They were sooner thrown up and easier worked that way, and this

was also their salvation. For every shell striking inside of a battery twenty fell outside. While Foote's range was good, the distance was too great for accurate firing. When one of the mortar shells would burst in the river, it would throw mud and water into the tree-tops, and when it would fall upon solid land, it would excavate a hole large enough to bury a horse. Only a few Confederates were killed and wounded by the ten thousand missiles hurled at them, and those altogether by fragments. One man, who at the moment had a box of bread on his shoulder, was fairly hit by a descending bomb, and not so much as a button from his uniform was ever picked up as a reminder of his fate. Again, a bomb fell upon a cannon around which eight or ten men were lying, and although the gun was rendered useless, not a man was injured. During most of the time there was wind enough to destroy the aim of the Federals, and though the shores of the great river were shaken as by an earthquake, night and day for weeks, nothing was gained.

General Pope, commanding a fair-sized army and well provided with artillery, finally reached the river below the island, pursuant to a general plan to aid Foote. He was like a fisherman without pole or line. He could not get above to Foote, nor could Foote get below to him. He had neither gun-boats nor transports, and was obliged to listen to Foote's dreary cannonade and conjure up plans to aid him. He attempted to move up near enough to plant artillery, but high water and the activity of the Confederates prevented. After days of enforced idleness, Pope seized an idea which Banks, Butler, and Grant followed in after years. The country about Island No. 10 was and is to-day, except at low water, a great swamp cut up by creeks and lagoons. Pope's engineers lived in dug-outs in the swamps for a week, and then reported a plan for flanking the island. It was to connect and clear the creeks and bayous for a distance of ten or eleven miles, so that the lighter-draught transports of Foote could be floated through and carried around to the Mississippi River below.

A fisherman took me over part of the route in his skiff one day in 1884, and I found Pope's channels again filled up and obstructed until we could hardly force the skiff through places where steamboats had sailed. Trees had fallen across the channel, driftwood had piled up until only a water-rat could get through, and from the stumps of many of the trees sawed off by the Federals, limbs as large as a man's arm were growing and thriving.

With a Federal force above and below, Island No. 10 would soon

be untenable. If Foote could get his transports down by the new route, he would take the chances of running his gun-boats past the batteries. Pope put over fifteen hundred men into the great swamp. A line had been surveyed and was closely followed, no matter what obstructions were met with. While Foote's ten mortars bellowed forth, a hundred cross-cut saws were eating into pine and cotton-wood, and one thousand men were pulling at chains and ropes. Hundreds of trees had to be sawed off at least forty inches below the then stage of water, and every man had to work in from one to three feet of water. Small steamers followed the gangs to pull out the logs and trees as they were cut or sawed, and there were many days when the gain was scarcely a hundred feet. The width of the cut was generally forty feet, and sometimes sixty, and one who has not seen the swamp can have no idea of the herculean task and the hardships involved. As fast as there was room in the channel a steamer or barge took her place, and the advance was literally foot by foot. In that ten miles the men must have sawed down four hundred great trees and cut down one thousand smaller ones, and yet this was not a fourth of the labor involved. Hundreds of great logs lay sunken in mud and water, and had to be moved from twenty to fifty feet. In some places the surveyed channel was filled with such a mass of drift-wood, fallen trees, and tangled roots that the labor of one thousand men for a day seemed to make no impression. I measured many of the stumps of trees cut off and some of them were fully six feet across, while it was hard to find one less than four.

When, after days of toil and hardships, Pope's men reported the way clear, the waters of the Mississippi must be turned in to give sufficient depth of water. Between the channel of the river and the levee there was a distance of a quarter of a mile. A channel had to be cut to the levee through logs and snags and stumps, and this of itself was a task so full of difficulties that Foote and Pope twice consulted about abandoning the work. An opening was made at last, however, and the waters of the great river turned into the woods. Though the levee was repaired within a few weeks, the channel cut by the rushing current through the fields is still to be seen. Where the soil was soft it cut a ravine twelve feet deep.

When all was ready the boats began their strange voyage. Ropes held by men on the banks guided them between the trees and around the sharp turns, but it was with the greatest difficulty that any progress was made. The rush of the new current undermined

trees, brought out new obstructions, and changed the channel, and before the first boat joined Pope over one thousand men had been sent to the hospital with chills and fever and rheumatism. One of the minor incidents was the plenitude of snakes. They were started up by the thousand, and the advance gangs often had to fight them. Monstrous water-snakes glided over the nasty waters, and rattlesnakes were at home wherever there was a solid bit of ground. Sometimes when a hundred men were at work on one spot—chopping, sawing, and pulling—a reptile would be frightened out of a log or tree-top and dash into the midst of the crowd as if bent on vengeance.

There are several reasons why the Confederates did not interfere with the progress of the work. In the first place, its success was deemed impossible. In the next, the water in the swamps prevented the woods being filled with sharpshooters, as would have been the case at any other time. Could the swamps have been traversed by infantry, five hundred men would have been force enough to hinder Pope until he would have abandoned the task in disgust. Again, it was believed that if Foote and Pope succeeded in uniting, the former would not dare attempt to pass his gun-boats down the channel. All things considered, it was planned to let the enterprise proceed without interference and take the consequences. Certain historians have claimed that the work was all accomplished without a suspicion on the part of the Confederates. They knew the plan even before a blow had been struck by an ax.

If the Confederates rested unconcerned regarding Pope's great engineering feat, they were alive to the possibility of destroying Foote's fleet at its anchorage. Three negroes were dispatched up the river to be captured as contrabands. Each one was picked up as planned, and after a detention of a few days, two of the trio made their escape with full reports as to the number of mortars, gun-boats, and transports. The anchorage of each vessel was located, and such other information furnished as made it appear probable that at least part of the fleet could be sent to the bottom or disabled.

The first plan was to get rid of the mortar-boats. A picked body of men, numbering not over a dozen, were selected for this work, and they took their way up the river in twos and threes to carry out their designs as circumstances suggested or permitted.

One night near the middle of March, during a rain which fell steadily and with great vigor for hours, two Confederates swam off

to two different mortar-boats with the intention of spiking the pieces. One got aboard to find the way entirely clear, and he drove a rat-tail file into the piece and disabled it for several days. The other, while making his way across the deck, fell over some obstruction, and the file, which he was carrying in his hand, entered his side and inflicted a wound from which he died a few hours after.

Had it been later in the war, when torpedoes had been invented and made use of under like circumstances, Foote would have lost some of his vessels. As it was, one reckless Confederate proposed to sacrifice his life in destroying one of the gun-boats. One dark night he pulled out to her in a canoe, having a fifty-pound keg of powder to strap to her rudder-post. The keg was provided with hooks and straps, and the man was furnished with a piece of fuse to explode it. He succeeded in reaching the gun-boat, but found difficulty in attaching the keg. While the night was dark it was also still, and the sentinels were on the alert.

When the Confederate discovered that he could not attach his keg, as planned, he brought the canoe square across the stern of the gun-boat and proposed to explode the keg from the canoe. The match which he struck to light the fuse, and with which he did light it, revealed his presence to a sentinel peering over the stern, and the alarm was given and fire opened upon him. The Confederate went overboard, wounded in the shoulder, but succeeded in reaching the shore, while the canoe was upset and the powder-keg drifted away. Strangely enough, the fuse was not extinguished, and after drifting down about three hundred feet the keg exploded. Pieces of the keg were thrown on board of vessels six hundred feet away, and the decks of vessels nearer by wet with water. Had the explosion occurred under the stern of the gun-boat, as planned, it would probably have sunk her.

Meanwhile, army and navy were awaiting the opening of the new route through the swamps, and its success was to be the signal of many daring exploits.

ISLAND No 10.

PITTSBURG LANDING.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

The Fate of British Blockade Runners.

THE Emily Cornelius, a schooner, was one of the first dozen Confederate crafts entering into the blockade-running business. She had made two trips into South Carolina harbors, and was seeking to enter Bull's Bay when a Federal steam blockader gave chase. The schooner was of light draught, easily handled, and sailed fast, and by running across shoals she led the steamer a chase of more than three hours, and yet the two were in sight of each other every moment. At last the steamer opened fire, and when it was seen that the schooner must be taken she was headed for the shore and run aground. The crew escaped with all their personal property, but the fire-train laid to destroy the vessel failed to do its work and she was pulled off and sent North as a prize.

In October of the same year the British schooner Revere left Nova Scotia with a cargo of military stores for the Confederate government, valued at five hundred thousand dollars in gold. She made a fine run to the North Carolina coast, intending to put in at Wilmington. The Federal government had two gun-boats cruising in that locality, and one morning soon after daybreak the runner found both of them standing for her. She was a fast sailer and the steamers rather slow, and for the first three hours it was impossible for them to gain a foot. Had the wind held steady the schooner might have made a haven, but it suddenly went down and left the vessel an easy capture. The captain did not relish the idea of turning over five hundred thousand dollars to Uncle Sam, and he had planned to fire his vessel and take to the boats, when the crew interfered and prevented. The captain would not haul down his flag, however, and it fluttered aloft until it was lowered by Federal hands.

The British schooner Adelaide had run into Wilmington in September, 1862, carrying a cargo valued at over five hundred thousand dollars, and had then loaded with cotton in Topsail Inlet. In one

way and another she was detained until about the middle of October, and she then found several Federal gun-boats on the blockade. When ready to run out, the night being dark and stormy, the only pilot at hand was drunk and asleep. He was treated to a shower-bath and a drink of vinegar, and after much delay declared himself sober enough to take the vessel out. She set sail under his charge, but before half-way out of the inlet she was run hard and fast aground.

It is stated on good authority that a negro fisherman, who saw the disaster to the schooner, headed his boat for the fleet at Wilmington and arrived there safely with his information. One of the squadron was detached to capture the runner, and next morning entered the inlet to find her so fast aground that nothing could pull her off. A part of the crew escaped to the shore before the gun-boat came up, and the rest were made prisoners. As much of the cotton as could be stored aboard the captor was taken out and the remainder given over to the flames along with the vessel. Soon after the schooner got aground the drunken pilot was missing, and next morning his body was found on the beach. One of the crew afterwards asserted that he saw the captain and mate catch hold of the man and throw him overboard.

Late in the fall of the same year (1862) the British schooner Francis loaded at Nassau and made for the coast of Florida. Just as she had sighted the coast a fish-boat gave her the information that a Federal gun-boat was cruising in those waters. The schooner kept on her way until night fell, and was then becalmed. Presently a curious incident occurred. The gun-boat had been looking into some of the inlets and had not seen the schooner. Two hours after dark she steamed slowly out to within a quarter of a mile of the schooner and then shut off steam and extinguished her lights. Those on the schooner could at first make her out with a night-glass, but presently a fog arose and shut out the view. The night was still and the sea perfectly smooth, and those on the schooner could only wait and hope that a breeze would spring up during the night and enable her to creep away.

In a calm one vessel seems a magnet to draw another. These slowly drifted towards each other, instead of separating. Notwithstanding those on the schooner soon discovered that the crafts were drawing together, they were powerless to prevent it. At midnight they could hear the talk of the men on the gun-boat, though the fog was too thick to see anything. At one o'clock the

vessels softly rubbed each other, and remained broadside on, as if lashed together. The Federals had simply to clamber over the rail to capture the schooner, and the chagrin of her crew can be imagined but not described. In half an hour after her capture a breeze sprang up which would have carried her thirty miles before daybreak.

Closely upon the heels of the capture of the Francis came that of another British craft—the steamer Scotia. She had been loaded in part at Liverpool and put on the remainder at Nassau and laid her course for Charleston. She was a fine, staunch craft, with a valuable cargo, and she was within thirty miles of Charleston before she scented danger. She crept slowly forward during the night, and at early dawn discovered a Federal sail almost in her path and not two miles away. There was a fair wind blowing, and the sailing craft was so handled as to drive the steamer in towards Bull's Island. Two armed boats were then dispatched from the blockader to cut off the steamer's retreat, and the result was that she was headed for the beach and run ashore and abandoned by her officers, most of the crew remaining aboard until captured. Had the Englishman had the average pluck of his race, he could have carried the Scotia into Charleston. All that was needed was the nerve to run within three quarters of a mile of the ship and risk the fire of three or four guns. But the captain seemed to labor under the impression that he would be hung if captured, and he made haste to run her ashore and take to the woods, followed by his mates. So little was the steamer injured that she was pulled off next day and sent North.

The Federals were still working at the Scotia when the British steamer Anglia ran into Bull's Bay. She had a valuable assorted cargo, and made a fine run from Nassau. In entering the bay she saw that the Scotia was in trouble, and the pilot at once began drinking whisky to brace his nerves and drive away thoughts of Federal prisons. His copious libations resulted in piloting the steamer ashore instead of up the channel, and though the crew worked hard all night long she was still fast when a fleet of Federal small-boats ran in next day and captured her, with the entire crew aboard.

The crew would have set her on fire, but this the captain would not permit. She, too, was easily hauled off, and both captures were sent North at the same time. It has been remarked as a curious thing in naval matters that a sailing vessel, and a slow one at that,

should have been the direct means of capturing two swift-sailing steamers almost on the same day. The value of the two prizes was a full million dollars. The Scotia had run the blockade seven or eight times, and the Anglia three or four.

A day or two following the captures at Bull's Bay, the British schooner Trial, laden with salt, leather and other cargo, arrived off the mouth of Indian River, Florida. She had made a quick run and had not sighted a blockader. Arriving within five miles of the mouth of the river, and finding all clear, so far as he could see, the captain ordered grog to be served to all hands, and then in a little speech to the crew he made light of the dangers and hinted at future voyages attended with big profits. He was still speaking, when lo! a Federal gun-boat stole out of the river and steamed straight for him and had possession of his vessel before he could realize the great change in the situation. He took the matter so much to heart that within the next three days he made two attempts to end his life.

There were two curious facts connected with blockade-running. While the British made three-fifths of the profit they refused to assume even one-fifth of the dangers. Where a British captain would run his vessel ashore to escape a single shot, a Confederate in command of a craft would brave the fire of a whole fleet to get out or in. The case of the Hattie, the last runner to enter Charleston, illustrates one assertion, and the loss of the Princess Royal in 1863 will illustrate the other. The Hattie passed through a fleet of twenty-six or twenty-eight vessels to get over Charleston bar. Between the bar and Sumter she had to run the gauntlet of armed barges, taking the fire of muskets and howitzers, and when she reached the wharf at Charleston she showed a hundred scars of the trip.

The Princess Royal was a large, fast, iron steamer, driven by a screw, and almost new at the time of capture. Most of her cargo was taken in at Bermuda, and it consisted of drugs, dry goods, army cloth, small-arms, field batteries, and two very costly and complete engines and boilers for two iron-clads in Charleston Harbor. The engines were made in England, paid for with Confederate gold, and the vessel had been waiting for them for months. Such a craft and cargo should have had a different captain. She made the coast all right, dodged two or three blockaders, and soon after daybreak was stealing along near the land and but a few miles from the bar, when

she was sighted and pursued by a gun-boat. The latter, by way of bluff, began firing at the steamer when yet a mile and a half away, and the roar of the cannon gave the captain the cold shakes. He could have outsailed any blockader on the coast, and all he had to do was to put on steam and drive into Charleston. Strange to relate, he at once headed the steamer for the beach, and as soon as she grounded the officers took to the boats and escaped into the woods. The loss was deeply felt by the Confederates at the time, and what made it hurt worse was the fact that no one could find an excuse for the captain's cowardly conduct.

One of the first English blockade runners was the steamer Queen of the Wave. She made three successful trips between Nassau and Charleston, and in March, 1862, cleared for another trip, having a cargo valued at seven hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. The pilot she took at Nassau was either incompetent, or an enemy in disguise. Standing in for Charleston until it was discovered that three blockaders were on the watch, the steamer gave up the attempt to run in there, and headed for Georgetown. She would have made this port easy enough, had not the pilot ran her upon a reef. For three or four hours every effort was used to set her afloat, and she was then abandoned by her crew, and taken possession of by a Federal gun-boat.

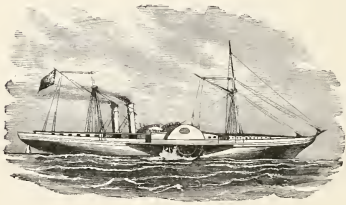
In May, 1863, the British steamer Cherokee, after having made a successful run into Charleston, loaded with cotton and took advantage of a dark night to pass out. All lights aboard were carefully extinguished, the engines placed at half-speed, and the Cherokee quietly made her way through a blockading fleet of seven vessels. She had, as she thought, passed the last one by a mile or more, and the captain was in the act of opening a bottle of champagne to celebrate the escape, when, lo! a dark mass suddenly loomed up dead ahead and a voice cried from the darkness:

"Heave to, or I'll give you the whole broadside!"

Confederates took that chance time and again, but an Englishman never. He might possibly have made his escape, even though fired into, but he at once shut off steam and permitted himself to be captured.

Among other British blockade runners which were captured or run ashore may be mentioned the steamers Hebe and Venus, propeller Ouachita, bark Sophia, schooners Ariel, Anna Maria, Agnes, Ellen and George. During the first two years of the war the blockade runners were almost exclusively officered by English and

Scotch. During the last two scarcely any but Confederates could be induced to take the risks. During the first two hardly one of the runners were owned by Confederates. During the last two nine-tenths of the craft were owned in Charleston and Wilmington.



The Famous Castle Thunder at Richmond.

CASTLE THUNDER, at Richmond, was established by the Confederate government as a place of detention for Confederate deserters, suspected persons, and the captured attachés of the Union army. When a Federal teamster, sutler or other attaché was captured the Castle was his home until such time as he could be exchanged, or until the Confederates were tired of keeping him.

First and last five or six war correspondents of Northern journals were obliged to take quarters in the Castle, and some of them were a whole year or more in securing their release. The power of the press, even though a hostile press, was respected to a certain extent, and the captive knights of the quill were allowed some privileges not granted to others. Sam Ward, in the State Treasurer's office, in Richmond in 1884, was adjutant of the post at Castle Thunder, and he has all the records and documents pertaining to that prison. He remembers the name of every newspaper man who passed his door, and tells many anecdotes concerning them. He avers that Bulkley, correspondent of the New York Herald, was the most philosophical prisoner he ever had, and the only man who could sit down and convince him that secession was damnation, and rebellion ten times worse.

One correspondent amused himself during his incarceration by writing a five-act comedy, but when his release came his joy was so great that he quite forgot his manuscript. Another wrote a book, a third obtained a German book and learned to read it, and all wrote poetry. One lamented as follows:

"The hopes of other days have fled,
And gone to meet with sorrow;
To-day is but a blank to me—
Forerunner of the morrow."

Another wrote:

"Oh, Johnny Reb, ungrateful kuss,
What makes you keep me here;
Where roast of beef is never seen,
And money can't buy beer?"

And yet another:

"Here in Castle Thunder,
I sit and wonder,
What miss or blunder
Lauded me here.
Jeff Davis, thou traitor!
You old agitator!
You durned alligator!
For me interfere."

Some of the worst desperadoes in the South were caged in Castle Thunder, and the discipline had to be strict and the vigilance eternal.

During the last two years of the war the vicinity of Richmond was infested with bands of robbers and cut-throats, who rendered themselves a perfect terror and had to be hunted down by details armed to the teeth. When captured they were taken to the Castle and there held until a battle was imminent, and then squads and even companies of them were marched to the front and put where Union bullets would find them. But for this happy way of clearing out the prison, it would have been continually overcrowded.

Over five hundred of these desperadoes were sent to Lee's army at Cold Harbor, and they went into that fight like wild cats. Inside of a week nearly two hundred of them were back in Richmond, having deserted as soon as the battle ended. Several instances were known where these men had joined Union regiments, lived well for a time, and then went back into the Southern lines with more or less plunder.

Little trouble was had with the Federal prisoners. All of them realized that an escape from the Castle meant certain recapture within a few hours, and therefore they killed time as best they could. Not so with the Confederates, however. Almost every hour started a plan for escape, and dozens of them were shot while carrying out these plans. They dug into and under the walls and through partitions, and one night seven of them dropped twenty-six feet into a court-yard, unlocked two doors with a spike and a piece of wire, and killed two guards before securing their freedom.

The commissary at Castle Thunder drew all the provisions for that place, Libby Prison and Belle Isle, and the same wagons which delivered at one place delivered at all. For the two years of which Federal prisoners have complained so much, this commissary was a born Northerner, who lived in New England until five years previous to the war. Such are the facts, and they are not all the facts. It was found that he was receiving presents from some of the contractors in Richmond who were furnishing the three prisons, and an investigation showed that he was defrauding prisoners of their rations. When he found things getting uncomfortable for him, he charged the commandant of Castle Thunder with cruelty to prisoners. This charge was investigated by the Confederate Congress, and the finding was that if any cruelty had been practiced, the commissary himself was the guilty party.

It has been asserted by half a score of soldier-authors that a monster blood-hound was kept at Castle Thunder to pursue Union prisoners who might escape from Libby or Belle Isle. It took one whole day to get at the facts of this dog story, but I got them. The dog was brought to Richmond the year before the war on a Russian ship. He was an animal of immense size, being able to eat off an ordinary table, and was used in Polish-Russia to hunt wild boars. He was considered a great curiosity in Richmond, and I traced him through five different owners before he reached the commandant of Castle Thunder. The dog went there because his master did. He was the soul of good nature, and would play with anyone who would notice him. Four of his owners told me that he was never known to bite a person, and as for his chasing prisoners it never happened. It was only at rare intervals that a Union prisoner escaped, and these were speedily intercepted by Confederate pickets or patrol. When the war closed the dog was owned by an old gentleman of Henrico County, (seven miles out of Richmond), named Chilvers. A soldier who had heard of the dog went out to buy him, and failing in this, he took owner and dog North, advertised the beast as the terrible blood-hound used to recapture escaped prisoners, and no doubt made much money, as Chilvers returned to Richmond at the end of seven months with three thousand dollars in greenbacks as his share of the profits, leaving the dog to continue his tour. Sam Ward had one of his puppies, and this was stolen from him and carried North and advertised and shown with the father. Any man can very easily find Ward or Chilvers or a

dozen other Richmond citizens who know the history of every week of the big dog's life from the time he landed at Rocketts.

Among the Federal teamsters in the Castle in 1864, was one Henry Dyer, of Ohio. Instead of fretting himself over his imprisonment, he went to work to develop his genius. One of his several inventions was a railroad switch, Ward furnishing him all the material to make the model. When Dyer left, he was in such a hurry that his invention was forgotten, but one day, twelve years afterwards, he called for it. After a week's hunt it was found in a junk shop on Main street, and the inventor departed in high glee over his success.

One of the occupants of the Castle in the winter of 1864-5 was a Federal named James Hancock, claiming to be a scout attached to Grant's army. He was captured under circumstances which seemed to prove him a spy, and while waiting for his case to be investigated he was sent to Castle Thunder. Hancock was a jolly, rollicking fellow, having wonderful facial expression, and great powers of mimicry. One evening, while singing a song for the amusement of his fellow prisoners, he suddenly stopped, threw up his hands, staggered, and then fell like a bag of sand to the floor. There was great confusion at once, and as some of the men inspected the body and pronounced it without life, the guards were notified of what had occurred. The post-surgeon was called in to say whether it was a faint or a case of sudden death. He had just come in from a long, cold ride, and his examination was a hasty one.

"Dead as a door-nail!" he said as he rose up, and in the course of twenty minutes the body was deposited in a wagon and started for the hospital, to be there laid in a cheap coffin and forwarded to the burying-place. When the driver reached the end of his journey the corpse was gone! There was no tail-board to his vehicle, and thinking he might have jolted the body out on the way, he drove back and made inquiry of several persons if they had seen a lost corpse anywhere.

Hancock's "sudden death" was a part of his plan to escape. While he had great nerve and an iron will, he could not have passed the surgeon under favorable circumstances. On the way to the hospital he dropped out of the wagon and joined the pedestrians on the walk. When the driver returned to the Castle and told his story, a detail of men was at once sent out to capture the tricky prisoner, and the alarm was given all over Richmond. To leave

the city was to be picked up by a patrol; to remain was to be hunted down.

Hancock had money sewed in the lining of his vest, and he walked straight to the best hotel, registered himself as from Georgia, and put in a good night's sleep. In the morning he procured a change of clothing and sauntered around with the greatest unconcern, carrying the idea to some that he was in Richmond on a government contract, and to others that he was in the secret service of the Confederacy. Shortly after dinner he was arrested on Main street by a squad of provost troops who had his perfect description. But lo! no sooner had they put hands on him than the prisoner was seen to be cross-eyed and to have his mouth drawn to one side. The men were bewildered, and Hancock was feeling "for letters to prove his identity," when the hotel clerk happened to pass and at once secured his liberty.

Four days after his escape from the Castle, the scout found himself out of funds, and while in the corridor of the post-office he was again arrested. This time he drew his mouth to the right, brought a squint to his left eye, and pretended to be very deaf. He was, however, taken to the Castle, and there a wonderful thing occurred. Guards who knew Hancock's face perfectly well were so confused by his squint that no man dared give a certain answer. Prisoners who had been with him for four months were equally at fault, and it was finally decided to lock him up and investigate his references. For seven long days the scout kept his mouth skewed around and his eye on the squint, and then he became tired of it and resumed his natural appearance. The minute he did this he was recognized by everybody, and the Confederates admired his nerve and perseverance fully as much as did his fellow prisoners. The close of the war gave him his liberty with the rest, but ten days longer would have seen him shot as a spy.

How the Gun-Boats Passed Island No. 10.

FOOTE could flank Island No. 10 with his light-draught transports, and Pope now had ferriage from bank to bank, but without some of the gun-boats below to protect Pope, that general was liable to disaster. The armed boats must go by the regular channel, and they must run the gauntlet of such a fire as had never before been concentrated upon such a space.

One night about the first of April a band of fifty Federals left the fleet under cover of darkness, bent upon such a desperate undertaking as is seldom planned outside the realms of fiction. Every gun which Foote could disable before his fleet was called upon to push down increased his chances of success, and this little band of men started out with the intention of landing on the main shore and spiking as many guns as possible before being discovered.

The Confederates had a picket-boat out to discover and check any such attempt, but on this night the darkness was intense, the rain was falling steadily, and when the lightning came it was so vivid that men were blinded for the moment. The Federal launches from the fleet passed within a hundred feet of the picket-boat without discovery, and made a successful landing upon the shore. The first guns were planted about three hundred and fifty feet from the water, and the ground around was covered with small bushes, rank grass and weeds, and considerably broken. Between the landing spot and the guns were two or three low spots full of water, and an attack from this direction did not seem probable.

The Confederate sentinels were strung along the ditch in front of the battery, cowering in the storm and hearing nothing but the war of the elements. Had the party of Federals halted and sent three or four men forward, the smaller number could have passed the sentinels and perhaps had plenty of time to spike every gun. But the bolder plan of marching the whole command straight up to the ditch and into it was adopted, and a flash of lightning betrayed

them to a sentinel. His musket had scarcely sounded the alarm before it was taken up all around the battery. Then, in the midst of a furious storm, the thunder making the forest tremble, and the lightning striking trees along the river almost every moment, the Federals dashed into the battery itself. Muskets were cracking and men shouting, and it was a situation to try the nerve of the bravest man living.

Every fifth man in the command was provided with a supply of rat-tail files, to be driven into the vents of the guns and broken off. The Federals had come for a certain purpose — the Confederates could not determine at once what that purpose was, and were naturally surprised and confused by the sudden attack. One writer says that seven guns were spiked; another says five; a third says that only one large pivot gun was disabled. Confederates on duty in the battery at the time agree that four guns were so thoroughly spiked that they were rendered useless for three or four days, or until the broken files could be drilled out.

After the first moment of surprise the Confederates rallied and began an attack which forced the little band out of the battery, leaving three or four dead and as many prisoners. Three or four others were wounded in making their way to the boats, and two who became separated from the command and did not reach the boats were made prisoners next day. It was an exploit full of nerve and daring, but the results were without real value to Foote. Had the entire battery been disabled he was not ready to send his gun-boats down that night, and the attack served to put the Confederates on the watch for his real movement.

If Foote could get two or three gun-boats below the island, he could control the situation. He hoped that a favorable night would enable them to pass without discovery. If discovered, the orders would be to go ahead at full speed and run out of the fire as soon as possible.

The next day after the dash at the battery, a Federal gun-boat was made ready for the adventure. Her preparations were not completed when the Confederates had the news. It was a period of stormy weather and dark nights, and the only precaution they could take was to keep a picket-boat out to discover and signal any movement. Bonfires had been prepared on the shores, but the rain had given them a thorough wetting and rendered them temporarily useless.

The gun-boat selected for the adventure had her vulnerable parts

protected with baled hay, timbers, chains, and hawsers, and was to push through without answering a shot. When all was ready, as a further protection, a barge loaded with hay was made fast to one side and a barge loaded with coal to the other. The hay was piled high and secured with ropes and chains, and the pilot-house of the gun-boat was the only portion of the craft exposed.

It was another wild night when the gun-boat cast loose to run the gauntlet. In addition to the darkness there was again a war in the heavens, and the wind blew in a way to make an uproar in the tree-tops. The Confederates had sentries posted all along the island and shore, fearing another landing by the Federals. It is given as a matter of history that the boat betrayed herself by the soot in her chimneys catching fire. She was discovered by the Confederate picket-boat while still half a mile above the island, and several vain attempts were made to fire rockets to warn the batteries. When these could not be ignited, owing to the terrific rain, the pickets discharged muskets and revolvers and thus gave the alarm.

A canoe floating down that channel in daylight would have been knocked to pieces in a minute. A gun-boat rushing ahead in the darkness was quite another thing. She displayed no lights, fired no guns, and could be seen only when a flash of lightning revealed her situation. Every gun which would bear was fired as fast as possible, not so much in the expectation of disabling the gun-boat as with the intention of deterring the remainder of the fleet from following after. Most of the shot, as afterwards traced, were fired too high. Numbers of line-shots screamed directly over the boat and her barges and flew into the woods, while others plunged into the river so close as to throw water clear over the hay barge. Only three shot from the island batteries hit the barge. One shell entered the hay a distance of eight feet without exploding. A solid shot carried away a part of a bale at the stern. Another shell took a bale off the top and cut a heavy chain in two.

On board the gun-boat not a voice was heard except that of the executive officer. She had to feel her way along by the flashes of lightning and of the Confederate guns, and her progress was not more than half-speed. Had she touched the bottom to hang for only ten minutes the time would have been long enough to concentrate such a fire as would have sunk her.

I was lately conversing with a Confederate officer who was in the torpedo service during the war, and he gave it as his opinion that the channel at Island No. 10 offered the best chance the Confed-

erates ever had of disabling a fleet of gun-boats, but the torpedo was then an experiment and none were to be had. At one spot, for a period of twenty days, the channel was not over eighty feet wide, and four or five torpedoes planted in that narrow space would have meant destruction to anything attempting to pass. There was talk of obstructing the channel with rafts and nets, but nothing was ever done about it.

A night or two after the first boat passed down a second followed. There was no storm this time, and the night was starlit, but she escaped with small injury, although the Confederates were watching for her and worked every gun which would bear. In the first instance, the guns were elevated too much; in the second, she was expected to follow in the path of the first, which she did not, and the guns were depressed too much.

As soon as two of the gun-boats had reached Pope he began a movement which made the Kentucky shore untenable for the Confederates, and their camps were broken up and several regiments made prisoners.

This left General McCall on the island with a garrison so small and so hemmed in that further resistance was useless. The mortar fire of the Federals seemed to improve all at once, and more damage was done by it in twenty-four hours than had occurred before in any week. One bomb which exploded in the midst of a field battery nearly destroyed the whole of it, and several of the great guns were dismounted or destroyed in one night's bombardment.

There were about sixty cannon, twelve or fifteen field-pieces, considerable fixed ammunition and thirty or forty horses on both island and shore. No small arms were captured except as prisoners were taken. What tents and provisions fell into Federal hands were not worth removal.

Finding that he could no longer hold the position even against the fleet, and that he was liable to be attacked by infantry in boats, General McCall surrendered the small remnant of his forces and all the public property in his charge. This opened sixty miles more of the Mississippi to Foote, and he steamed down to find another obstruction at Forts Wright and Pillow.

The Career of the Ram Arkansas.

PERHAPS the construction of the ram Arkansas, together with her brief but astonishing career, furnishes one of the most curious incidents in the history of the Confederate navy. The construction of the ram was begun at Memphis, but her hull had scarcely been launched when it was found necessary to tow it away to a place offering greater security. One Federal fleet had sailed up the Mississippi almost to Vicksburg, while another was pounding away at Fort Pillow, above Memphis, and the skeleton of the Arkansas was towed down the great river and up the Yazoo to be finished. The Yazoo was, for some months, a safe retreat for a considerable number of vessels, Confederate and private, but the Arkansas was the only one which the Federal fleet was troubled about.

After the upper Federal fleet had captured Memphis and the lower one had reached Vicksburg, the Confederates began the work of locking up the Yazoo River. It is a lazy, sluggish stream, its banks low, its bottom a bed of mud and snags, and at that period, when the few plantations up as far as Yazoo City were being deserted and all traffic on the river had ceased, no locality could have presented a more desolate aspect.

The Federals would soon know what was going on up the sluggish stream, and the most active precautions were taken to prevent a visit. Gangs of men were detailed to fell trees and construct rafts at various points, little camps of scouts and sharpshooters were established along the banks, and when the work was declared finished it had been so well done that a Federal gun-boat could not have made her way from the Mississippi to Yazoo City in two weeks' time if allowed to pass unmolested.

The Yazoo being narrow, the Confederates had a great advantage to begin with. There was no rapid current to contend with in placing their rafts, and when one was secured in position it could be depended upon to remain there. In one place in the river, near

its mouth, was an almost solid raft half a mile long, and so secured that a hundred locomotives could not have pulled it apart. All the rafts were of green timber, thus baffling any attempt to burn them out, and the sharpshooters in the woods could have easily picked off any men landing from a craft trying to make its way up the river. The Yazoo was securely locked up, but the Federals consoled themselves with the idea that they held the key. They could blockade its mouth, and, if they could not go up the Confederates could not come down. The Arkansas was powerless as long as she was hidden away up the stream, and if she came down she would find a welcome duly prepared for her.

The men in the camps scattered along the river were sorely tried. There was a weirdness and desolation that checked any enthusiasm. The stream was full of alligators—great, slimy reptiles, which slept in the summer sun by day and fought and bellowed along the banks by night. The chirp of a bird was a rare thing. In place of it was the lonesome scream of the crane as it sailed above the trees, and the angry hiss of the cotton-mouth and mocassin as they found their haunts invaded. The mosquitoes were a plague that at times threatened to drive every camp from the river. Under the dense shade of the banks the pests gave no rest, but swarmed in great clouds and bit with remorseless fierceness. Men who could stand marching and fighting were exhausted by these pests and had to be relieved from their posts. It was expected that the Federals would make attempts to get up the river, but the only expeditions sent out consisted of scout-boats to report on the obstructions.

All things considered, the further completion of the Arkansas was a matter of wonder. A ship-yard had to be improvised, and every spike, bolt, rope, clamp or piece of iron of any sort must be sent away for. The nearest point where any of these things could be obtained was Vicksburg, and the nearest railroad was at least thirty miles away. To finish the ram required nails from one point, bolts from another, iron plates from another, and indeed the whole Confederacy may be said to have contributed.

Had the Arkansas been built at Charleston or New Orleans, and the designs of the draughtsmen carried out, she would have been a much more formidable craft than the Merrimac, and at least the equal of the Tennessee. It was designed to provide her with powerful engines, but after she had been hurried up the Yazoo, Commodore Lynch could find nothing better than the engines belonging to a river steamer. While these would drive the steamer ten

miles an hour, they would not push the Arkansas over four. Her first weak point was in her speed; the second in her roof and plating. There were a dozen vulnerable spots, and those who looked her over carefully when she was ready to sail declared that she would be sent to the bottom by the first Federal gun-boat which came within range. The ram was provided with ten guns, manned by a volunteer crew, and about the middle of July, 1862, was ready to run down the river and make the attempt to reach Vicksburg. She was placed in charge of Lieutenant-Commodore Brown, and he gave the crew to understand that the ram should go to the bottom before hauling down her flag. The crew was then culled over, and such as did not take kindly to this desperate proposition were replaced by others.

Scouts, deserters and negroes had kept the Federal fleet posted in regard to the progress of the Arkansas, and when she was ready to drop down the river her reception was likewise ready. An iron-clad and two rams had run up the Yazoo about a mile to have the first dash at the Confederate, and just below the mouth of the stream the entire Federal fleet, consisting of ten or twelve crafts, was drawn up in a double line. If the Arkansas got into the Mississippi she must run the gauntlet through this fleet, exposed to the full broadside of each ship at short range. There was a determination to destroy her at every hazard, and no one doubted that she would be blown out of water by the terrible fire that could be concentrated upon her.

The iron-clad Carondelet, assisted by the Tyler and the Queen of the West, was waiting in the Yazoo when one morning the Arkansas was suddenly sighted coming down. She had passed the big raft in the night, and the heavy timber along the banks had concealed her smoke until she was close upon the Federals. The fight opened at once and with great vigor. The Carondelet moved up to meet the ram, firing as she advanced, and her two companion crafts opened fire from their bow guns and began a fire of musketry at the port shutters of the ram.

The Carondelet had not fired above four shots when a solid shot from the Arkansas disabled her engines. A second entered one of her ports and killed five men, and in less than ten minutes she had fourteen men killed and wounded and was aground on the bank. It is claimed by the Confederates aboard the ram, and by others watching the fight from the shore, that the Carondelet struck her flag. This issue is avoided by some Federal historians and denied

by others. She was certainly crippled and run ashore, and her two companions were driven down into the Mississippi. Had the trio pulled down their flags in token of surrender, the Arkansas would not have gained a point. Her destination was Vicksburg, and she must reach that point to be of any benefit to the Confederacy. She passed the disabled Carondelet within twenty feet, steaming as fast as she could, and yet not making over five miles an hour, and when she reached the Mississippi she was in plain sight of ten thousand spectators on the bluffs at Vicksburg.

The Federal fleet was ready for her, and the Arkansas was to run such a gauntlet as was never before prepared for a vessel. Orders were given the engineer to give her all speed possible, and the ram took the center of the river and steamed ahead.

The moment the Confederate appeared every Federal gun which could be brought to bear opened fire, and the ram was hit five or six times before entering the lines. When the broadsides were brought to bear the effect was tremendous. It seemed to the crew of the ram as if she was being lifted bodily out of water by the heavy concussions. Her speed was so slow that she was retained under the fire much longer than an ordinary vessel would have been, and the striking shot and shell had every advantage.

When it was seen that the Arkansas was likely to pass through the lines unscathed, her way was blocked, but she did not deviate from her course an inch. The vessels in her path had to move aside or take the chances of a collision with her iron beak. When the ram finally opened fire she had plenty of targets all around her, and her guns were worked rapidly and with telling effect. She entirely disabled another gun-boat, beat off two of Ellet's rams, and paid her compliments to almost every vessel in the lines. The fire upon her never slackened for a moment, and even after she had run the gauntlet she was followed and fired upon until safe under the guns of Vicksburg.

Her escape was a bitter disappointment. She was ungainly, slow, under fire for the first time, and there were not twenty men aboard who had ever before assisted to fire a cannon. Members of the crew were repeatedly knocked down by the concussions, and in two instances became so terrified that they fell down and remained helpless throughout the affair.

The Arkansas was moored to the banks by chains and ropes, her crew reinforced, damages repaired, and then she was ready to take part in the defense of the city. She had run the gauntlet with

three killed and two wounded, and had been penetrated by five or six solid shot, but not materially damaged.

The two Federal fleets — the one above and the other below the city — now planned to destroy the Arkansas at the bank. The one moved down and the other up in the night, and suddenly opened a terrific bombardment against the Confederate batteries, the object being to silence them until the ram could be destroyed. Neither purpose was accomplished. The city was shaken as by an earthquake, and tons of metal were hurled back and forth, but the fleet ultimately withdrew without having accomplished anything. Three or four vessels hurled shot and shell at the ram for more than an hour, and she replied with every gun which would bear, but the conflict added only three or four to her list of killed and wounded, and nothing of account to her damages.

Again, on the night of the twenty-second, the fleets engaged the batteries as before, and Porter made for the Arkansas with the Essex, believing he could strike her a blow which would crush in her side. He approached with a full head of steam on, made a dash for the monster, and struck a glancing blow which run the Essex ashore and secured her a terrific pounding before she got off.

The Essex, however, was to be revenged at a later date. When it was realized what the Arkansas had accomplished, the Confederates determined to use her to recover possession of Baton Rouge. A land force moved to co-operate with her, but from the hour the ram left Vicksburg she was the subject of disaster. First one part and then another of her engines gave out and had to be repaired in a rude way. She ran aground several times, sprung a leak twice, and was once on fire. Just above Baton Rouge her engines were again disabled, and she had to make fast to the bank. While in this condition, the Essex and other crafts advanced upon her and opened a hot fire. The career of the ram was ended. She was at once abandoned, several fires started to consume her, and when the flames were well under way she was turned adrift to go to destruction. The Essex had the credit of her destruction, and the monster which had caused so much anxiety for long months was finally out of the way.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

STUART'S RAID AROUND McCLELLAN.

Stuart's Great Raid.

HAD General J. E. B. Stuart lived to witness the close of the war he would have been the Sheridan of the South. The two men were alike in that personal magnetism which draws brave men to their standards—alike in their courage—alike in their humanity. Both realized that war meant kill, but both sorrowed at sight of brave men lying dead.

Stuart was a born leader of cavalry. Handsome, gallant, brave—he rallied around him a legion of men each one fit to be an officer. Early in the war as his death occurred it carried mourning to the hearts of thousands in the Confederacy.

On the twelfth of June, while McClellan was facing Lee before Richmond, Stuart left the Confederate lines for a raid which was not to be paralleled during the war. The plan was his own, and the consent of the Confederate commander was obtained only after much pressure had been brought to bear.

The intention was to pass to McClellan's rear and destroy his stores of supplies at White House Landing, and if this could be accomplished the Confederates might also count something on the demoralizing effects on the Federal army.

Stuart selected fifteen hundred of the best mounted cavalry and a battery of four field-pieces and left Richmond just before daybreak. He knew every highway, creek, bridge, river and forest on the Peninsula, and he had reasons for believing that he would not encounter any Federal force much larger than his own before accomplishing his object.

Taking the Charlottesville pike, the command rode at a leisurely gait all day along the Federal flank, and that night encamped near Ashland. At daylight next morning the Federal pickets in front of Hanover Court House were driven in upon the reserve, and the few companies were scattered after a ten-minute fight. Quite a number of prisoners were captured here, with about seventy-five

horses, and a number of wagons and a lot of camp-equipage suffered destruction.

Stuart must move swiftly now, and he pushed on to the Pamunkey at a gallop. At Putney's Landing he burned two vessels loaded with Federal commissary stores, and then put the torch to two hundred wagons and a million dollars worth of forage and clothing stored in buildings.

The column then headed for the York River Railroad, and struck it at Tunstall's Station. Preparations were at once made to capture the train expected from the South, in order to prevent the alarm from being carried on to White House Landing, the objective point. The train came up, but the pluck of the engineer carried it through.

As Stuart approached White House he found his path obstructed by a hastily collected force nearly equal to his own in strength, and he was prevented from carrying out his designs, although he destroyed stores of considerable value there. Such a hornets' nest had been stirred up over the roads he had travelled that to return by the same route was to fall into Federal hands.

Stuart proved his great nerve in that emergency. He had made a half of the circuit of the Federal army; he would make the other half — thus making the entire ride a complete circle. Federals were coming up behind, and Federals were gathering in his front, but he had no sooner decided on his course than he swept his path clear and headed for New Kent. From the White House to the Chickahominy he was harassed continually, and signal-flags and signal-cannon kept reminding him of his perilous position.

In moving to the Chickahominy the whole command passed within three miles of McClellan's headquarters, and barely escaped two Federal forces strong enough to have captured or annihilated it. One company crossed the deep river in the darkness by swimming the horses, but rather than abandon his artillery, captured live stock, and prisoners, Stuart delayed several hours in the face of danger and repaired a bridge over which to cross dry shod. Before daylight the whole command was across the Chickahominy, and after picking up the Federal picket on the Charles City Road it entered Richmond without firing another shot, reaching the capitol on the third day of raid.

The captures included one hundred and seventy prisoners, mostly officers; two hundred and sixty fine horses and mules; three Federal flags; about one hundred fine sabres and revolvers, and a lot of

drugs and medicines much needed within the Confederate lines. The destruction footed up three or four million dollars, and the "scare" to the Federal army was something to be remembered for long weeks.

Zagonyi's Charge.

NO war ever furnished more terrific battles—more daring expeditions—more instances of dash and daring than the conflict in America. Chief among the gallant exploits which will live in history is that of Zagonyi's charge near Springfield, Missouri.

Zagonyi was a Hungarian who had been forced to flee from his own country for political reasons. He reached the United States as the war was breaking out, and offered his services to Fremont to recruit and command a body-guard. He was given all authority in the matter, and he personally selected one hundred and fifty men, nearly all of them under forty years of age. He mounted them on the best horses, and each man was armed with a revolving rifle, a keen sabre and two revolvers, and all were soon well drilled in tactics and the use of the sabre.

In the last days of October, 1861, Fremont and his army were within three days march of Springfield. Zagonyi was ordered to take the guard and a company of rangers and scout the country as far as Springfield, to see what Confederate force might be uncovered in that direction.

A few miles from Springfield the rangers were detached to scout in another direction, leaving only one hundred and fifty men to push on to the town, which they were soon informed was held by a Confederate force numbering at least fifteen hundred men.

The approach of the guard had been discovered, and as it entered the suburbs of the town the Confederates were ready for what was to come. They had taken their position on a hill, and to reach them the guard must advance up a long lane, ford a creek, and throw down a strong fence which had just been erected as an obstruction.

Zagonyi had not had a fair opportunity to test the mettle of his men. The hour had come. As a body-guard they had been sneered at. As heroes he would oblige all to admire them.

At the further end of the lane was a body of cavalry. To the right and left, and all along the fences, were infantry. With a few words of encouragement to his little troop, Zagonyi drew sabre and led the way straight up the lane. The Confederates at once opened fire, but not a shot is returned by the guard. It passes the brook—halts to throw down the fence—gallops straight up the hill, and, separating into three squadrons, falls upon the Confederates with sabre and revolver.

In twenty minutes the Confederates are routed. In another half hour the last one of them has been driven out of Springfield and the stars and stripes are flying over the town. Of the one hundred and fifty men who rode to the charge over eighty were killed, wounded or made prisoners, but Zagonyi had dispersed fifteen hundred men, captured a battle flag, forty-two horses, many small arms, and held the town for several hours before setting out at a leisurely pace to rejoin the army.

The Federal Blockaders of the War.

IF the business of blockade-running had its perils and adventures, that of the blockaders was scarcely less exciting. For three long years the blockading fleet was one of the chief weapons in the hands of the Federal government, but it was a weapon which every historian has treated in a manner bordering on contempt. Where one has given naval operations a single page he has devoted thirty to the armies. Take all the Federal histories yet written, select from each what has been said of the navy and its labors, and the extracts would not make a book of four hundred pages. Why this is so I know not, but so it is.

When President Lincoln issued his blockade proclamation it seemed like an empty threat. There was not naval power enough at that date to blockade one Southern port. Those were the days when ship-owners reaped a harvest. The proclamation must be enforced, vessels must be had at any price, and government agents bought recklessly. Ships, brigs, barques, schooners, steamers, and propellers were purchased at any price, fitted up in almost any way, and when the time fixed by the proclamation had arrived, the blockade went into effect. The fleet was a make-shift until other crafts could be built and armed, and while it answered very well to keep up an appearance of blockade, naval officers now laugh at the ridiculous situation. During the first six months of the blockade at Charleston an average of six runners came in and out for every one captured, and it was about the same at other ports. Army operations for the first few months seemed like boys' play, and no great deeds could be expected of a navy so suddenly created and given such a line of coast to watch.

The real blockade may be said to have begun in the spring of 1862. By this time the navy was thoroughly organized for work, many new vessels had appeared, and considerable valuable experience had been gained by numerous officers. From that date to the close of the war there were never less than six Federal blockaders

off Charleston bar, and sometimes the number was increased to fifteen. One day Wilmington might be guarded by two or three vessels, and the next by five or six, and it was the same at Smithville, Georgetown, Savannah and Galveston.

When a blockader arrived on the station, her first care was to discover what forts or batteries defended the harbor, and the range of their guns. The next was to survey the coast and map out the banks, shoals, channels, and to locate beacons and bearings. The Confederates had of course removed all buoys, abandoned all lighthouses, and in many cases had cut down trees which had been familiar landmarks for years. Where it was possible to secure a negro who knew anything of the coast he was paid well and kept aboard.

When a blockader had done all this, her real work had only begun. Plenty of pilots who knew all about Charleston bar in 1860 could tell nothing about it in 1862. New channels had been cut, old ones filled up, and the sea was making changes every month.

The Confederates were not to be shut up without exhausting every effort to prevent such a calamity. Forts and batteries mounting guns of the longest range were erected at the mouths of harbors and rivers, and the blockaders were forced as far off the coast as a cannon-ball would reach. During the day they would remain out of reach of the forts, but as night came on they would creep in and close up to watch for the daring runners.

Each blockader was a sentinel on post. Blow high or low, hot or cold, she must remain until relieved by fresh orders. It happened at least twenty times during the war that the entire fleet off Charleston had to cut loose and run to sea to ride out the terrible gales. There were few days without adventure, and few nights without peril.

As the blockade-runners seldom ventured to make their appearance by daylight, the blockaders would either run in and have a brush with the batteries, or dispatch scout-boats up creeks and rivers. Again, they would stand out to sea to watch for incoming runners, and with them it was eternal vigilance without much liberty to speak of. There was ever a fear of submarine torpedoes or "devils," and after the Confederate cruisers were afloat no one could say at what hour one of them might appear among the fleet. It was known that the Confederates were building rams and iron-clads, and their appearance might be looked for any day.

With the coming of night the vigilance must be increased, and

the dangers were by no means diminished. Every runner that slipped in or out left a stain on the fleet, but men could have done no more than was done. A Confederate captain told me that he made Wilmington one night in a terrible snow-storm, and the night was so bitterly cold that all his crew were frost-bitten. He went into the harbor without sighting a blockader, but there in the channel was a Federal gun-boat at anchor. She could not be passed to port, and on the starboard side the distance from her rail to the beach was scarcely a hundred feet. The Confederate had a light-draught steamer, and he edged up at quarter speed to squeeze through. He passed the gun-boat within twelve feet, and as he passed he saw a look-out with his arms on the rail looking square at him. The Confederate expected an alarm, but it did not come. His craft crept forward like a snail, one of her paddle-wheels almost on the beach, and by and by was out of sight and safe in harbor. As was afterwards learned in Wilmington, the look-out who seemed to be gazing with wide open eyes was a dead man — dead at his post of duty.

While the blockade runners trusted to speed and dodging instead of fighting, there was danger to be apprehended from the desperate daring of nine-tenths of the captains. They often made a dash for it when discovered, and several times off Charleston they rubbed against blockaders in a way to make the splinters fly. A wooden steamer buzzing along at the rate of twelve miles an hour would have sunk the largest iron-clad in the navy if she struck her right.

There were some blockade runners who were thoroughly determined not to be captured, and to fight if cornered. One captain had a spar and a torpedo attached to the bow of his craft, and both were in position whenever he ran in or out of Charleston. His intention was, in case a blockader barred his path, to push straight at her and give her the benefits of the torpedo. Curiously enough, he made seven or eight trips without even being hailed by a blockader.

The first aim of the runners was to get safely in or out. When it was realized that this was impossible, the object was to prevent vessel or cargo from being of any benefit to the Federals. The runner would be headed for the beach, three or four fires kindled on board, and, in the majority of instances, the crews escaped and vessel and cargo were consumed. When the war closed the hulls of at least thirty runners could be counted within ten miles of the mouth of Charleston Harbor.

When a runner headed for the shore, it was out boats and pull for her. Now and then one was overhauled and the flames subdued, but in many cases the boats' crews were driven off by the infantry sent to the spot from the nearest fort.

There was never a single moment in the twenty-four hours that a watch was not maintained. One man, provided with the best of glasses, was sufficient by day, but at night from two to four were on duty, according to the weather. During the first year the runners selected dark or stormy nights for their trips, but later on they could be looked for on any sort of night. Every runner going out halted off Fort Sumter to get the report of the look-out who was maintained there. Every evening before dark this look-out, having the best telescope gold could buy in Europe, noted the position of every blockader. He saw whether they had steam up, took notice of all signals, and if one or more were to leave during the night the look-out generally noticed something to give him the cue. Sometimes the blockaders would change their stations as soon as night fell, but the look-out could often tell what positions they would take, being guided by the tides, currents, and look of the weather.

No soldier on outpost used his eyes and ears more keenly than the look-out on board the blockaders. On a pleasant night the duty was not onerous, but in wild weather, and particularly during the winter months, much suffering was necessarily endured. No man aboard could turn in at night with a feeling of security. He realized that he was likely to be turned out at any moment, and once out there might be hot work with the guns, a pull in the boats, or a chase lasting for hours.

One night in December, 1863, a runner was creeping along down the harbor, in hopes to dodge through the fleet of eight or ten vessels, when all at once an alarm was given in the Federal fleet, quickly followed by the bang! bang! of the great guns. The excitement continued for full twenty minutes, drawing some of the Federals a mile from their first positions, and the runner took advantage of the *furore* to escape to sea. Aboard of her it was believed that some craft, bound in, had been captured, but such was not the case. About eleven o'clock strange fogs began to rise from the water and sail around. Some of the look-outs took the curious shapes for what they were, but aboard of one blockader a fog-bank took the shape of a steamer slowly moving over the water, and an alarm was the natural consequence.

All sorts of schemes were worked to draw the blockaders off the station or give them a scare, and many of these inventions were successful. One night the hull of a vessel was drifted down with the tide and produced the greatest consternation for a time. It drifted down upon a blockader, being almost aboard before it was discovered. All hands were called up to repel boarders, the guns turned loose, and as the "dreaded monster" drifted away the whole fleet took a hand in and finally sent her to the bottom "with every soul on board." It was believed for many hours that a "rebel Merrimac" had been done for, but during the next forenoon a negro made his escape to the fleet in a skiff, and not only revealed the true character of the "monster" but stated that two runners got out during the excitement.

Another plan was to drift a raft down after having set up a couple of sticks for masts; and in one case at least it was so arranged that smoke and sparks issued from a smoke-stack. As soon as the raft was sighted the fun began, and runners were always on hand to take advantage of a change of position by the fleet.

It is doubtful if any blockade ever recognized by the world was more strictly enforced or of more damage to the blockaded. No one expected that it could be made so stringent that nothing could slip through. That was the aim, of course, but the Federals labored under many burdens. In the first place, the Confederates purchased the very fastest crafts afloat. In the next, bad weather was an advantage to them. Again, they would take such desperate chances as dumbfounded brave men. In a dozen instances they came down the harbor at a speed of fourteen or fifteen miles an hour, and plunged straight through the fleet and took the chances. Some were not even hit by the hot fire instantly opened, while others took from three to six cannon-balls into Nassau as relics. Federal history fawns upon the admirals, puffs the commodores, and pats the commanders on the back, but it stops there. There is never a word of praise for the thousands who endured the hardships and braved the dangers of the blockading stations. Indeed, but for an occasional magazine article or a newspaper sketch, the country would have forgotten that we had anything afloat except a few iron-clads.

News having reached the fleet off the mouth of the Chattahoochee River that a schooner up the stream had loaded with cotton and was waiting a favorable opportunity to run the blockade, a fleet of

eight or nine launches was made up and sent up the river, and not only was the valuable schooner captured with a valuable cargo on board, but much damage was caused by burning and destroying. So near had the launches approached the schooner when discovered, that the men who were below were captured. Those on deck had to move lively, and two or three who leaped into the water in their excitement would have been drowned had not the boats picked them up.

In August, 1863, a negro paddled off to the blockader Shockokon, stationed off Wilmington, and gave information that a schooner was lying in Topsail Inlet, seven or eight miles from the sea. It turned out that this was the blockade-runner Cooper, which had slipped in and out three or four times, and would have got to sea again within three or four days had not her presence been betrayed. An expedition from the blockader started out to advance up the inlet from the sea, but was driven back by a battery, the presence of which was entirely unsuspected.

After taking a few days to survey the situation the commander of the blockader one night ran up the coast to a point beyond the spot at which the schooner was lying to load. Between the sea and the inlet was a neck of land a mile wide. Two boats crews were sent ashore, and while one boat was left on the beach, the men carried the other across the neck and launched it, and then seven men started down the inlet to capture the schooner. The Confederates did not dream of such a Yankee trick as this, and apprehended danger only from the opposite direction. The boat's crew of seven approached without discovery, charged and carried the Confederate camp on shore, and in ten minutes had possession of schooner and all, without having a man wounded.

The number of Confederates was about twenty-five, most of them being engaged in the manufacture of salt. There was an infantry camp about two miles away, in which were about one hundred and fifty soldiers, but none of these came up to take a part. The salt works and wharf were given to the flames, and as it was found impossible to get the schooner out she was also fired. The artillery was spiked and the carriages destroyed, and when it came to disposing of the ten prisoners captured a ludicrous incident occurred. Not one of the prisoners would give his rank, and as all were dressed alike the Federal officer selected three of the best looking, whom he thought must be officers, and took them away in his boat, after paroling the others. These three turned out to be privates. At

Savannah I met one of the ten men captured there, and he said that after the boat had departed the paroled men sat down among the smoking ruins and had a good laugh over the trick they had played. The infantry stationed on the neck were in fault for the misfortune. Although pretending to maintain a patrol, they were all in camp and asleep when the schooner was attacked.

It may be a bitter truth for certain people to swallow, but it is nevertheless a solemn fact, that this same schooner ran at least three cargoes direct from New York and Philadelphia into blockaded ports, each time being furnished a cargo by men who were making themselves hoarse by hurrahing for the glorious Union and against traitors.

The Alabama and the Hatteras.

THE career of every Confederate privateer which escaped to sea was full of romance and daring. The idea of privateering came with the outbreak of the war, but it was long months before the Confederate flag was hoisted at sea by a craft designed to prey upon Federal commerce. No sentiment beyond that of adventure encouraged enlistments on board these vessels. A bond given by a captured craft was not worth the paper it was written on. Prizes could not be taken into port and condemned, and the privateer could not load herself down with any of the cargo. Now and then a few thousand dollars in cash may have been captured in the cabin, but it is not on record that the crews profited by it. They were clothed and fed and paid off in money worth ten or fifteen cents on the dollar at home and representing so much blank paper abroad. The natural desire to injure an enemy, coupled with a knowledge that a privateering craft would meet with many strange adventures, kept full crews aboard of all. The loss inflicted on Federal commerce amounted to millions of dollars, and yet it may be argued that the money paid out by the Confederates to inflict this loss would have secured them more benefits in some other direction.

The terror inspired by the famous Confederate cruiser Alabama was well founded. She was not only very fast, but well armed, well found, and commanded by a man who did not know what fear was. Semmes has been slandered and abused because he was a Confederate. He was a gentleman in social life, a competent commander on board his ship, and those who refer to him as a pirate take a silly way of venting their spleen. Jefferson Davis' commissions were as good in the eyes of nations at that date as Abraham Lincoln's, belligerency having been recognized, and the Federal government was one of the powers recognizing this fact. Semmes has been called a coward for capturing unarmed merchantmen. That was the object of his cruising, and he did not make a dollar out of

it where Paul Jones and other naval heroes of our own and other nations made hundreds. If Semmes had not been a brave man, and if there had been any of the skulk in his composition, he would not have challenged the Kearsage to sail outside of Cherbourg and give him a fair fight. He did this calculating on a hard battle, and he fought until the Alabama went down.

One of the quickest and hottest naval fights of the world was that which took place on January 11, 1863, off Galveston, between the Alabama and the Hatteras, the latter being one of the blockading fleet. The statements of three different members of the crew of the Alabama agree in all particulars, and full particulars on the Federal side are given in official reports. The Alabama appeared off Galveston not to run the blockade, as Federal historians hastily conclude, but to attack anything offering her a chance of success. She had a full supply of provisions and ammunition, a large crew, and could have no excuse for desiring to run into port. The hope aboard was to be able to destroy Federal transports, or to come up with a single Federal man of-war.

There were six or eight men-of-war off the bar at Galveston on the eleventh, having previously been engaged in bombarding the Confederate works. The Alabama arrived within sight in the afternoon, her intention being to carefully locate each Federal vessel, and then stand off till dark. It was known all through the ship that when night came down Semmes intended to run in and have a tilt at the entire fleet, but the Alabama had crept in so close that she had been sighted by several of the vessels. Taking her for some blockade-runner which could be easily overhauled, the flagship ordered the Hatteras to chase her.

Nothing could have pleased Semmes more than this movement. He knew the Alabama had more speed than any of the blockaders, and he believed her armament to be equal to any. His object, therefore, was to entice the Hatteras out to sea beyond the aid of the fleet and then have it out with her. A pirate would not have shown his ship to that fleet, and a coward would have avoided a fight.

When it was seen that the Alabama could steam faster than the Hatteras, her engines were slowed down, and tar was consumed to create smoke and give an impression that she was using every effort to make steam and get away. In his official report the commander of the Hatteras said that his suspicions were aroused long enough before he closed in; but, if so, he acted in a very

reckless manner in closing up within two hundred feet of the stranger before hailing, and likewise occupying a position in which he could be raked by her fire.

Having drawn the Hatteras at least twenty miles away from the fleet, and darkness being ready to fall, the Alabama stopped her engines and waited. She had been lying in this position twenty minutes when the Hatteras steamed up within a hundred yards and hailed. The answer stands against Semmes as seeking to secure some unfair advantage at the start. The reply was that the Alabama was the British ship Vixen. In the gloom of the evening, and having never set eyes on the Alabama, the commander of the Hatteras could not dispute the information. He called out that he would send a boat aboard, and the boat was piped away, but before it touched the water the Alabama gave her true name and opened fire.

The advantage, from first to last, was with the Confederate. He was at quarters long before the Hatteras came up, had his broadside ready, with shells timed and men at the guns, and his first fire was a surprise. The Alabama had nine guns—the Hatteras eight, and the advantage of metal was with the Alabama. The first shot from the cruiser, being that from the one-hundred-and-five-pounder rifle-gun, peeled six feet of iron plating off the Hatteras as a man might roll up a map, and went through her side and lodged in the hold. Every one of the first broadside shots took effect somewhere, as the vessels were scarce two hundred feet apart.

Before the Alabama's shots had found resting places the Hatteras was steaming straight at her, determined to come to close quarters and board her. She was not speedy enough to accomplish this movement. The best she could do was to prevent the cruiser from securing a raking fire and fight her broadside on. After the second broadside the vessels drifted so close that muskets and pistols could be used, and the gunners yelled taunts at each other across the water. In fifty-five seconds from the time she was fired on the Hatteras was replying. Inside of two minutes she had increased her broadside by shifting over another gun. In three minutes it had settled down to a hard fight between two men-of-war so close together that a good shot with a revolver could have killed his man every time.

In five minutes from the opening of the fight a shell from the Alabama started a fire in the hold of the Hatteras, and three shells had passed entirely through both sides of the vessel leaving holes

through which a man could crawl. From three to five shells had crashed into the Alabama, one of them ripping open her side, and another tearing up six feet of decking.

In eight minutes the Hatteras was on fire in two places, and the Alabama had been struck ten times, and the ships were so close together at this moment, that one could have tossed an apple from the Hatteras to the Alabama.

Within ten minutes a shot struck the cylinder of the Hatteras and filled her with steam, and the very next missile demolished her walkingbeam. She was still fighting, when the carpenter reported that she could not float ten minutes longer. She was already wallowing from side to side with the water in her hold, and the fight was over. A gun fired to leeward was the signal that she had surrendered, and even before the Alabama had approached, the Hatteras had thrown several of her guns overboard to prevent her going down like a stone.

The Alabama worked rapidly to save the crew of the blockader, and she had scarcely taken the last man off, when the Hatteras went down. Only thirteen or fourteen minutes had elapsed from the firing of the first gun to the surrender, thus making it next to the quickest naval battle on record.

Nothing but shells were fired by either ship, and the damage inflicted in that brief time was appalling. The Alabama was struck twenty-four times, and had from ten to twelve ugly holes in her hull. Over one hundred musket and revolver-shots were fired at her, but not a man was hit. Indeed, she had but one man wounded, and that by an iron splinter from a shell. The shell which ripped up her deck threw two men in the air without disabling them, and a sailor who was knocked overboard by concussion was on deck again within two minutes. One of the last shots fired by the Hatteras struck a gun full in the mouth, tearing off one side of it and shoving the gun and truck ten feet backwards by the force. A shell which exploded among her coal scattered the stuff from end to end of the craft and knocked down fireman and engineers without wounding them. Semmes was ever free to assert that for a vessel caught as the Hatteras was, she made a fight which will ever stand a credit to the American navy. It was the belief on board the Alabama that the first broadside would end the fight.

Never was a ship left in a worse state than the Hatteras. Not a single shot had missed her. Three minutes before the surrender

she had not enough standing rigging left for a sailor to shin up on. Scarcely a whole iron plate was left on her broadside. Some were splintered like pine shingles, and others hung by a rivet or two and trailed in the water. There was one spot above the water-line where a horse could have been led aboard. Her engine-room was a complete wreck, her coal-bunkers torn open and the contents heaved about, and every part of the vessel had been searched by pieces of shell. She struck with her engines disabled, two fires in her hold, her sails useless, her rudder gone, her magazine flooded, three guns overboard and seven feet of water in her hold. The annals of naval warfare for the last hundred years do not furnish a parallel case.

There was no more excitement on board the vessels than if two excursion boats had been approaching each other. Every man was at his station, and he remained there, unless disabled. The fires in the hold of the Hatteras were reported to the commanding officer: "Fire in the hold amidships, sir!" as coolly as if speaking of a boat coming alongside. When the engine room was knocked into pieces and filled with kindling wood, the engineer gravely reported: "Engines disabled, sir!" Even when the Hatteras had less than five minutes to float, orders were issued and obeyed with the utmost coolness.

The same cool conduct was observed on board the Alabama, although the gunners were more inclined to cheer and hurrah. Not a man flinched from his post, and the excitement was far greater after the fight was over. In olden days heroes did not hesitate to lay two sailing vessels broadside to broadside and fire away until one or the other was disabled. In those fights shells were unknown or scarcely ever used, and a sixty-four-pounder was considered very heavy ordnance. This was a fight between two vessels moved by steam, having a dozen vital points, and the projectiles used would have dumb-founded Paul Jones or any other old-time fighter. These monster shells could not be turned aside by a beam less than a foot square. Four and six-inch braces were cut square in two, six inches of solid planking pierced as if it were paper, and iron plates three inches thick were rent into strips or rolled up like a manuscript. So close was the fighting that shells went through both crafts with the fuse still burning and exploded on the surface of the sea beyond.

As stated before, the Alabama had only one man wounded, but

the Hatteras had two firemen killed by the same shell, and seven other men more or less severely wounded. Five or six more were reported missing, and it could not be determined whether they leaped overboard or were in some manner detained on board until the vessel went down.

Some Famous Confederate Cruisers.

THE first and last fights of the Confederate cruiser Alabama were full of such incidents as will be preserved in naval records for long years to come. The manner in which she sunk the Hatteras off Galveston, has placed the affair second only to the quickest naval engagement on record, and her fight with the Kearsarge has been called the fairest fight ever made between men-of-war moved by steam.

The Alabama began her career in June, 1862, and it was closed in August, 1864. Counting out the time spent in ports and for necessary repairs, she did not see over eighteen months of active service. In this time she sailed into every known sea and captured nearly seventy Federal vessels. Out of this number a dozen or so were bonded and released, but the others were given to the flames.

It has ever seemed a curious interpretation of the laws of war that while the government itself recognized the Confederacy as a power, entitled to the rights of belligerents so far as the land forces were concerned, it called the Confederate cruisers pirates. It called them pirates, and yet did not dare try them on the charge, paroling and exchanging them as other belligerents. Again, Europe would give shelter to a Confederate privateer, and yet would not permit one of her prizes to enter a port. England would build the privateers, put the guns and a share of the men aboard, and still refuse to give them shelter in any of her ports, unless in dire distress.

Federal historians have not given Semmes the credit due him in the fight off Cherbourg. He ran into Cherbourg to refit and repair, and the Alabama would have been in dock in twenty-four hours but for the appearance of the Kearsarge. Frenchmen tell this, and Frenchmen, too, who afterwards fought on the Federal side. Semmes says he was short-handed, and a French official who inspected his powder six hours before the fight, told him that he could not depend on it. The bulk of it had been on board five or

six months. Semmes knew the Kearsarge as a stout, well armed ship, commanded by a man who would fight to the last. He was told that her crew numbered one hundred and sixty-two, while his was only one hundred and forty-nine. The Kearsarge could throw more metal at a broadside, and more than a dozen different people warned the Confederate that the Kearsarge had been overlaid with chains to protect her vulnerable parts.

Under these circumstances it would have been no slur on Semmes to have gone ahead with his work of refitting and treated the presence of the Kearsarge with silent contempt. All the advice received was to that effect, and yet he sent Winslow a challenge. He sought no advantages, but realized that all the disadvantages were with the Alabama. It has been written in history that a spirit of braggadocio induced him to send the challenge. Braggarts don't challenge their equal match. If they do, they do not go out to fight. Semmes had been charged with running away from Federal cruisers, and here was the opportunity to give the lie to the story.

So far as the vessels going out to sail round and round and fire into each other until one was sent to the bottom, it was a fair fight. In some things the advantage was with the Kearsarge. Had not the English carried Semmes and others away in the yacht the real merits of the fight would not have been lost sight of in the desire to hurt somebody's feelings. Semmes' friends say he drew the Hatteras out to sea for a fight without knowing her strength, and that he challenged the Kearsarge knowing that the chances were against him. It is silly to deny that he had plenty of bravery, and the title of "pirate" belongs no more to him than to any privateer of the Revolution.

On the other hand, Winslow deserves all praise for his conduct. When he started to cruise for the Alabama he meant to find her. Only a week before entering Cherbourg he had been told that she had a crew of one hundred and eighty men — that she carried four more guns than the Kearsarge — that she had been partly armored, and that she could sink him in a five-minute fight. When he followed her into Cherbourg he was determined to bring on a fight. It came much sooner than he expected, but he was ready. The perfect discipline on the Kearsarge was a great aid in the fight. The first two shots were lost in getting the range; after that every gun was so coolly aimed and fired that every missile struck. On board the Alabama the crew were excited, fired rapidly and wildly,

and most of the shot passed entirely over. Outside of the destruction of the Hatteras, which was a loss of five hundred thousand dollars to the government, the Alabama created damage to the amount of seven million dollars.

The Florida was likewise built of English oak, in an English port, and paid for with Confederate gold. She came out early in 1862, under the name of Oreto. The Federal government made every effort to detain her, suspecting from her build that she was intended as a cruiser. The Oreto was detained for weeks at Nassau, even without a musket or a marine on board, and when released, left for a rendezvous where a sailing vessel was in waiting with crew and armament. The Florida had both steam and sail, and her first commander, a naval Lieutenant named Stribbling, was a perfect dare-devil. He left Havana with only two guns in position and a crew of eight or ten roustabouts, and laid his course for Mobile. He had information that four or five Federal gun-boats were on that station, but he steamed boldly on and reached the coast to find that his arrival had been expected. The entire fleet at once set upon her, but by crowding on all steam and holding her course with shells whistling all around her the privateer made the harbor. She was struck eight times in the hull, her masts were chipped by five different shots and twenty ropes were cut by as many different missiles. Of the crew nearly all were prostrate with some epidemic when the Florida reached the coast, and she dashed through the fleet with only three men working her, and her commander too ill to leave his berth.

At Mobile the Florida was thoroughly equipped for the work intended, and Stribbling having died, she was given a new commander. Having missed her as she ran in, the Federals were determined to catch her as she came out, and orders were issued from Washington to strain every nerve to capture or destroy her. At least two expeditions were planned to cut her out, but for some reason they were not sent off. The fleet was increased, and at night the vessels stood in so close as to be within rifle shot of Fort Morgan. It did not seem as if a skiff could pass through the line of investment, and for two or three weeks after the Florida was entirely ready she did not dare attempt the passage.

The coming of winter brought a gale which obliged the blockaders to haul off and open their ranks, and one dark night the Florida stood out. Sparks from the smoke-stack betrayed the privateer, but so rough was the sea and so dark the night, that she

escaped the fire unharmed. Four vessels at once followed in pursuit and maintained it until morning. Two then returned, and the others followed on until night, the storm not having abated in the least. After dark the Florida changed her course and thus threw the pursuers off the track.

The Florida twice ran within thirty miles of New York, and her tender made captures within cannon-shot of Sandy Hook. It was this tender, commanded by Lieutenant Read, which captured the revenue cutter Cushing in Portland harbor, and was in turn captured while getting out to sea. The Florida destroyed about sixty Federal vessels, worth five million dollars, and bonded six or eight. Her capture was just such an act as was played on the American man-of-war in 1813 by a British vessel—an act which has never been excused nor forgotten. The Confederate had run into Bahia for repairs and supplies, when the United States man-of-war Wachusetts entered the port. This craft had been on the track of the Florida for weeks, and was now determined to capture her at any cost. Instead of waiting outside or sending a challenge for the privateer to come out and make a fight, the Wachusetts took advantage of night and the absence of part of the crew of the Florida and ran her aboard even in the harbor. It has been asserted in English, French and Brazilian newspapers that both commanders had given the Brazilian government their solemn pledge to respect the neutrality of the harbor, and yet the Wachusetts called to quarters without noise, slipped upon her prey in the darkness, and the moment she was sighted she discharged three guns into the privateer. During the excitement which followed, the privateer was run to sea with her captor.

The affair created a great disturbance in official circles, and was settled in a curious manner. The American Consul at Bahia, was dismissed on the grounds that he advised the disgraceful act, although upon his return to the United States he asserted that he advised against the movement.

The Florida was "fixed" to sink at her anchorage so that she could not be returned, and the commander of the Wachusetts was tried by court-martial and recommended for promotion. Had Brazil been a power like England or France, Uncle Sam would not have thought of playing such a trick.

The Shenandoah was another purchase from John Bull, and it being well-known that she was destined for a Confederate privateer, every effort was made to prevent such a consummation. She got

away from England, at last, under the guise of a merchantman, and having been fitted out at an appointed rendezvous, she began a cruise in search of whalers. Her cruising was confined to the cold seas, where the Confederate flag had never appeared before, and every capture was an important one. Inside of three hours she one day captured five whalers, four of which were burned and the fifth bonded that she might be loaded with the prisoners. Her captures footed up about seven million dollars, and several of them were made long after the war was closed. While the war closed in April, the Shenandoah received no tidings of it till midsummer. Her commander should have then laid his course for the nearest United States navy yard and surrendered everything, but he did not do so, much to his discredit as an honorable commander. He headed for England, and the Shenandoah ran into Liverpool with the Confederate flag flying and surrendered to the English authorities. Of course the craft was at once transferred to the Federal government.

The Shenandoah was twice disabled at sea and in great peril, and on one occasion some captured whalers set fire to her in two places at once and came near causing her destruction. She was chased over four thousand miles by different Federal cruisers, but always had luck with her, and escaped.

The Tallahassee was a double-screw propeller which had run the blockade, and was one of the last privateers out. She was fitted out at Wilmington in 1864, and the Confederate Secretary of the Navy was ridiculed on all sides for his purchase. When altered to a privateer and provided with guns she was compared to an old woman carrying a musket. One broadside from the smallest Federal gun-boat would have sent her to the bottom, and there was fear that if she fired all her guns at once she would be shaken to pieces.

In this instance the race was to the swift. It was known that the Tallahassee was in Wilmington and making ready to come out, and the blockaders were on the watch to capture her. When ready to go out she headed for sea and showed such a rate of speed as to astonish everybody. She escaped under a heavy fire and a narrow chance, and within twelve hours made her first capture. As she had only steam-power, and must depend on the coal she could carry, her career was a dash of a few weeks. She destroyed twenty-four Federal crafts during the cruise.

The Chickamanga was the twin of the Tallahassee, and was also fitted out at Wilmington. She was of English build, and ran the

blockade from Nassau with a crew of eleven men. When she approached Wilmington she found seven blockaders on that station. It was just at daylight, and the propeller put back to sea to wait for night or a change of weather. She ran back until out of sight of the blockaders, and up to noon nothing occurred to give her anxiety. Then a brisk gale and a stiff sea set in, and owing to the carelessness of the lookouts two Federal gun-boats, on their way to join the blockaders, were allowed to approach within three miles of the runner and to cut off her escape to sea. In this emergency she headed for Wilmington, and though the alarm was given and she found herself almost surrounded, her speed and the recklessness of her captain carried her into port, though she was hit five times. One Federal shell struck her amidships, crashed through the planks, scattered a box of muskets, passed through the other side and exploded a hundred feet away. Out of the fifty muskets in the box, forty-two were rendered useless beyond repair, by the shell.

When the Chickamauga was ready to run out, having been fitted as a privateer, there were eight or nine Federal vessels on the station. They naturally reasoned that the Confederates would wait for a dark and stormy night to run out, but instead of this the privateer selected a still night, with the stars shining and the water as quiet as a mill-pond, and she ran to sea without a rocket being fired. In two cases she ran within five hundred feet of gun-boats which could have sunk her with one broadside. Her cruise was the briefest of all, but she destroyed seven Federal vessels and added new flame to the excitement among ship-owners.

The Georgia was the only vessel which the French nation sold to the Confederate government during the war, and this was a bad bargain. She was slow, weak and entirely unfit for the work laid out, and was sold after a brief cruise, in which she destroyed eight or nine Federal crafts.

The Nashville, which was no more than a passenger steamer, was the first craft to show the Confederate flag in England. She made one voyage to Liverpool as a privateer and blockade-runner combined, destroying three or four vessels and bringing home a cargo of arms and munitions.

How the Confederates Lost Hilton Head.

"PORT ROYAL will be attacked early in September!" So wrote a Confederate spy in Washington in August, 1861.

It was an early date in the great struggle which made a continent shake, and the Confederate government was scarcely settled down to the momentous work in hand. While it should have strained every nerve to prepare Port Royal for a successful defense, that same apathy which lost New Orleans a year later seemed to sit heavily on the responsible officials. Port Royal was not attacked until November, and yet during the two months of warning scarcely a spade was used, and not a single extra gun mounted.

On Hilton Head, at the entrance of Port Royal Sound, were Forts Beauregard and Walker. One who visits the sites to-day will find things but little changed since the war, and he can see for himself that, aside from location, the forts stood no chance at all against such a fleet as might have been expected to attack, and which finally sailed past each fortification as if they did not exist.

Fort Walker had only twenty guns in all when the attack came, and of these only fourteen would bear on the fleet. A ten-inch Columbiad was the heaviest gun in the fort. Fort Beauregard had twenty guns, the largest of which was a forty-two pounder. In both forts great annoyance was experienced with the powder, and when the fight began much of the fixed ammunition was found to be too large or too small, and was therefore worthless. Neither fort had been completed, especially in regard to shelters for the men, and requisitions for ordnance and munitions had been pigeonholed by the officials at Richmond.

Any attacking force must take the channel between the two forts, which were about two miles apart. At that time the Federal navy had nothing but wooden walls to show against walls of brick and stone and earth. Such guns as Fort Sumter had, and such as

could have been easily secured for Port Royal, would have had a vessel under fire for thirty minutes. At the distance of a mile heavy ordnance would have bored wooden vessels through and through.

Aside from the forts, Port Royal was defended by a Confederate "fleet" of six or eight nondescript craft, on which guns had been mounted, and which were, for convenience sake, called gun-boats. This fleet was under command of Commodore Tatnall. While his title of "commodore" was never justified by circumstances or surroundings, no one could question his bravery nor point to one single instance where he could have done better.

On the fourth of November most of the Federal fleet had gathered in the sound, and Tatnall moved boldly down with his tugs and river steamers and gave battle. Dupont's flag-ship, the old Wabash, could, alone and unaided, have sunk every one of them in fifteen minutes, to say nothing of the other seven or eight men-of-war which had reached the rendezvous. Tatnall fired a few rounds, received a dozen shots in exchange, and concluded not to sink the Federal fleet that day. Again on the fifth he moved down, opened fire, and this time had splinters knocked about his ears before he retreated. After he was chased behind the forts he was not again thought of until after Hilton Head was in Federal possession. Had his fleet been in the way it would have been sent to the bottom to save sailing through it.

Dupont was then a captain and Sherman a brigadier-general, and the latter had his infantry on transports ready to be landed as soon as the former's work was done. The Sound was crowded with the great fleet, and when the hour of attack came fifteen men-of-war and gun-boats moved forward in procession.

On the morning of the seventh of November the Wabash, carrying sixty guns and steaming along like a moving mountain, took the head of the line and fired a shell at Fort Walker as a signal for the attack. Confederate officials had inspected the forts and asserted that they could sink any vessel attempting to sail between. Now came the test. The Confederates were at their guns, reliefs sheltered as well as possible, and infantry stationed at various points along the beach to prevent Sherman from throwing any of his troops ashore.

An elbow of the Sound swept around Fort Walker in such a manner that an engineer had pointed out the possibility of an enfilading fire from a fleet. The possibility was realized but not

provided for. Not one single serviceable gun was mounted to return such a fire, and this was the weak spot speedily taken advantage of by Dupont. He stationed two or three of his light-draught gun-boats in the elbow, and before the fleet had come up to the forts the Confederates were already under two fires.

Confederate officers who stood with glass in hand and watched the advance of the fleet never saw a grander sight in war. There was a deep channel, plenty of room, and after the signal was given each ship kept her course and speed without reference to the fire of the forts. Each craft used her bow guns until she was broadside on, and then there was a crash and a roar which made the whole island tremble. The guns on one broadside paid their regards to Fort Walker, and those on the other landed their missiles plump into Beauregard. There was no lagging or swerving until the forts had been passed. Then the flagship swept around for the return, followed by the entire line, and when they had made the Sound again the forts were as good as won.

Special orders had been given in the forts for the men to fire coolly and deliberately, and for a time the Confederate guns were splendidly served. Then several things happened to distract and discourage the men. Their guns were too light to have any important effect on the fleet. Had there been but one gun-boat, and had every one of the guns been trained upon her, it is doubtful if she would have lost a man. The few shot which fell among the fleet were aimed too high for any serious damage. Two guns in Walker and one in Beauregard dismounted themselves, injuring a dozen men, and the first broadside of the fleet dismounted two or three more. Almost immediately thereafter it was found that the shells were too large for the Parrotts, and out of every dozen shells fired from either fort five would burst short, owing to defective fuses.

The Wabash and other vessels had ordnance which would throw grape-shot as far as the guns in the forts could throw shells, and as the ships delivered their broadsides the Confederate gunners had to fall flat to escape the iron hail. Time and again the entire garrisons were driven to cover, and a number were wounded while behind the best shelters afforded in the fortifications. For every twenty minutes in which Fort Walker was engaged, it had a gun disabled or entirely destroyed, and out of the nineteen or twenty guns in Beauregard, ten were found useless when the Federals took possession. In this latter work eleven men were wounded by one shell from the Wabash.

The fire from the gun-boats in the elbow soon began to tell. There being no sea on and the distance short, every shot was fired with perfect aim. Men working the guns on the channel side were killed and wounded by this enfilade, and it had the effect to throw the whole garrison into a panic. One shell thrown from the elbow dismounted a sea-face gun, wounded three men, and flung gun and carriage together off the wall. The thirty-eight guns in the two forts had been reduced to thirty in the first half hour, and of these only twenty-two could be trained on the fleet, from which seventy-five guns pitched shot, shell and grape with a vengeance that left innumerable scars.

From the time the first gun was fired there was no cessation on the part of the fleet. For about four hours the vessels sailed in an almost true circle, giving one fort a broadside on the way up and the other a broadside on the way down. At half-past one o'clock it was determined to evacuate Fort Walker. Every part of the work, even to the powder magazine, was exposed to the Federal fire, and not more than five guns were in working condition. The decision to evacuate produced something of a scare, and the men were hurried out so fast that not a gun was spiked nor a thing destroyed. On the wharf near by was a lot of ordnance and quartermaster's stores which could either have been removed or dumped into the water. All were left for the Federals. One of the last shots received from the fleet before the evacuation blew up the hot-shot furnace of the fort.

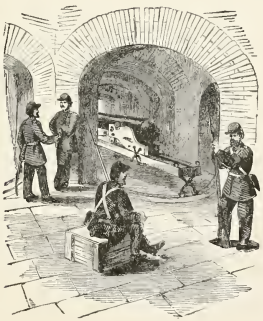
Dupont's attack was made just in time to cut off a large reinforcement for this fort, and as a consequence the garrison was too weak to handle the guns at their best and keep it up. While there was no enfilading fire, the direct fire of the fleet soon began to knock things to pieces, dismount guns, and drive the garrison to shelter. Before the vessels had made the third circuit it was realized in Fort Beauregard that evacuation or surrender was a question of only two or three hours.

At a proper crisis in the fight, Sherman began feinting as if he intended to land troops, and this settled the question with the Confederates. There were not over three thousand available troops to oppose a Federal infantry demonstration, and the respective commanders of the forts were afterwards officially congratulated on their generalship in saving the garrisons, both of which, with the exception of a few prisoners, were safely landed on the main-land.

It was a curious contest in all points. There was no excuse why

the forts were not completed. There was no excuse why heavier guns were not mounted. Nothing but shiftlessness prevented both being fully garrisoned and provided with proper shelters. Not more than one missile out of every fifteen hurled from the forts came within ten feet of a vessel. An efficient commander would not have been caught with shells too large for his best guns, nor with fuses which would not ignite.

On the other hand, while the Wabash alone could have whipped both forts, a grand Armada was sent down. Sherman could have landed and captured every Confederate, and yet his orders were against it. A few hulks would have obstructed the channel, and a few torpedoes added would have kept the fleet out; but neither hulk nor torpedo was thought of.



The Panic at Nashville.

IF a whole brigade of a veteran soldiers lose their courage and rush for the rear in a panic because of a change of position by a battery, what can be expected of the citizens of a town who feel themselves at the mercy of an advancing army?

When the Confederate army fell back from Bowling Green to Nashville, and was immediately forced to continue the retreat to Murfreesboro, the capital of Tennessee was left defenseless. Had the state and city officials been men of nerve and less fearful of falling into Federal hands, a citizen patrol would have been organized as soon as the Confederate rear-guard left, and order could have been preserved until the hour came for a surrender to the approaching Federals.

Instead of taking any such steps, everybody lost their wits. Governor Harris was among the first to go. Instead of remaining at his post to enforce law and order and protect the women and children from violence and robbery, he hurried away in hot haste after the Confederate army, and advised all others to follow.

The Legislature was in session and all courts open, but everybody was panic-stricken within an hour, and such a reign of terror, confusion and plunder was initiated as no other Southern city passed through during the war. Before either branch of the Legislature could adjourn in a formal way, members were travelling at a rapid gait for the depots and steamboat landings.

Lawyers who were pleading cases clapped on their hats and walked out of the court-rooms, to be closely followed by judges, jurors and clerks, and within a few hours not an official, state, county, or city could be found in the place. The flight of the officials set afloat the most exaggerated stories of what would happen when the Federals arrived, and common sense soon deserted the people. Such as had conveyances of their own hurried away with such valuables as they could easily pack up, and others hired vehicles at the most extor-

tionate prices to convey them a few miles into the country. Those who could not afford to hire started off on foot, singly or in squads, leaving everything behind and glad to escape with their lives.

Along towards night, General Floyd, with a few thousand men, sneaked into Nashville under the supposition that it was still in the hands of the Confederates. When he discovered that it was deserted, he halted only long enough to rest and refresh his men, and then pushed on again. No sooner had he left than the lawless element took possession of the place and held high carnival. Stores and shops were broken open and plundered, incendiary fires started, and from the disreputable neighborhoods there was a rush of both sexes into the heart of the city to riot and loot.

For several hours the city was in the hands of the lawless and was given up to plunder. It made no difference to them to whom the property belonged, and when the plunder of private shops and houses was finished, they turned upon the Confederate government stores and stole and destroyed to the extent of two or three million dollars.

Many citizens defended their property with rifles in their hands, and many of the half-drunken, half-crazed plunderers fought among themselves, and thus it occurred that more than a score of dead were lying in the streets when the Federal advance rode in. The first move was to rescue the city from the mob, and as almost every man showed fight and was determined to hold on to what he had got, the orders to the cavalry were to ride them down and use the sabre. In half an hour after they began work the streets were cleared and the city quiet. Had their coming been delayed two hours more, the city would have been given up to the flames, as preparations were making in half a dozen localities to start destructive fires.

The Peril of an Army.

IN the summer of 1862, as Bragg advanced into Kentucky and the Federal forces were pushed back, a Federal army of ten thousand men was left uncovered at Cumberland Gap.

The position had been captured several months previously, with the design of using it as a base from which to advance on several Confederate strongholds, and its great natural strength was added to by fortifications and heavy cannon.

When Bragg began his advance General Morgan, in command at the Gap, had plenty of ammunition and a fair supply of forage and provisions, but one of the first moves made was to cut him off from his base of supplies. The Confederate plan was to force him to evacuate the place, but when it was seen that he was in no haste to take this step it was resolved to capture his entire force.

As soon as his lines of supplies were severed, Morgan asked Halleck, then commander-in-chief, for instructions, adding his own views of the importance of holding the Gap, and promising to hold out against any force if he could be provisioned. Halleck ordered him to hold on, but it cannot be found on record that he ever raised a finger to get provisions to the Gap, nor did he send instructions to be obeyed in certain contingencies.

By the latter part of August, Morgan had scraped the country for twenty miles around clean of forage and provisions, and had been obliged to put his army on half-rations. He had a Confederate force on either side of him, but his mail-carriers still reached the outer world. Halleck knew just the situation, but he sent no orders. He knew of the forces closing in on that little army, and he knew that it must surrender if not ordered to fall back or if it was not reinforced, but Morgan was left to work out the problem alone.

When the daily press of the North learned the situation and raised a storm of indignation, Halleck sought to exonerate himself, but at the same time left Morgan in the trap. It was then too late

to instruct him in any movement except surrender, and it seemed as if Morgan's fate was sealed.

"I have the Federal General Morgan and his army safely bagged in Cumberland Gap, and will make prisoners of the entire crowd."

So telegraphed Bragg to the Confederate capital, and there was only one who doubted that the boast would be made good. That man was General Morgan. Fully realizing that Halleck's incompetency was offering him up as a sacrifice, he determined that surrender should never come.

For thirty days his troops had little besides flour and meat, while forage was so scarce that the horses and mules constantly gave voice to their hunger. Early in September every man realized that either surrender or retreat must speedily come. He then had a Confederate army on either side of the Gap, a third moving to cut off what seemed his only line of retreat, and various detached commands moving to complete a circle around him. Front and rear and flank he was being hammered at night and day, and almost every day he was being summoned to surrender and end the helpless struggle against fate.

The hour came when Morgan had to answer the query: "Surrender or retreat!" He decided on retreat. The route to the north was menaced by detached commands, and it was one hundred and ninety miles to the Ohio River by the shortest route, but it was the only way out. The men could not take even half-rations of such provisions as they had, and the way to the north was over hills and mountains and stony fields—a country which could not yield enough for the wants of a single regiment.

On the sixteenth of September the first trains were sent away, the wagons being empty. Morgan had decided that nothing should be left which could benefit the Confederates. As soon as the train was under way men began to mine into the sides of the Gap at various points, and all the clothing, spare arms, and ammunition were gathered together and so placed that fire and explosion must destroy them.

The siege guns which had been hauled up the mountain, by tremendous labor, were spiked and dismounted, the mines loaded for explosion, and trains run from storehouses to magazines. All the field-pieces were to go with the army as far as the skeleton horses could drag them.

By night of the seventeenth the entire army had left the Gap, a single company only remaining behind to carry out the work of

destruction. While the Confederates had no suspicions of what was occurring, they were impatient to possess the place, and the Federal pickets were withdrawn under a hot fire. When the torch was applied to the store-houses and the various mines and magazines exploded, Cumberland Gap was such a wreck of war as human eye has seldom looked upon. Overhanging cliffs were toppled down into the narrow highway, completely blocking it up at several points, while the country for miles around was lighted by the roaring flames.

The main magazine contained six tons of gunpowder. When the explosion came the whole mountain shook and trembled as no earthquake will ever cause it to do, and Confederates a mile away were flung down in their tracks. Some of the pickets had crept up to see what the flames meant and the explosion lifted them off their feet and dashed them senseless on the ground. Large pieces of rock were hurled a distance of a mile, and quite a number of Confederates were killed by the flying *debris*. It was evening of the next day before it was safe to approach the spot, and even two days later men were killed there by exploding shells.

From the seventeenth of September to the third of October that little Federal army was pressing on to the north, its rear harassed every mile of the way—its flanks attacked at every cross-road. There was not an hour in the day when its path was clear of cavalry and bands of guerrillas, and hardly an hour in all the long days that death was not reducing its numbers. Men were reduced to live on parched corn and roasted potatoes—horses and mules to forage on the under-growth. There were marches of twenty miles at a time when water was not to be had, and Morgan was constantly delayed by the obstructions placed in his path by detachments who hoped to hold him until the Confederate armies could come up and close in.

Strangely as it may read, that brave and indomitable man brought his army to the Ohio with the loss of less than one hundred men, while he did not leave behind him a piece of artillery or a single wagon, nor did the Confederates reap one dollar's profit from his evacuation of the Gap. The North greeted him as a hero—Bragg spoke of him as a brave and gallant soldier. It was left to Halleck alone to insult him. He ordered an investigation, and bestowed censure where others lavished praise. However, when Morgan demanded a court of inquiry Halleck dared not grant it, but covered it up and smoothed it over until the public let the subject drop to discuss the further exciting events of war.

The Slaughter-Pen at Corinth.

ROSECRANS had fought Price at Inka and then fallen back on Corinth. In the last days of September, 1862, Price, Van Dorn, and Lovell joined Confederate forces, and Rosecrans realized that the combined force meant to attack him.

He was helpless to hold his lines of communication, and the Confederates were moving with such celerity that a battle would be brought on before Federal reinforcements could come to his aid. Rosecrans' strength was but little above twenty thousand men—that of the Confederates above thirty thousand.

The Federals had two or three days to prepare for the coming struggle, and the time was employed in throwing up earth-works and taking the positions assigned. Beauregard had fortified extensively while in possession of Corinth, and now his earth-works, or a considerable portion of them, were used by Rosecrans in making his position impregnable.

Why the Confederate commander should have marched in on Corinth from the direction he did has never been explained. He approached from the right quarter to find the strongest works in his front, and instead of separating his force and attacking from three different points, as could easily have been done, with the promise of certain disaster to the Federals, he massed the entire army on Rosecrans' front.

On the third of October, as the Confederates approached Corinth, Rosecrans threw forward a force of infantry and maintained heavy skirmish fighting during the day, in which the loss on both sides was quite severe, but at night-fall the entire Federal force was penned up in Corinth. During the night the Confederates massed along the whole front, and commanders received orders to have their men ready for desperate work at daylight.

The Federal center rested on the highway running from Corinth to Pittsburg Landing and Shiloh, with the right resting on a ridge

commanding this and the Purdy roads. The left rested on newly erected batteries, with natural cover to baffle any flank movement. The entire front for a space of from a quarter to half a mile was practically open ground.

The fighting on the third must have betrayed to Van Dorn the exact disposition of the Federal force, with the number of earthworks and their relative strength. He was pretty thoroughly posted as to Rosecrans' strength, and he was also well satisfied that he could not be reinforced within twenty-four hours.

No reason has ever been advanced for not making a detour with one of the commands and seizing the highways in rear of the Federal position and making a rear attack. Van Dorn had the men to spare, knew every rod of the country, and the Federal commander expected just such a a movement to be made.

Day is just breaking.

There is an ominous silence in the woods in front of Rosecrans, and the men within his lines speak in low tones and move about in a nervous way. Horses and mules have been given their feed, but they stand with heads high in the air, ears working nervously, and their eyes betraying a feeling of apprehension and peril.

From daylight to sunrise Van Dorn is massing. As the railroads from Memphis and from Columbus enter Corinth they form an angle in which ten thousand troops can be massed and have the shelter of the forest to hide them from Rosecrans' center. Van Dorn here masses a living wedge to drive against one of the strongest positions ever seen in war.

It takes time to get these men in position, and it is after eight o'clock when the commands of Van Dorn and Price move out of the woods.

They are coming in columns of divisions, guns at the right-shoulder shift, and the step the same as if marching on or off parade.

There are four redoubts in front of the Federal center—a line of rifle-pits—an abattis to halt men in the face of death. No sooner is the first gray line clear of the woods than the Federal artillery opens. It is scarcely rifle-range, and the dense columns offer targets which the gunners cannot miss.

Crash—crash—shot and shell and grape eat gaps in the gray lines—shatter heads of columns—burden the earth with dead and wounded, but the Confederate bugle continues to sound the "Forward!" and the lines to advance.

It seems as if every Confederate had his eyes on that one point held by Davies' thin division, and, though scores must die, no one will halt or turn back. It is on—on; and now the Federal infantry have them within range. Gaps are opened again—lines are almost annihilated—officers are left standing alone, but the living rally with cheers and dash straight at Davies and over him.

That rolling wave, which even death could not stop, wipes Davies out in a moment, and in five more has possession of Rosecrans' head-quarters. If this gap cannot be closed and held the battle is lost.

Hamilton brings up his division, every man of whom has smelled powder in battle before, but they are hurled to the right and left, and the Confederates rush upon Richardson's guns. These guns are the key to the Federal center. Once—twice the gray wedge is beaten back—shattered—almost annihilated, but the living rush up as if death had no terrors, and a third charge carries them over the guns.

For five minutes Rosecrans sees defeat and disaster. Then one single regiment saves him. The Fifty-sixth Illinois, numbering about eight hundred men, has been posted in the bed of a dry creek to prevent Richardson being flanked. Its colonel is the man for the emergency. Picking up his regiment he hurls it to Richardson's rescue. There is a terrific shock—a mob of blue and gray whirling round and round, and the Confederates are pressed back broken—routed.

It was murder to lead them against that Federal center—it was a cool sacrifice of a thousand lives to push them over Davies while Van Dorn's command had not yet approached near enough to distract Federal attention from that one spot.

Van Dorn had moved down on the Federal left, intending to attack simultaneously with Price. Owing to the broken nature of the ground his troops could not move with the same speed, and it was only after Price had been hurled back in disorder that he was ready to strike his blow.

It was to fall upon a rock. He had the strongest of all the Federal earth-works in his front, and another on his flank, and there were the same murderous rifle-pits—the same terrible abattis to be encountered. Had he withdrawn his command after seeing Price hurled back, his fame as an old soldier would not have been tarnished. But he would not turn back.

It was the same as in the center. As soon as the heads of col-

umns broke cover every Federal cannon poured in its murderous fire, and added to that in front was an enfilade which could not be escaped.

And, as in the center, it was forward—forward—over the abattis —up to the rifle-pits—up to the blazing cannon—hundreds falling—hundreds living to press on.

At the ditch before Fort Robinette the Confederates paused for a moment to close up and take breath, and as they made a rush over the ditch at the slope the Federal infantry rose up and fired a volley which mortal man could not face. But, as the Texans were swept away, seven out of every ten men dead or wounded, a second command moved up to take the same fire—to cross the same ditch, and to fight with bayonet and clubbed musket on the walls of the fort.

Rosecrans could spare troops from his center, and they had to move less than two hundred yards to enfilade the frenzied, desperate mob seeking to enter the fort. Riven, shattered, decimated twice over, the Confederates were swept back to the woods, and the hurricane had passed.

The battle had lasted hardly more than an hour, but the whirlwind of death had left its path strewn with more dead than war had ever seen on such a short front. The Federal loss, sheltered as all the troops had been, was above fifteen hundred, while in front of the lines five thousand Confederates lay wounded or dead—the greater portion dead. In addition to this, the Federals captured above two thousand prisoners, fourteen battle-flags, and a large number of muskets.

War will never record an instance where soldiers more willingly pressed forward to slaughter, or where the repulse was more emphatic and bloody. The Confederate army was nearly paralyzed by the blow. Its escape from destruction, as McPherson took up the pursuit next day, would not have been accomplished, but for the nerve and strategy of Van Dorn.

The Blockade Runners of the War.

THE great majority of Northern people treated the blockade-running business during the war as a matter affecting only private individuals, and had no idea of its perilous risks and immense losses and gains. As a matter of fact, the Southern Confederacy could not have existed two years but for its blockade-runners. While private enterprise kept these ships afloat, the Confederate government was the backer, inasmuch as it stood ready to purchase whatever it could use, and that at prices which could hardly be credited were they not matters of historical record.

The South made two serious blunders in the very beginning of the war. The first was in contending that sea-ports like Charleston could not be successfully blockaded, and the second was in not running everything out of the Confederacy which could be spared, and which would bring money, before the blockade was a fixed fact.

It seems incomprehensible that the two sections did not better understand each other when the war broke out. The North did not believe the South could raise one man where it raised six. It did not believe they could feed armies, build war-ships, manufacture arms, or do much they did do. On their part, Southerners did not believe that Northerners would seek a battle. It was the idea up to the very last day before Bull Run that the Federal government would back down. It was well known that it had no navy of importance, and Lincoln's blockading proclamation was greeted with derision. Some of the supposed wisest men in the South declared that a blockade was simply impossible, owing to natural causes, while others clung to the belief that Europe would prevent it. The general idea of landsmen was that a blockading fleet must be anchored in line across a channel, the vessels so close together that nothing could pass, and as a consequence public speakers talked about fire-rafts, powder-ships, and other absurd plans of driving the blockaders away. It was even figured that it would

take one hundred and twenty-eight Federal craft to blockade Charleston. One speaker, at a public meeting in Wilmington, admitted that a blockading fleet might be of some service in the day time, but when night came the sailors might go to bed for all the good they could do. He offered to keep Wilmington Harbor clear of them if his fellow-citizens would furnish the pine-knots to make fire-rafts. It was only when too late that the Confederacy saw its mistakes. The blockade closed in upon its ports with millions of dollars' worth of corn, sugar, cotton, and tobacco locked up. After that it must take its chances of running the blockade.

The headquarters of the blockade-running business was at Charleston. During the war ten vessels ran in and out of Charleston to one entering any other port. A score of rich firms in that city entered into the business simultaneously, attracted by the large profits and encouraged by the government; and it was at Charleston that Major E. Willis was stationed as purchasing agent of the Confederate government.

The war began in April. By September every Southern merchant had sold out his old stock, and must henceforth depend on Europe. It was then that prices leaped to such figures as astonished everybody, and were quoted at the North as evidence that the Confederacy was staggering. And yet Lee was in his glory as a successful general when those prices had advanced from five hundred to one thousand times. Any woman who bought a paper of pins in the fall of 1864 remembers that they cost from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five dollars in Confederate money.

The South had very few vessels fit for blockade-running, but she had money to buy with, and agents were kept in Europe to pick up the sort of craft wanted. Some of the most successful vessels were sailing craft, but after 1862 the great majority were side-wheel steamers and propellers. Where the latter approached the speed of the former she was taken in preference. After the first year the business was reduced to something like a science. In the first place, all the steamers were provided with smokeless coal, and this was always a great point in their favor. In the next place, the color of the craft was found to be a very important matter. After many experiments it was found that a white tinged with blue was the best that could be adopted. Runners thus painted have approached within a thousand feet of a blockader at night without being seen, and have rested half a day within a few miles of an entire fleet. Everything was painted this one color, so that there was nothing for

the eye of the look-out to catch. If he saw the steamer at all, she was simply a haze or blur in his eyes. After it was found that the water churned up by the wheels sometimes betrayed the craft by its phosphorescent gleam, arrangements were made to prevent it, generally by floating a sail behind the wheel. Men even came to count the chances of capture and escape as coolly as they figured the cost of cloth.

The profits were enormous. A suitable craft could be purchased in Europe for sixty thousand to one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and as a rule one successful trip would clear her cost. To show what the profits were, Major Willis once sent out a bale of cotton worth four hundred dollars in Confederate money. At Nassau it was exchanged for a barrel of borax, which he sold in Charleston for four thousand dollars in the same currency. Again, he sent out a bale of Sea Island worth six hundred dollars, and received a bale of women's veils, which brought him thirteen thousand dollars. Merchants who bought English cloth at fifty cents per yard had no trouble in disposing of it at home for seven and eight dollars. A pair of boots costing two dollars, brought ten and twelve dollars in Charleston. Tea which could be had in Nassau for forty cents per pound, brought from fourteen to twenty dollars in the South.

If the owners made well, the men who assumed the perils were by no means neglected. The wages of the common sailors were doubled and more, and paid in gold. Many captains bargained by the trip. If successful in making the round trip, they received from three thousand five hundred to five thousand dollars in good English gold. Outside of this sum, each captain was permitted to carry one bale of cotton each trip on his own account. As nothing was said about weight, they had two and three ordinary bales compressed into one, and often made fifteen thousand dollars out of their speculation.

Whatever the Confederate government needed had to come this way, and it paid the same prices as individuals. The runners brought in cannon, muskets, ammunition, boots and shoes, cloth, uniforms, equipments, tents, sabres, medicines, etc., and it was only in this way that the Confederate armies were kept in the field. The same number of states, geographically situated like Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin, would not have held out so long. Stringent as was the blockade, it was never close enough to entirely stop the business. With twenty-four Federal vessels off the bar at Charles-

ton, a Confederate steamer made that port without receiving a shot. A pilot to be depended on, and a night such as the runners prayed for, would take a vessel out or in, no matter how alert the blockaders.

Necessity and avarice were the main inducements to carry on the trade, but in making up the crew of the vessel many a man volunteered his services more for the love of adventure than any other reason. It was a business in which every man took his life in his hand, and he so understood it. An ordinarily brave man had no business on a blockade runner. He who made a success of it must have the cunning of a fox, the patience of a Job, and the bravery of an Spartan warrior. Uncle Sam wanted at first to treat them as pirates, and was never satisfied to consider them contrabandists. The runners must not be armed, and must not resist. The only privilege accorded them when discovered was to outrun pursuit if they could, and scores of them were remarkably successful in making the most of this privilege. In a stay of ten days in Charleston, I had the good fortune to meet a round dozen ex-captains of blockade-runners, and was thus put in possession of many particulars never given the public in print. The history of the business, written alone and detailing the adventures, perils, escapes, and mishaps of the five hundred vessels engaged from first to last, would be the most interesting volume of the war.

When Uncle Sam realized that England was willing to sell whatever the Confederacy would buy, a sharp watch was kept upon everything landed or loaded at Nassau. In some cases the Federal agents were bribed with gold, and in others the goods wanted were passed under their very noses without being suspected. Four weeks previous to the battle of Shiloh, the steamer Kate ran the blockade at Charleston and arrived safely at Nassau. Twenty thousand English muskets, already paid for, had arrived, and a part of them were unloaded. The boxes were marked "hardware," and two hundred dollars so blinded the customs officer that he saw spades and shovels where he might have seen gun-barrels and stocks. Scarcely any effort was made at secrecy, and the Kate sailed away unquestioned; landed the arms in the Confederacy, and they were speedily in the hands of the Confederates confronting Grant. That supply of arms brought about that battle. One cannon-ball from a Federal cruiser fired into the Kate would have had a mighty bearing upon the campaign in the West.

There never was a time from first to last, no matter how thick

the Federal spies, that the Confederates could not obtain full cargoes at Nassau. It was a trick of the Federal cruisers to lie in wait for the runners coming out, so that the craft practically had to run two blockades to reach a Southern port, and from the moment of leaving Nassau the dangers thickened.

Just before leaving Nassau, one evening in 1863, the captain of the blockade-running steamer Southern Cross received information that two Federal cruisers were lying in wait for him about twenty miles off the coast. In consequence of this news he ran to the right of the usual track about ten miles to avoid them. The Federal commander suspected that their presence would be known in Nassau, and therefore ran to the left of the track.

The runner was fifteen miles at sea when night fell. Every light was put out, the speed was slowed down, and every man aboard was cautioned to be absolutely quiet, no matter what occurred. The firemen opened barrels of tar to be prepared for a sudden call for increased speed, and the steamer crept forward in the darkness. Owing to her color, she could not be seen a quarter of a mile away on that night, and there was enough wind and sea to drown the noise of her paddles. All of a sudden, as the runner crept forward, the look-outs sighted one of the cruisers dead ahead and advancing. The steamer sheered to port, but in five minutes the other cruiser was sighted, and she found herself between the two. Her engines were stopped, and the vessel floated quietly before the wind. The chances were that she would not be discovered, when an Irish deck-hand, who had been without a smoke as long as he could stand it, filled his pipe and struck a match. The flame, tiny as it was, betrayed the steamer. The cruisers signaled each other and at once opened fire. The shooting was guess-work under the circumstances, but it was good guessing. The very first cannon-ball carried away the ornament on top of the pilot-house, and the second smashed ten feet of deck railing. The blockade-runner at once started ahead at full speed, all the time under fire, and as she ran away she passed within a hundred feet of one of the Federal ships. A solid shot, fired from this distance, passed through the runner just above the main deck, and another grazed her bow, and the Federal commander hailed: "Heave to or I'll sink you!" There was every show that he had it in his power to do so, but the runner steamed ahead, and after an hour's chase, accompanied by a constant fire from the big guns, she gave the cruisers the slip.

One of the most valuable cargoes ever reaching a Southern port

was that of the steamer Sumter. She was well known to the Federal blockaders at Charleston, and upon receiving this cargo she made direct for Wilmington. There was a blockading fleet of five or six vessels there, and the Sumter came in sight of it in the morning. Paying not the least attention to their signals or movements, the steamer hoisted the American flag and ran steadily in. The boldness of the movement so astonished the fleet that not a gun was fired until the runner was out of range. It was the first and only time that such a bold trick was put in practice, but the blockaders felt sore over it for years.

The cargo consisted of arms, ammunition, clothing, cloths and medicines, and not the least important articles were two monster Blakely guns. These guns were so large and unwieldy that they were loaded with their muzzles sticking up through the hatchways. The great blockade-running house of John Frazer & Co. purchased the cannon in England and presented them to the Confederate government. The work of unloading them at Wilmington and conveying the monsters to Charleston by rail and placing them in battery on the esplanade, was accomplished by Major Willis, then Beauregard's quarter-master. Had the fleet captured the Sumter, and nothing would have been easier had her true character been suspected, the South would have been the loser of at least eight million dollars, and a whole army corps would have lost the guns, tents, batteries and ammunition intended for it.

As to the encouragement given by the Confederate government, it will be made plain by the statement that it purchased from first to last, perhaps two hundred million dollars worth of goods. Major Willis made one purchase in 1863 amounting to seven million five hundred thousand dollars, and it was no uncommon transaction to pay a bill footing up from three million to five million dollars.

Below is given the name of nearly every vessel which ran in or out of Charleston, together with the name of the captain and owner. From this list it will be seen that an immense capital was invested in the business, and to what an extent the Confederacy was benefitted:

NAMES.	OWNERS.	CAPTAINS.
Steamer Gordon	J. Fraser & Co	T. J. Lockwood.
Steamer Antonica	J. Fraser & Co	L. M Coxetter.
Steamer Margaret and Jessie	J. Fraser & Co	R. W. Lockwood.
Steamer Pet	A. R. Chisolm and others.	Foley.
Steamer Calypso.	Consolidated Co	Black.
Steamer Ella and Annie	Bee Co	Carlin.

NAMES.	OWNERS.	CAPTAINS.
Steamer General Moultrie	Ravenel & Co	Tilton.
Steamer Hattie	Collie & Co	H. S. Lebby.
Steamer Fox	J. Fraser & Co	Brown.
Steamer Badger	J. Fraser & Co	D. Martin.
Steamer Leopard	J. Fraser & Co	Peck.
Steamer Lynx	J. Fraser & Co	E. C. Reed.
Steamer Presto	J. Fraser & Co	J. Horsey.
Steamer Sumter	J. Fraser & Co	E. C. Reed.
Steamer Rattlesnake	W. G. Crenshaw	Vzini.
Steamer Wm. Lamb	J. Fraser & Co	T. J. Lockwood.
Steamer Hope	J. Fraser & Co	Wm. Hammer.
Steamer Ruby	Collie Co	A. Swasey.
Steamer Let Her Be	Chicora Co	H. Holgate.
Steamer Let Her Rip	Chicora Co	C. A. Stone.
Steamer Republic	J. Fraser & Co	F. M. Harris.
Steamer Nina	Ravenel & Co	Relyea.
Steamer Emily	Bee Co	Egan.
Steamer Isabel	J. Fraser & Co	A. Swasey.
Sailing ship Emily St. Pierre	J. Fraser & Co	Wilson.
Schooner Savannah	C. S. Privateer	Baker.
Pilot boat Petrel	Perry and others	Perry.
Sloop Swallow	Adams & Willis	C. Gould.
Steamer Elizabeth	J. Fraser & Co	T. J. Lockwood.
Steamer Juno	C. S. Government	Parcher.
Steamer General Whiting	Consolidated Co	S. Adkins.
Steamer Syren	Cobia & Co	J. Johnson.
Steamer Nashville	J. Fraser & Co	Pegram.
Steamer Theodora	J. Fraser & Co	Maffett.
Steamer Kate	J. Fraser & Co	T. J. Lockwood.
Steamer Beauregard	J. Fraser & Co	H. Holgate.
Steamer Fanny	Bee Co	D. Dunning.
Steamer Alice	Bee Co	Kennedy.
Steamer Caroline	Bee Co	C. Barkley.
Steamer Dixie		T. Moore.
Bark Echo, known as Jeff Davis	Hall & Co	Coxetter.
Steamer Dream	Collie Co	Lockwood.
Steamer Secret	Collie Co	I. Davis.
Steamer Druid	Palmetto Co	Tilton.
Schooner Ben.		
Pilot boat Charleston	Wm. Hone	Wm. Hone
Pilot boat Chicora, afterwards Chace.		
Pilot boat Leitch.		
Pilot boat Pride	Street & West	T. Bennett.
Schooner Major E. Willis	W. M. Hale	W. M. Hale.
Barque Etiwan	J. Fraser & Co	J. Stephens.
Steamer Emma		Hutchin.
Steamer Raccoon	J. Fraser & Co	F. M. Harris.
Steamer Banshee	Collie & Co	Capt. Speed.
Steamer Herald	Collie & Co	Randall.
Steamer Maryland		Combs.

NAMES.	OWNERS.	CAPTAINS.
Steamer Fanny		T. Moore.
Steamer Britannic		Zachison.
Steamer Stonewall Jackson		Peck.
Steamer Thistle		Mike Murray.
Steamer Julia	Cobia Co	Swan.
Steamer Gem	Cobia Co	J. Johnson.
Schooner Kent	W. M. Hale	W. M. Hale.
Steamer Prince Albert.		
Steamer Lillian		D. Martin.
Steamer Columbia		Hutchinson.
Schooner Palmetto		A. Swasey.
Steamer Coquette		Coombs.
Steamer Big Scotia		Swan.
Steamer Little Scotia		Swan.
Schooner J. W. Ladsden	Mordecai & Co	Stone.
Schooner Etiwan	J. Hertz & Co	O. A. Stone.
Steamer Little Hattie.		
Steamboat Gen. Clinch		Murphy.
Steamer Cecile		Carlin.
Steamer Stag		D. Vincent.
Steamer Pearl,		
Steamer Florine.		
Steamer Steno.		
Steamer Nimoo.		
Steamer Owl	C. S. G. W	Maffett.

Vessels which ran the blockade in and out of Georgetown, S. C., during the war:

NAMES.	OWNERS.	CAPTAINS.
Steamer Caroline	Bee Co	Hudson.
Schooner Helen		Smith.
Privateer Dixie		Benton.
Pilot boat Pride	Street & West.	

The following ran through "Murrell's Inlet:"

NAMES.	OWNERS.	CAPTAINS.
Schooner Henrietta	Jones & Lockwood	Jones.
Schooner Louisa	Gordon & Ireland	Gordon
Schooner Goldminer	Robert & Ireland	Robert.
Schooner Antoinette	Sawyer & Macedey	Rumley.
Schooner Rover	McCord & others	Tole.
Schooner Gus Chisolm	Street & West	Johnson.
Schooner Lucy	Street & West.	
Schooner Wave	Street & West.	
Schooner Rutherford	Street & West.	

VESSELS WHICH RAN INTO WILMINGTON, N. C.

Messrs. Atkins, Murray, and Reed, are the only three owners whose names could be secured of the dozen or two at this port. The blockade-runners were: Bendigo, Vesta, Ella, Night Hawk, Pet, Owl, Lucy, Petersburg, Old Dominion, Kate, Little Kate, Little Bee, Tallahassee, A. E. Fry, Gordon, Beauregard, Fanny Venus, Eagle, R. E. Lee, Atlanta, Old Charleston, Petrel, Ranger, Antonica, G. H. McCall, Banshee, Banshee No. 2, Gov. Vance, Spunky, Gem, Alice, North East, Let-Her-Rip, Condor, Col. Lamb, Agnes Louise, Emma Henry, Hattie, Little Hattie, Margaret and Jessie, Vulture, Ella and Annie, Elizabeth, Conubia, Gen. Whitney, Coquette, Modern Greece, Lady Sterling, Rattlesnake, Vermions, Vulture, Big Flora, Little Flora, Annie and John, The Dream, Phantom, Little Kate, Lynx, Flora, Ruby, Nashville, Thistle, Hansa, Bat, Deer, Wild Rover, Sumter, Venice, Star, Merrimac, Flamingo, Eugenie, Perrency, North Heath, Index, Syren, Mary Celeste, Hope, Armstrong, Gibraltar, Virginia.

It will be seen that some of the runners entered both the ports of Charleston and Wilmington. If the blockade was found too strict at one port the other was resorted to.

VESSELS WHICH RAN INTO SMITHVILLE, N. C.

Bendigo, Vesper, Ella, Night Hawk, Pet, Owl, Lucy, Petersburg, Old Dominion, Kate, Little Kate, Little Bee, Tallahassee, Agnes Fry, Gordon, Beauregard, Fanny, Eagle, R. E. Lee, Gen. Whiting, Elizabeth, Columbia, Ruby, Flora, Hansa, Lady Sterling, Coquette, Modern Greece, Vulture, Rattlesnake, Virmoris, Big Flora, Annie and John, Little Flora, The Dream, Phantom, Nashville, Thistle, Atlanta, Charleston, Petrel, Ranger, Antemega, McCall, Banshee, Banshee No. 2, Vance, Spunky, Gem, Alice, North East, Let-Her-Rip, Condor, Col. Lamb, Louise, Little Hattie, Margaret and Jessie, Ella and Annie, Wild Rover, Bat, Deer, Stag, Sumter, Venice, Eugenie, Merrimac, Flamingo, India, Perrency, North Heath, Hope, Syren, Mary Celeste, Virginia, Armstrong.

Every one of the seventy-six vessels named above was a steamer or propeller, and many of them the staunchest crafts that gold could buy in Europe. Smithville was a dodging-place, merely, none of the vessels being owned there.

VESSELS WHICH RAN INTO SAVANNAH IN 1863.

Steamer Nashville—Full cargo into Ogeechie.

Steamer Nashville—Full cargo out and burnt.

Steamer Fingall—Full cargo into Savannah.

Pilot-boat Lamar—Never heard of again; Captain Titcombe.

Pilot-boat Wilder—To Nassau and returned to Savannah; Captain King.

Pilot-boat Emily—To St. Thomas and returned; Captain Tenbrook.

Steamer St. John—To Nassau and captured sailing to Wilmington.

Steamboat Charleston—To Nassau; arrived safely.

Steamer Resolute.

Sloop Governor Brown—Captain King.

Schooner Uncle Sam—To Nassau.

Sloop James Grubbs.

Schooner Lucy R. Waring—Nassau; arrived safely; captured on return.

Sloop Rebecca Hertz—Nassau; arrived safely; returned to Savannah after surrender.

VESSELS WHICH RAN INTO GALVESTON.

Steamers—Harriet Lane, California, Atlantic, Zephyr, Rusk, Isabella, Susan, Banshee, Darby, Lash, Wren, Will-o'-the-wisp, Fox, Arcadia, Imogene, Victoria, Pelican, Flamingo, Termagant, Badger, Janetto, Francis, Lulu.

Sail craft—Susan, Mary Lee, Frolic, Russel, Zach Saball, Flush, Sam Slick, Rawhide, Foam, Uncle Bill, Leader, Louisa, Davis, Emma, Lolo, Columbus, Annie Taylor, Sarah Jordon, Blazer, Sam Williams, Stingaree, Callahan, Velocity, Waterwitch, Belle Creole, Venus, Martha Jane, Two Sisters, Belle, Eliza Fathmore.

The only names which could be secured at Mobile were those of the steamers Red Gauntlet and Mary. The list of New Orleans shows only the Vanderbilt, Victoria, and Calham.

The list counts up three hundred and twenty runners altogether, which is probably seventy-five or one hundred short of the actual number engaged. A more complete and accurate list will never be made out. The fate of these vessels may be readily inferred. Probably not more than twenty were afloat when the Federals took possession of Charleston, but the Federal fleets had by no means captured the rest. Some succumbed to the perils of the deep, fully two dozen

were run ashore and wrecked, and not over one hundred and fifty became prizes. It will be seen that some of the vessels ran into four different ports, and it may be added that a number of them made from six to fifteen voyages. It was rare that a craft was captured on her first voyage, and it could be pretty safely figured that she would make two trips. If she did she had paid for herself and made a handsome sum in addition.

"I never expect to see such flush times again in my life," said the captain of a successful blockade-runner in speaking of Nassau. "Money was almost as plenty as dirt. I have seen a man toss up a twenty dollar gold-piece on 'head or tail,' and it would be followed by a score of the yellow-boys in five seconds. There were times when the bank vaults would not hold all the gold, and the coins were dumped down by the bushel and guarded by soldiers. Men wagered, gambled, drank and seemed crazy to get rid of their money. I once saw two captains put up five hundred dollars each on the length of a certain porch. Again I saw a wager of eight hundred dollars a side as to how many would be at the dinner table of a certain hotel. The Confederates were paying the English big prices for goods, but multiplying the figures by five, seven and ten as soon as the goods were landed at Charleston. Ten dollars invested in quinine in Nassau would bring from four hundred to six hundred dollars in Charleston. A pair of four dollar boots would bring fourteen or sixteen dollars. A two dollar hat would bring eight dollars, and so on all through the entire list of goods brought in. Every successful captain might have made a fortune in a year, but it is not believed that five out of the whole number had a thousand dollars on hand when the war closed. It was "come easy, go easy."

The steamer Margaret and Jessie will be found as having run the blockade of two or three ports, although she belonged to Charleston. She was an iron-built steamer, double engines and cost one hundred thousand dollars in gold. Her carrying capacity was eight hundred bales of cotton, and she could make the trip from Charleston to Nassau in forty-four hours. She was one of the most successful runners of the war and paid her owners ten times over. One night in May, 1863, having a valuable cargo of arms and munitions sadly needed by the Confederacy, she laid a straight course for Charleston. There were five Federal blockaders off the bar and the night was fine. The steamer ran straight in for the fleet, and as soon as her character was known every blockader opened fire. It was estimated that one hundred and fifty shots were fired,

some from a distance of less than five hundred feet, and yet strange to say the steamer went into port without having a man wounded. She was struck in five or six places, but with no serious results.

On the eleventh of November, of the same year, the Margaret and Jessie attempted the same bold dodge at Wilmington. She was here beset by three blockaders, shot through both wheels and hit in a dozen other spots, but managed to turn about and get to sea and led five Federal vessels a chase of twenty hours before she surrendered. It is doubtful if she would have been taken then, but for the fact that three or four lady passengers aboard raised such an uproar when the Federals began firing from their bow guns that the captain was quite unnerved and listened to their pleadings to surrender.

The steamer Hattie was the last runner in or out of Charleston. She was a small vessel, Clyde-built, furnished with powerful engines, and she made more trips than any other vessel engaged in the business. I asked men in Charleston who knew all about her to estimate the value of the cargoes taken out and brought in by this one vessel, and their figures were fifty million dollars. On several occasions she brought such munitions of war as the Confederacy was in pressing need of, and at least three battles were brought on by the munitions for which the Confederates waited, and which she landed safely in their hands. Plot after plot was formed at Nassau to get hold of the Hattie, but none of them were successful. She slipped in and out like a phantom, taking the most desperate risks and being attended by a spirit of good luck quite extraordinary.

The last entrance of the Hattie into Charleston occurred one night in February, 1865. The Confederacy was then in its last throes, and the Federal fleet off Charleston numbered eighteen or twenty sail. It was a starlight night and at an early hour that the Hattie crept forward among the fleet. She had been freshly painted a blue white, her fires made no smoke and not a light was permitted to shine on board. With her engines moving slowly, she let the wind drive her forward. There were eight or ten vessels outside the bar, and as many within. Those outside were successfully passed without an alarm being raised. The Hattie ran within a few hundred feet of two different blockaders without her presence being detected. To the naked eye of the lookouts she must have seemed a haze or mist moving slowly along.

The little steamer was quietly approaching the inner line of

blockaders when a sudden fire was opened on her from a gun-boat not five hundred feet distant, and the air was at the same time filled with rockets to announce the runner's presence. At that time the Federals had the whole of Morris Island, and Fort Sumter had been so battered to pieces that monitors took up their stations almost within pistol-shot of it. As soon as the Hattie was discovered she was given all steam and headed straight for the channel. She ran a terrible gauntlet of shot and shell for ten minutes, but escaped untouched. Then came the real peril. Just below Sumter, in the narrowest part of the channel, the Hattie encountered two barge-loads of men stationed there on picket. Her extraordinary speed saved her from being boarded, but the volleys fired after her wounded two or three men and cut three fingers off the hand of the pilot resting on the spokes of the wheel.

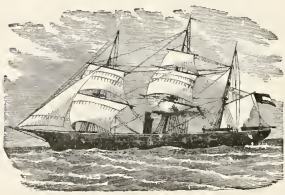
Two hundred yards ahead lay a monitor, and she at once opened fire and kept her guns going as long as the Hattie could be seen, but not a missile struck. It was wonderful, too, considering that the steamer ran so close that she could hear the orders given on the monitor.

Charleston was being bombarded; many of the business houses closed, and all could see that the end was drawing near. The Hattie was in as much danger lying at the wharf as she would be outside, and a cargo was made up for her as quickly as possible and she was made ready for her last trip. Just before dark the sentinels on Fort Sumter counted twenty-six Federal blockaders off Charleston harbor, and yet the Hattie coolly made her preparations to run out. Just before midnight, with a starless night and a smooth sea, the lucky little craft picked her way through all that fleet without being hailed or a gun fired, and she was lying at Nassau when the news of Lee's surrender was received.

Every now and then, after the blockade was fairly organized, this or that Federal admiral was wont to boast of the number of captures he had made and his success in shutting up the port. While some captures were made, there was never a time from first to last that any port was so carefully watched that blockade running was not carried on as a regular business.

Stonewall Jackson and other Confederates captured from the Federal armies in the first two years of the war enough material to completely equip seventy-five thousand men, and up to the spring of 1864 not a battle was fought in Virginia in which Federal

ammunition was not used against Federals. Add to these facts, the fact that Europe furnished the Confederacy with its best ordnance, best muskets, best ammunition, and nearly all its uniforms, and that, too, in spite of blockades, and we begin to see how it was possible for the South to hold out in the manner she did.



The Fight Before Memphis.

AFTER the evacuation of Fort Pillow by the Confederates there was nothing to prevent the Federal fleet steaming down to the city. Then the only defense which Memphis could make was with her fleet of eight gun-boats and rams. The total number of guns was eighteen. The Federal fleet consisted of five gun-boats, carrying over one hundred and sixty guns, several mortar boats, and a fleet of rams. The mortar boats took no part in the action, but remained at anchor above the city.

Commodore Montgomery was in command of the Confederate fleet. He knew exactly the strength of the Federals, and he could not have been censured had he taken his vessels off down the river without firing a gun. When it was known that the Federal fleet was approaching, it was generally supposed that Montgomery would get out of the way, saving his boats to fight under more favorable circumstances. At a council of officers called aboard of his flagship at dusk, captains who expected to receive instructions in regard to placing their vessels beyond the reach of the big fleet were astonished to hear the Commodore say:

"Gentlemen, we shall remain here and fight them!"

His recklessness in exposing the fleet to certain destruction has been severely censured. Any two of the Federal iron-clads were a match for the eight Confederates.

The Federal fleet came down so near Memphis that their anchor lights were in view all night long. General Jeff Thompson, in command of the city, had far less faith than Commodore Montgomery, and all night long he was busy sending away troops and stores. If the Federals were driven back he could return his forces; if the Confederate fleet was annihilated he would have nothing to do but ride away from Memphis to a place of safety.

After the council broke up the officers retired to their respective vessels and began preparations for the coming fight. The machin-

ery and other parts of the boats were given additional protection, the sick sent ashore, a number of new men taken aboard, and then they waited for the morning. The order was to attack as soon as the Federal fleet appeared, and to attack in any manner that promised success. It has been asserted that a telegram from the Confederate Secretary of the Navy was received in the evening, ordering the Commodore to steam down the river and save his fleet, but if so the dispatch was pocketed and preparations continued.

Every vessel in the Federal fleet was in perfect readiness, and there was nothing to do but to wait for daybreak. The presence of the Confederate fleet at Memphis was known, but it was the general impression that it would sail away during the night.

At an early morning hour, just as the crews were being piped to breakfast, the fleet began moving down. The levees were deserted and the city asleep. Not a battery could be sighted and not a gun roared defiance. The foremost vessel had passed the center of the city before anyone caught sight of Montgomery's little fleet over in the bend on the Arkansas shore. It was there, and its presence meant fight. The leading Federal vessels, therefore, turned about and started back up stream, with the two-fold object of allowing the men to finish their meal and to draw the Confederates out into the river.

It has been written that the Confederates construed this movement into a sign of running away. Commodore Montgomery was not so simple as that. He gave the signal to advance, because so long as his fleet could fight bows on to the current he would have an advantage.

The first gun of the fight was fired by the Little Rebel. She was then within fair range of the Cairo, but the shot flew far above her, and landed near the shore. The Cairo yawed and returned the compliment with four or five shot, none of which took effect. The Federal fleet now prepared for action, and hundreds of citizens began crowding the river bank to witness what none of them had ever seen before. The Little Rebel steamed ahead, firing rapidly, and grazing the Cairo twice, but in the course of fifteen minutes she was struck four times, had three or four men killed and several wounded, and another shot so disabled her that she was deserted by her crew. One of the shot she received passed entirely through her, cutting beams in two, and making match-wood of heavy oak planks. Not one of her shot struck a Federal vessel.

The Confederate gun-boat Lovell moved up to engage the Caron-

delet, but had to sheer out of the course of a Federal ram and engage with the Benton. The first few shots on both sides were wasted. Then the Benton was hit three times in succession, but without damage, and she in return put four shots into the Lovell, every one of which counted with terrible effect. The Lovell had two guns—the Benton twelve or fourteen, and the wonder is, that the former was not blown out of water in five minutes. Not only did the Benton open on her, but two or three other Federal craft also, but she kept her place and hung on until she was reported to be sinking. A solid shot had bored a hole through her at the water-line large enough for a man to crawl in, and the water gushed in so fast that she was settling down when the first cry was raised. Her last gun was fired while she was staggering from side to side, and the ball had scarcely left the gun when the craft went to the bottom. About half her crew were saved by their own efforts, but the rest were either carried down with the vessel or were drowned with the roar of battle in their ears.

The Confederates had fitted the Beauregard out as a ram, but she bore no comparison with others launched at a later day in the war. She pushed her way to the front to ram at one of the gun-boats, but was met by the Federal ram, Queen of the West. The Beauregard gave her two heavy shot in succession, and though no great damage was inflicted, the Queen sheered off. The Confederate ram Price now advanced, and the Queen was reinforced by the Monarch. For a few minutes the gun-boat firing was almost entirely suspended to witness the contest between the strange monsters. They churned the river to foam as they dashed and dodged under a full head of steam, and their guns were not idle for a single moment.

The Queen ran for the Beauregard again, scraped her stern by a miss, and continued on and struck the Price a death-blow which was heard far away. The people on shore heard the shivering and grinding and splintering of timbers, and knew that the Price must have been terribly damaged. The Queen not only tore away one of her side-wheels, but crushed in everything beyond it, and the Price had scarcely time to reach the shore, a few hundred feet away, when she became water-logged and useless. One of her guns was upset by the shock of the collision, and the other was under water as the craft touched the bank, so that she was thereafter entirely out of the fight.

Meanwhile the Beauregard and Monarch had been battering away

at each other and watching for a good opening to ram. They suddenly started for each other with full heads of steam and about a quarter of a mile to go, and both firing as they advanced. At this point the Queen returned from her conflict with the Price, and the Beauregard altered her course and took the new arrival. The attack was so sudden that it could not be avoided, and the Queen received a blow which disabled her and sent her adrift on the current. Hardly had the Beauregard backed off when the Monarch bore down upon her at full speed and went crashing into her bows with a force that almost sheared six feet of the stem of the boat completely off. The Beauregard was sinking before the ram had backed out, and in five minutes was at the bottom.

The Van Dorn, Sumter, Thompson, and Bragg were yet left to the Confederates. All of these had received more or less damage from shot and shell, and the four would not have been a match for the poorest gun-boat in the Federal fleet. As soon as the rams were disposed of, the entire fleet moved down to crush the four vessels, and they made quick work of it. The Van Dorn, which was the Confederate flag-ship, and of good speed, turned around and ran away, the other three were run ashore and deserted.

Memphis had thus fallen, and a Confederate fleet been blotted out. The loss in men aboard the latter was from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five, while the Federals had but three or four men wounded. General Thompson, as stated, had removed his forces and the public stores, and as the fight on the river ended the last train of cars pulled out of the city and left it to be surrendered by the civil authorities. The rivers had brought bad luck to the Confederates. One after another, Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Island No. 10, Shiloh, Fort Randolph, and Corinth had fallen, and now Memphis was in the hands of the Federals and the river fleet annihilated.

Among the spectators on the bluffs at Memphis were scores of women. During most of the engagement the crowd was as silent as death. Many of the huge missiles thrown by friend or foe passed over their heads into the streets, and in some cases into the houses, but not a woman left the crowd, and not an eye was turned from the thrilling drama being enacted on the bosom of the muddy river at their feet. When it was all over a groan of despair passed through the crowd, and in ten minutes the bluffs were deserted.

The Last Fight of the Monitor.

THERE was no way to Richmond which was not tried during the war, and one of the earlier ways was up the James River. Afterwards, when the world looked on while one hundred thousand men battered at the gates of the Confederate capital for months and months without gaining an inch, the movement up the James was the subject of much ridicule, and yet it was made in all seriousness and with great hopes of success. Norfolk had been evacuated by the Confederates, the dreaded Merrimac had been blown up, and it is said that the Federal Secretary of the Navy was the man who believed that three or four gun-boats could make their way to the wharves at Richmond without encountering serious opposition.

The Galena was sent on ahead to pilot the way, and after a few hours was followed by the Naugatuck, the Monitor, the Port Royal and the Aroostook. The sight of this single gun-boat making her way up the stream filled the Confederates with astonishment, and at every rod of her progress she was greeted with the fire of musketry. Field batteries were hastily ordered to points from which she could be assailed, and in some instances parts of infantry regiments took cover and kept up a hot fire as long as the boat was within range. The Galena was struck by over nine hundred bullets within twelve hours, and yet so well was her crew sheltered that she had only one man slightly wounded by this fire.

Three miles below Williamsburg the Galena found a Confederate infantry company of about seventy men drawn up in line on the bank. A farmer on horseback had brought the news that the boat was coming up, and the captain of the company realized that something must be done. Forming his men in two ranks, and placing himself at their head with drawn sword, he waited until the gun-boat came within half a mile, and then called out:

"Stop that boat and surrender!"

Greatly to his surprise, the Galena did not stop, and he hailed her again with:

"Surrender, or I'll have to fire upon and sink you!"

This was followed by a fusilade of musketry, but a shell from the gun-boat sent the whole company traveling inland at the top of their speed. At Williamsburg the Galena was joined by the rest of the fleet, and all steamed forward with the expectation of going to Richmond.

About seven miles and a half below the city of Richmond, where the James takes a bold bend, one could, in 1880, find Fort Darling almost as it appeared the day the adventurous Federal fleet appeared in sight. The walls have sunk, grass and bushes have grown up in great plenty, but one can still see where every gun was placed and note what a plunging fire was had from that elevation.

That road to Richmond had not been forgotten. In addition to the fort and its heavy ordnance, a line of piles had been driven across the river, leaving only an opening in the center wide enough for a single vessel to pass. There were rifle-pits along the banks, and perfect shelter for the garrison, and the Federal fleet advanced to find its coming provided for.

Up to this time the Federal gun-boats had been victorious in almost every contest, and the appearance of the fleet in the James caused the Confederates no little anxiety. It was supposed that the boats could take any position and maintain it despite any fire, but this engagement was to prove the contrary.

Owing to the narrow channel, the gun-boats must fight at a disadvantage. The Galena led the fleet to within a few rods of the obstruction, and then swung her broadside to the fort, and dropped her anchor. The Monitor came next, closely followed by the others, and not a shot was fired until the fleet was in position. The distance was not above eight hundred yards, when the fight began, and every movement aboard the boats could be plainly seen from the fort. At eight o'clock of a beautiful summer morning the Galena opened the bombardment by hurling a ponderous shell plump against the fort.

That shell was answered from every gun which would bear on the fleet, and within ten minutes the fleet realized its mistake in anchoring so near. None of the guns could be elevated sufficiently to damage the fort, while the guns of the latter had a plunging fire, terrific in effect.

The first half dozen shots fell into the river, sending showers

clear over the targets aimed at, and then a solid shot crashed through the Galena and dropped into the water. A second ripped open the deck of the Aroostook, and the Confederates cheered again and again and settled down for a steady fight.

Had every iron-clad which the Federals built during the war been stationed in the James below Fort Darling that day, the road to Richmond could not have been opened. The stream was too narrow for the boats to keep in motion, and the elevation was too great to enable them to injure the fort. He who looks over the ground will find that most of the shot and shell entered the bluffs fifty feet below the fort. Such as struck higher inflicted no damage.

Never was greater pluck displayed than on board the Galena. For an hour and forty minutes she was within long rifle-range of the fort and under the fire of twelve guns, and the wonder was that she ever got out of the trap. The water around was kept white with the shot falling about her, and once every five minutes she was fairly hit. She carried five cannon-balls out of the fight with her, and showed scars to prove that she was hit twenty-three times. Five solid shot passed completely through her, and three shells exploded in her hold. One solid shot tore through three bulk-heads and wounded four men, and one shell which exploded on deck killed two men and wounded five others. The carpenter reported six leaks before the fight was half over, and once she was on fire in two places, but she was held right there until it was realized that further fighting was simply throwing human life away. When she dropped out of the fight she did not have one hundred pounds of powder left, and thirty of her crew had been killed or wounded.

This was the only time the Monitor was ever engaged at such short range against a fort, and it was also her last fight. She took position close to the Galena, but as soon as struck on the turret by a solid shot she dropped down the stream. During the fight she was struck four times. When she returned to Norfolk the greatest care was taken to prevent the public from learning the extent of her injuries, and reports were circulated that the shot did not even dent her plates. This was intended for the benefit of the Confederates. As a matter of fact, vouched for by the men aboard of her in that fight, the first shot so jarred her turret that a second one would have drifted her out of the fight. The other shot did not penetrate, none of them striking squarely, but they cracked and bulged her plates in a manner to prove that if she came under the fire of an eleven-inch gun she would be riddled like a sieve. She

fired at intervals during the two hours' contest, but might as well have saved her ammunition. While the Galena, entirely unarmored, remained stationary for almost two hours and took the fire as it came, the Monitor was constantly shifting about to destroy the aim. This saved her from going to the bottom. She had been the subject of so much boasting that her commander did not want the mortification of seeing her go to the bottom of the James River. Stories were set afloat about the Confederate gunners fleeing from their posts when they caught sight of her, and of the little ironclad boldly replying to the concentrated fire of seven or eight guns, but they were canards. The position she occupied is marked on a tree, and the fact that she was badly hurt by the missiles which struck her was proven by her future idleness until she went to the bottom of the Atlantic in a storm.

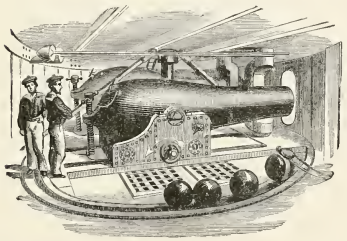
The Naugatuck was armed with only one gun—a one hundred pounder, and at the fourth or fifth round it burst and wounded five or six of the crew. Not one of the shells from this gun struck within fifty feet of the fort, but all were buried in the bluffs. A company of riflemen were on their way to open fire upon her from the river bank when she drifted out of the fight, having been struck twice, but receiving no particular damage.

The fire of the Port Royal was accurate and steady, eliciting the praise of the Confederate gunners, and some of them wonder to this day why she was not sent to the bottom. She was a fair target, but was only hit three or four times and only had two or three men wounded by splinters. The shot falling about her kept her decks wet with water, and as many as twenty missiles passed by or over her so close that their wind was plainly felt. One solid shot which howled over her blew the caps from the heads of three men and blinded a gunner so that he could distinguish nothing for hours.

The Aroostook fired about forty rounds and was hit four or five times, but had only two or three men slightly wounded. Having a position below the rest of the fleet she had a better chance to elevate her guns, and yet every shot was wasted. In the heat of the fight, both fort and fleet being hidden by the smoke, a Confederate soldier started to swim out to the Aroostock and disable her by cutting her rudder chains, but he was killed before reaching the vessel by a shot from the fort.

The location of the fort gave it an advantage in long range and a plunging fire, but without the obstructions in the river the gunboats would have swept past without checking speed. Over two

hundred shot and shell were fired at it during the bombardment, and yet only two or three men were wounded, and those in the rifle-pits. The damage to the fort was too trifling to be noticed in official reports. It was one of the first instances where obstructions were used to hold a fleet under fire, and the advantage was so clearly apparent in this instance that channel obstructions were at once made a part of the Confederate war programme.



How the Federals Retook Fort Pulaski.

PERHAPS the whole war record of America does not offer another such circumstance as the long siege and final capture of Fort Pulaski, inasmuch as the loss of life on the Federal side was simply one single man killed by Confederate missiles. The Federals did not deem it prudent to attempt to pass the fort to attack Savannah, and after studying over the position of affairs, it was discovered that it could be flanked by passing light-draught boats through the marsh channels, and by way of a tortuous channel from Hilton Head.

It was naturally believed that when Fort Pulaski found itself cut off from communication with the Confederacy, with no possible chance of obtaining either reinforcements or provisions, a demand for surrender would not have to be enforced. But Sherman was mistaken in his man. The commander, Colonel Olmstead, replied that he should hold the fort as long as he had a gun left in position, and he made good his assertion.

Opposite the fort was Tybee Island, a spot of ground composed of marsh, sand, quick-sand, with some scrub forest. It was hardly passable, and Pulaski had never dreamed of danger from this quarter. That was the weakest side of the fort, and but few of its guns bore in that direction. For long weeks Sherman was content with cutting off communication, believing that the garrison would soon be starved into surrender, but about the time he was relieved and Hunter sent to that department, Gilmore appeared on the scene, and here it was that he gave evidence of his genius for overcoming difficulties which seemed insurmountable to other men. It was his idea to take possession of Tybee Island and mount upon it such ordnance as would knock the masonry of the fort to pieces. When told that the ground was hardly firm enough to sustain the weight of a man, and that in localities where it was, the sand was leg-deep, he merely replied that he could plant a columbiad on any

spot where a soldier could stand. In after years he improved on that, and could plant one wherever a frog could find a resting place.

Before the sudden appearance of the Federals, the fort was in daily communication with Savannah, and for this reason was not supplied with provisions and ammunition for a siege. When communication was cut off, there was a careful overhauling of stores to see what was on hand and how long it could be made to last. The garrison was at once put on half-rations. Even at that date, when the war was only nine or ten months old, half-rations in a Confederate fort meant such meager supplies as the besiegers would have starved on.

There were some three hundred and fifty men in the fort, and in addition to short rations they were harassed by feints and attacks almost daily for long months. Hunger sharpened the wits of the besieged, and it is a fact vouched for by officers in the fort that for weeks and weeks the men splieed out their rations by devices worthy of Yankee ingennity. Fish-lines were soon as plenty as muskets, and every soldier off duty became a fisherman. When fish were scarce frogs were plenty, and the hungry soldier not only ate the hind legs but all the rest of the animal.

Scouts were made by small parties in all directions for stray cattle and pigs, and in one way and another the provisions were made to hold out until the Federals grew weary of the attempt to starve the garrison into surrender. It was then that Gilmore stepped to the front with his plan to bombard the fort from Tybee Island. That part of the island not composed of sand and marsh was thicket and forest, and it was no small task to make a clearing for a landing-place.

The spot selected for the first battery was about a mile and a half from the fort, and the nearest landing-place was almost as distant in the opposite direction. Landing the heavy siege-guns was a task to tax both brain and muscle. No boat could run in except when the tide was up, and there was a dead lift of about six feet on each gun to swing it over the bank. One piece fell as it was being lifted, and crashed through the deck into the hold, injuring three or four men; and another was dropped into the water in a perpendicular manner, and such was the nature of the bottom that it disappeared muzzle foremost and was never recovered.

The guns once landed, and there were over thirty of them, the real task was only begun. A soil in which a soldier would sink

deep at every step would not, of course, support a gun. The first one attempted to be moved was mounted on trucks and five hundred men put at the drag-rope, but the wheels of the truck sunk almost out of sight without an inch of progress being made.

Then Gilmore set a thousand men at work to make a corduroy road from the landing to the battery, the remains of which could be distinctly traced a year ago. Every bush, sapling, and tree up to the size of a man's leg were cut in proper lengths and carried a mile or more on the soldiers' backs, mostly between darkness and dawn. The ridges were levelled and the hollows filled up, and he laid out his road and bedded it with his poles and logs. In particularly bad spots large logs were used, and after days and nights of hard work a pretty firm roadway was secured. The cannon were then mounted on trucks one after another and drawn to the battery, the heavier ones requiring the united strength of a regiment.

Reports reached the Confederate commander from time to time of what the Federals were doing on the island, but knowing the nature of the soil, he deemed the landing and mounting of heavy guns an impossibility. Had a sortie been made from the fort at a proper moment, possession of the island could have been recovered up to the making of the roadway.

So craftily did Gilmore work that four or five guns were in battery before the Confederates suspected anything. There was abundance of sand for earth-works, but such was the fire from the fort that the guns might as well have been worked on the open ground. Scarcely a missile was fired which fell within a quarter of a mile of them.

No sooner were three or four guns in position than new and advanced works were begun. When they came within range of the fort there was more or less firing, but always to the detriment of Pulaski. There are on Tybee Island at this date at least two car-loads of rusty, unexploded shells and cannon balls, and nineteen out of every twenty unexploded shells were fired from the fort. Its solid shot in some cases passed over the Federal guns, but in the great majority they fell far short and were buried quite out of sight in the soil. In the spring of 1884 the negroes were prodding the sand and mire for these missiles, and numbers of them had from three to eight balls and shells.

On the other hand, the fire on the fort told from the very start. It was almost the first time in our civil war that long-range guns

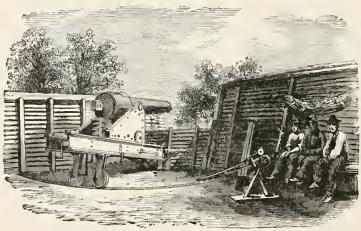
were used against masonry, and the result astonished thousands. At the range of two miles, the guns carrying thirteen-inch shells sent them against the stone and brick with a bang plainly heard by the men at the guns. Where one struck fairly, it not only created a deep and ragged cavity, but cracked the walls for six or eight feet in several directions. It was the result of that fire and its damages which caused the Confederates to heap sand-bags in front of the brick walls of Fort Sumter.

While it was realized before fifty shots were fired that the fort must surrender or be knocked to pieces around the heads of the garrison, there was a determination to hold it to the last, and such guns as could be brought to bear upon the Federals were never silent. As a specimen of what Gilmore had in store for a future day, he sent one shell through a breach in the wall which dismounted a gun and killed four of its men, and in its explosion a second later wounded eight men and rendered another cannon useless for two or three days. One shell from a mortar killed three men and wounded seven, and a second buried itself in the ground and excavated a hole into which a yoke of oxen could have been dumped. Most of the mortar shots passed over, but the fire of the guns was terribly accurate.

On the tenth of April, 1862, Gilmore was ready for a bombardment, and he opened a fire the like of which had not previously been directed against a fort of that character. Guns had been taken from other positions and mounted in the breaches he had already made, but the calibre was too light. While Pulaski made a respectable show of defense so far as noise went, its missiles might as well have been buried in the parade ground. Every shot from the batteries brought down the bricks, and the men were repeatedly driven to seek shelter from the fire. All day and far into the night Gilmore continued his bombardment without a rest, and he was at work bright and early next day. On the eleventh, a Federal artillerist, who recklessly exposed himself outside the works, was struck and killed by a fragment of a shell, and strangely enough his was the only life sacrificed on that side in the whole undertaking.

Before noon of the second day many of the guns in the fort were dismounted, its walls were rent and riven and knocked about, and the garrison realized the hopelessness of further defense of a work never intended to withstand an attack from that side. The flag was, therefore, hauled down and the Federals invited to take possession. Six hours more of the heavy fire would have left nothing but

a heap of ruins, and during the last two hours of the bombardment the garrison was momentarily exposed to destruction by the danger to the magazine. One shell penetrated within two feet of the powder before exploding, and the concussion upset kegs of powder standing on end. Another exploded in the midst of a large quantity of fixed ammunition, but fortunately without igniting any of it. It is given as a curious incident of war that, by the explosion of the same shell, two brothers lost an arm each — one the right and the other the left. One thirteen-inch shell made a cavity in the wall four feet deep, throwing out at least four wagon-loads of brick, and shattering the wall for a distance of nine feet one way, thirteen another, and twenty-seven another. The surrender was sharply criticised by the Confederate press, but it is doubted if there was a braver struggle, all things considered, during the entire war.



The Siege and Capture of Vicksburg.

THERE were, beginning from the hour when McClellan was attacked on the Chickahominy, half a dozen periods during the war when Richmond was open to capture by the Federals, and yet it was held until events necessitated its evacuation. There never was an hour, from the time Vicksburg was first invested, until Pemberton's surrender, when there was the least chance for its capture, and yet the Federal government made no count of life or treasure in seeking to bring it about. All military men saw, after the war, how Richmond could have been taken and wondered that it was not, but no one has asserted that Vicksburg should have fallen an hour before it did. The iron-clad fleet could run the batteries, but with the bluffs lined with guns for miles, and field batteries posted all along the banks, a boat could effect no more at one point than another. The country back offered every advantage to an army of defense, being broken and timbered and easily fortified, and when Sherman let go of the undertaking it was in the belief that nothing but a long siege could ever give a Federal general possession of the place. Other points along the river fell into Federal hands at the first attack, but Vicksburg was a Gibraltar which the Confederates were determined to hold at any cost.

A few families out of the many sought safety in the interior, or left the state altogether when it was realized that Vicksburg was to be attacked and defended with desperate energy, but the majority remained. Indeed, they were not prepared to go. A siege offered scarcely more anxiety than a hurried removal to a locality among strangers who had enough to endure without further burdens. As the city faces the river the only danger to be feared was from the fleet. To escape this almost every household had its cave in the bluffs. These were tunnels, having their openings on the far side of the bluffs, and generally ending in a chamber after running in ten or twelve feet. Having from fifty to five hundred feet of solid

hill between them and the river, the people sheltered in these caves were perfectly safe from missiles, but the danger was in getting to them. The Federal fleet did not send word in advance when a bombardment was to begin, and the fire was as likely to open at midnight as any hour in the day. At the first gun everybody would start up. At the second or third the non-combatants would prepare to rush to shelter, and the rush must be made with solid shot and bursting shell sounding their fearful warnings to make haste. Women and children were at times half buried or knocked down as they ran, but the deaths were few and far between. Probably the entire list would not count up a dozen names.

A man would hardly dare attempt to compute the weight of Federal metal hurled into Vicksburg, from first to last, but he who visits the place, and looks for what he may consider legitimate results, will be greatly disappointed. There are six buildings in the city showing scars of the bombardment. Not more than two or three buildings were fired and destroyed, and the citizens do not remember a case where any one was killed in a house. Cannon-balls and pieces of shell and grape-shot were thick enough in the streets, and bullets could be picked up everywhere, yet the fire from the river, from first to last, amounted to little more than throwing away ammunition. Upon one occasion an iron-clad steamed slowly along for a distance of two miles, throwing grape into the town as fast as her guns could be fired, yet only one house was hit hard enough to leave scars. That house is there to-day, and so are hundreds of people who passed through it all, and dodged death so often and in so many different forms that they came to consider themselves bullet-proof.

The cut-off which General Williams first began across the Peninsula opposite Vicksburg and about five miles from the city was intended to isolate the post and render its defenses worthless. The length of the cut was only a mile, and had things worked as intended, Vicksburg must have surrendered or been evacuated within a week. Williams could not get the waters of the Mississippi to run into his ditch. He had the advice of the best civil engineers, but however well they understood surveying a line of defense, they did not understand the nature of the big river. The angle at which they struck the river was incorrect. It was correct from an engineer's standpoint, but the erratic nature of the current had not been considered. Therefore the diggers had the strange spectacle before them of a great river rushing past the open mouth of a ditch

lower than the drift-wood hurrying by and yet without enough water flowing into the cut to float a skiff. It was a matter of annoyance and chagrin, and the job was finally abandoned in disgust.

The two fleets had bombarded Vicksburg without serious effect, and Sherman had lost two thousand men by attacking from the land side. Grant now concentrated at Young's Point to try his hand on the canal. He had determined to capture Vicksburg, and this was the easiest way. Thousands of soldiers went to work with pick, wheelbarrow and spade, and a powerful dredge boat was also brought into operation at the lower end of the ditch. A bulkhead was constructed across the mouth of the cut, and it was hopefully believed that when the spring floods came the canal would prove a grand success.

The work was begun in January and vigorously pushed until near the middle of March. At that time the bed of the canal was down at least eight feet in the shallowest spot, while in others it was three or four feet lower. The hard work had sent hundreds of men to the hospital and the grave, but a few more days would see the iron-clads and transports floating across the peninsula and flanking Vicksburg. Then came disaster. The flood in the Mississippi suddenly increased, the bulkhead was driven in with a terrible crash, and seven feet of water went booming through the ditch with such speed that a number of diggers were overwhelmed and all the tools lost. It was hoped that the current would scour out a deeper channel, but it simply caused a removal of all the camps in the neighborhood, filled up the swamps and then ceased running. Grant had failed just as Williams had failed. The Mississippi would run past the canal instead of into it.

Years after, when gun-boat and battery were no more, and the soldier slept in his grave or tilled the soil, the great river was seized with a sudden whim, and alone and unaided it cut its way across that neck of land in the most vigorous manner.

Grant turned from the canal to find another route. He went seventy-five miles above Vicksburg to Lake Providence, intending to work down into Swan Lake, Black River, Red River, and so on down into the Mississippi. This would flank Vicksburg just the same, and he went at his task with a determination to win. If Captain Eads were asked to-day how much time and money he would demand to open that route and send ten steamboats down, he would place the sum at hundreds of thousands, and the time at months. At the very outset five thousand men were set at work to

deepen a sluggish creek six or seven miles long. It was the story of the cut-off at Island No. 10 over again. Trees, stumps, snags, and roots were the constant and troublesome obstructions, and the men working in the mud and water and malaria were soon made sick. There was scarcely a mile of the long route free from obstructions, and Grant was beaten again. He succeeded in passing a few craft as far as Lake Providence, and then he gave up the task. It was a route which could not float a barge unless the Mississippi remained at a high stage to furnish water.

Grant was disgusted, but not disheartened. He at once prepared for a third attempt. Striking north of Vicksburg about one hundred and forty miles, he began operations at Moon Lake. From the river he cut a canal to enable his boats to enter the lake. The lake discharged into Yazoo Pass, the pass into the Coldwater, the latter into the Tallahatchie, and this stream emptied into the Yazoo. Grant could flank everything by this route, and the North now looked upon Vicksburg as good as captured. The Mississippi poured into Moon Lake and created a heavy current along the entire route, and the adjacent country was overflowed, so that the Confederates had little opportunity to prevent the complete success of this grand scheme.

But if they could not prevent Grant from opening the route and using it, they were not to remain passive spectators. The day that the Federals began operations at Moon Lake, the Confederates began work on the Tallahatchie, eight or ten miles above the Yallobusha. Here, at a sharp bend in the river, Fort Pemberton was erected. While the fort was hurriedly constructed, and was nothing to boast of as a work of strength, its location and the nature of the ground on all sides, made it impregnable and brought disaster to Grant's scheme.

The iron-clads were leading the way down the Tallahatchie, and nothing more serious than fusilades by concealed sharpshooters had been encountered when Fort Pemberton suddenly made its presence known. The Chillicothe, a heavily armed and thick-plated iron-clad, moved boldly down and opened fire, supposing it to be some field work thrown up in a hurry to protect two or three light guns. In the course of half an hour the iron-clad backed out of range of the heavy guns of the fort, and later on a second gun-boat also found the fire of the fort too much for her.

A force of infantry was then landed, a battery constructed as near the fort as possible, and when all was ready the gun-boats and

battery opened fire and continued it for hours, sometimes silencing the Confederate guns for a time, and again having plenty to do to hold their own. The gun-boats were considerably damaged by the accurate fire, and as the infantry had no show of carrying the fort by a land attack, the expedition was abandoned, and Grant had to score another failure.

There was just one more chance. Above the mouth of the Yazoo was a creek running from the Mississippi River, to Steele's Bayou. This bayou was connected with others, and finally with the Sunflower River. If a way could be opened, Haines' Bluff could be flanked. The soldiers were again set at work to dig and saw and clear away, and Porter led the way with his gun-boats and Sherman followed with a force of infantry. Between the bayous the streams were only wide enough to pass a steamer, and for miles the trees had to be cut away or trimmed up to get overhanging limbs out of the way. The flood had now subsided, and the woods were full of Confederate sharpshooters, while every negro who could be found was set to felling trees across the streams and otherwise obstructing them. Some days the boats did not advance forty rods, and one obstruction was no sooner removed than another was encountered. Sherman's infantry could do no more than protect the force engaged in clearing the way, and finally it could not even do that. As the expedition approached the Sunflower River, the Confederates began obstructing the line of retreat with the intention of capturing the entire force. Success might have attended the design had not Sherman been reinforced and the expedition ordered to return. It had consumed weeks of time, lost many men, accomplished an immense amount of labor, and without return. Haines' Bluff was still crowned with guns, and Vicksburg was still safe and defiant. Grant had tried every way but one. That was to move up against Pemberton's fortifications and hang there and fight him until Vicksburg was starved into surrender. He had sought in every way to avoid the loss of life sure to attend this plan, and to save the time that a siege would consume, but he had been baffled. He now prepared to adopt the fighting plan, and Vicksburg made ready for what was to come.

While Grant was making his preparations to attack Vicksburg from the direction of the Big Black River—the only route open and that full of difficulties, the Confederate commander made haste to prepare himself for what must come. He knew that Grant would succeed in reaching his defenses by that route. He knew

that he would bring an overwhelming force. With a Federal fleet before and a Federal army behind Vicksburg, there was no use hoping for reinforcements, except in small parties. Grant was strong enough to turn upon and defeat any army sent to the relief of Vicksburg, and he covered the country for such a distance and with such care, that weeks before the real investment began three out of every five Confederate couriers sent out in any direction were sure of capture.

The Confederates were not to let go of Vicksburg until the last hour. Up to the time that Grant took the Big Black route it was easy to secure provisions of all sorts. After that it was realized that unless the most extraordinary exertions were put forth Vicksburg would have to stand a siege backed by hunger. A difficulty at once arose. Hundreds of men were speculating on their own account, buying bacon, corn, and potatoes West and shipping them to Virginia and securing fabulous prices, or reselling to the government at a great profit. Nearly all the steamboats available to the commander at Vicksburg were controlled by speculators, and the attempt to impress them was met by vigorous opposition. Where provisions could be had at fair prices there was no way to bring them out, and where transportation was easy and safe the speculators refused to stand aside.

But the hand of the military proved the strongest, and Vicksburg was fairly provisioned with certain kinds of food. The work was not in right hands, however. Cargo after cargo was lost by carelessness, and even when the boats had unloaded at Vicksburg, provisions were allowed to lie in the sun and rain until no longer fit to eat. Again, in a dozen instances, where boat-loads of bacon had been obtained far up the country at great cost and trouble, and were almost under the guns of Vicksburg, an attack by sharpshooters, or the false report of the near presence of an iron-clad, would be followed by the order to burn the boat and cargo. Towards the last the government impressed steamboats, supplies, and vehicles, and cattle and hogs were driven long distances and made to swim rivers and flounder through swamps, but there was a lack of snap and energy and a great waste at every point. The highways were at their worst, the railroads in bad condition and not willing to submit to military power, and Port Hudson must be supplied at the same time with Vicksburg. It was a greater undertaking to supply the latter place with provisions for a three

months' siege than to have marched a great army from Richmond to the Mississippi.

When it became evident that Vicksburg would be isolated and must stand a siege, strict orders were issued regarding ammunition. A majority of the Confederate troops were armed with muskets requiring caps, and some companies had the shot-guns and rifles brought from home. Percussion caps had to run the blockade by sea or land, and those which reached Vicksburg were brought in by single couriers. They were handled as carefully as gold dollars and doled out as gingerly as precious wine. One courier who got in with sixteen thousand caps on his person was nine days traveling a distance of thirteen miles through the swamps, and was fired upon more than a score of times. Another, with his valuable load, entered the lines with three serious wounds, and all others had perilous adventures and narrow escapes. The Federals captured numbers of these couriers, and secured over five hundred thousand of the caps so badly needed inside the Confederate lines.

Details of men, acting under orders from headquarters made it a business to gather up every cannon-ball and unexploded shell thrown from the fleet, and the defective shell was re-fused or re-capped and sent to the gun it would fit. Thousands of Federal missiles were thus hurled back against those who fired them. Field batteries were cautioned not to fire a shot unless in repelling an attack, and the infantry pickets had orders to refrain from wasting a bullet, no matter what course the Federal pickets took.

From the last days of April to the eighteenth day of May, Grant was advancing upon Vicksburg mile by mile, meeting with an obstinate resistance at every point, and fighting and winning at least three great battles. On the eighteenth, Sherman took possession of Walnut Hills, and the other Federal corps came up one after another and completed the line of investment.

The best military men on both sides have declared that Pemberton was in no condition to match Grant, and but for direct orders from Richmond he would probably have evacuated Vicksburg as soon as he found that Johnston could not strike a blow to relieve him. Between his desire to hold to the last, as a good general should, and his hopes that Johnston might draw Grant off, Pemberton at length found himself closely invested in Vicksburg, his army more or less demoralized from the several recent defeats, and the city crowded with women and children and other non-combatants. Had it been possible to follow him closely, his situation

must have been dangerous, but he fell back rapidly and obstructed his route so thoroughly, that he had time to restore the *personnel* of his troops and post them at every point menaced. From that May day, when the Federal host swung into position, to the Fourth of July, when the surrender took place, Vicksburg scarcely had an hour of rest from such a bombardment as no other city but Charleston received.

Pemberton had, according to his official report, only about eighteen thousand available men. A portion of these were detached as a reserve and centrally posted, that they might be hastened forward to any threatened point, thus leaving him for fort and trenches only about fifteen thousand men. He, however, had the short line and a great advantage in the lay of the ground. The line was easy to fortify, difficult of approach, and was held long after the Confederacy had any hope that Pemberton could save himself.

Meanwhile the fleet was not idle an hour, though not able to cope with the batteries on the Vicksburg bluffs. Two or three rams and gun-boats had run the batteries above and below, but only under cover of darkness. One of Porter's officers estimated that the fastest craft in the fleet would have at least a thousand shots fired at her in running the batteries.

In February the Queen of the West and the De Soto crept past in a dark night and scouted up the Red and Atchafalaya Rivers, capturing two or three vessels and destroying considerable public property. In the Red River the Queen moved boldly forward to attack a fort whose location had been made known by refugees, but not knowing the channel, she run hard aground and was abandoned to the Confederates. The De Soto subsequently struck a snag and was abandoned in a sinking condition, and the Federals were hurrying down the river on a small cotton steamer when they met the Indianola. This was a new iron-clad, fast and powerful and heavily armed, and she had crept past Vicksburg in the night to scour the rivers for prey. On the twenty-fourth, as she was near Grand Gulf, she was attacked by the Confederate ram Webb and the Queen of the West, and disabled and surrendered.

Serious as was the capture of the entire expedition sent out, the tragedy ended with a roaring farce. In order to secure an accurate estimate of the number of guns in the Confederate batteries and to note the drift of the current, Porter let fall a hint which "the boys" were not slow to act upon. A buoyant scow was fitted up to resemble an iron-clad and turned adrift at night to float past the

city. At a distance she looked more formidable than any craft on the river, and it was no wonder, when the Confederates caught sight of her floating past the city, that every gun hurled its welcome.

The "scare-crow" could not be sunk, and though under the fire for more than an hour she was not badly knocked to pieces.

It has been claimed by several Federal historians that when the guns on the bluffs failed to sink the sham iron-clad, word was sent down the river to destroy the Indianola to prevent her from recapture. It is also asserted that the commander of the Queen of the West got his vessel under weigh and hurried her off to a safer locality. So far from this being the case he stood boldly up the river to meet and engage any craft coming down. As to the Indianola a survey had been made of her damages and it was found that the Confederates could not repair her. They could not get her to a shipyard, had neither plates nor bolts nor rivets, and the broken portions of her machinery could not have been replaced in the whole South. She was being stripped of whatever could be got at, and the work was about finished when the order came to blow her up to prevent the Federals from getting her guns. Confederates who assisted to dismantle the Indianola say that her entire stern was shattered, plates and beams broken, engines wrecked, and boilers disabled, and she could not have been raised and floated had the whole Federal fleet been permitted to work on her for a week.

All histories speak of the bonfires lighted by the Confederates along the river as if they were along the Vicksburg banks. This was not the case. On the peninsula opposite the city was the hamlet of De Soto, consisting of forty to fifty houses, scattered for a distance of a mile up and down. This peninsula was held by Confederate infantry and commanded by the guns on the bluffs. Day and night scouts were posted as near the fleet as possible, a system of signals arranged, and whenever a vessel made a move it was soon known all along the peninsula. The deserted houses were filled with combustibles, and whenever a Federal craft started out at night to run the batteries she was signalled, allowed to reach a certain position, and then a house was fired. As she rounded the peninsula she was brought between the guns and the bonfire and of course, stood out a plain target. The one bonfire would show her up for three miles.

While the fearful gauntlet could be run, the hazard was so great that it seemed like sending a vessel and her crew to certain death.

The ram Queen of the West passed the batteries twice, being struck about ninety times, but receiving no serious damage and having only three men wounded. In addition to chains and cables stretched over her vulnerable parts, more than two hundred pounds of doubly-compressed cotton were piled up as a further protection. She carried away with her more than one hundred solid shot which had lodged in the cotton.

When the Indianola passed down she had more or less extra protection, and the night being dark she was well on her way before she was discovered. She was hit about one hundred and fifty times, but not more than ten shots dented her plates. She passed down with ports closed and neither lights nor men visible, but the uproar caused by her presence was plainly heard by the imprisoned crew. Hundreds of shots fell around her, throwing sheets of water clear over her pilot-house and into the smoke stacks, and whenever a solid shot struck her hull the reverberation was heard through the whole ship.

Porter ran the batteries in April, with six gun-boats and three transports. Bales of hay and cotton were brought into use, particularly about the machinery, and orders were issued to the men on the transports as to keeping behind shelter. The gun-boats went first, keeping well over toward the Mississippi shore, so as to let the transports have the Louisiana channel. Keeping at equal distances, and maintaining an average rate of speed, the gun-boats opened a tremendous fire and the transports pushed on under cover of the smoke.

But the Confederates saw through the game. They realized that there was little show to disable one of the gun-boats and their fire was concentrated upon the transports. One of the transports got through with nine shots in her hull and the scars of twenty others on her sides. A second was hit seventeen times, her machinery disabled, and but for being taken in tow, she would have been sent to the bottom. The third had a dozen shots sent into her before the voyage was half accomplished, and an incendiary shell set her ablaze and accomplished her destruction. Her crew escaped in boats and by floating away on the bales, but the only loss of life was upon the leading gun-boat.

These incidents occurred before Sherman had entered upon the Big Black route. We left him confronting Pemberton's field defenses and searching for a vulnerable point of attack.

The situation at Vicksburg, when Pemberton had been driven

within his lines, was one in which he who struck the first blow would secure all the advantage. Johnston was at Canton, making every effort to secure reinforcements, and if he could get a respectable army together and attack Grant's rear, while Pemberton dashed at his front, it would put the Federals in a critical situation. If Grant could carry Vicksburg before Johnston was ready, then he would turn upon and crush the latter. It was a situation well understood on both sides, but Grant proposed to strike first.

The Federal troops were coming up and taking position all day on the eighteenth, and an assault was ordered for two o'clock next day. Grant did not know how Vicksburg was defended on that side. He might have known of the marshes and swamps and sunken roads, but he could not have realized that stout breastworks, with terrible abattis, would confront him at every point, and be defended by men who had entirely recovered from the demoralizing effects of defeat and retreat. He could not have known that there were points where Pemberton would mass guns and enfilade and massacre charging columns, and that the approach to the lines was over ground in which every hollow was a man-trap and every hill was to be plowed with shot and shell until the earth grew hot.

History has said that Grant did not know what was before him, but had he known it all, the assault would have taken place just the same. Never before and never after in his career was he so thoroughly justified in flinging his army at a desperate position. The step was demanded by military policy, and justified by all officers.

On the highway running to Jackson, and well out in the suburbs, the Confederates had erected Forts Hill and Beauregard. To approach by the road, under the fire of those two works was out of the question. The approach across fields and ravines and patches of forest offered cover, but would certainly break up formations, and leave gaps, and prevent a general concert of action if a golden opportunity were discovered. Sherman was to move up, engage, assault and carry if he could, and under cover of his movement the other troops were to advance as near as possible and hold their ground.

It was a little after two o'clock when the brigades of General Blair's division massed in front of their position for the assault. They were to lead, and another division of the same corps was to support. Why Sherman did not advance his whole command — why all the corps did not move to the assault — why a few skeleton

regiments, worn out with constant fighting and marching, should have been hurled at impregnable points, are questions not to be asked or answered. One of the very strongest points on the whole Confederate line was selected for the assault, and the result was but a natural consequence.

The assault had been looked for all the forenoon by Pemberton. As far out as his pickets extended he had slashed down the trees and otherwise obstructed the way, and an hour before the assault came he knew where the blow would fall, and was prepared for it. Fort Hill was defended by a Louisiana brigade, with supports near at hand, and every man behind the works knew that an assault could not be successful.

When the Eighty-third Indiana moved out there was an understanding among the men that the assault was to be a general one. Before the regiment advanced it was rumored that only a part of Sherman's corps was to move. The men surveyed the distance, noted the nature of the ground and the obstructions, and a captain drew his belt a notch tighter, turned upon two or three men who were growling, and said:

"No talking in the ranks! Right dress and bid good-bye to old Indiana!"

Long enough before the lines advanced each man came to realize that it was a sort of forlorn hope — a desperate rush with not one chance in twenty of success. And yet when the order came each company breasted forward like a moving wall. It is a brave man who faces the danger he knows. Only scattering troops — just enough to form moving targets to distract the Confederate fire — took the highway. One column moved to the right to make a solid attack upon one of the forts — the other moved to the left to make a feint against the other.

Illinois, Indiana, and the Thirteenth regulars took the lead. Within four hundred feet of their starting point regiments lost their alignment from the broken nature of the ground. Chasms had to be crossed, hollows descended and slopes climbed, and directly they encountered the felled trees, and then it looked to the Confederates behind the works as if a great mob in blue was pushing ahead. Now they come under fire, and the fight opens. The monster guns of the forts, aided by the field-pieces, put in position, sweep the crests of ridges as with brooms of fire, and men demoralized for the instant crowd into ravines for cover only to find that there is no hiding-place safe from shot and shell. Two or three

times the blue mass pauses and wavers and seems to circle around, but each time it gathers strength for a rush that carries it nearer the belching cannon and flaming muskets.

"I could look over the smoke," said an officer of Shoup's brigade, "and see the ground blue with Federal dead, and I wondered if we would come to close fighting at all. Three or four times I felt sure that the columns were being recoiled, but a fresh start brought them closer each time, and finally we saw that they were determined to make a rush at the fort. Grant could not have massed enough men there to carry the slope. We could have beaten back ten times our number."

Slowly, steadily, and with a determination which commanded the admiration of friend and foe, the advance finally gained the ditch in front of Fort Hill. Here the broken Twenty-seventh Illinois halted on the open ground, within half-pistol shot of five thousand hostile muskets, formed their lines anew, and with the first cheer of the assault, dashed at the ditch and over it. The Eighty-third Indiana followed, and the Thirteenth regulars came up on the flank. The ditch was passed, the slope gained, and they could go no further. The slope was too steep to be surmounted, and to hold the position was to be fired down upon and exterminated, while Federal bullets cleared the crest and dropped to the ground far in the rear. Lighted shells were rolled down the slope to play terrible havoc, and the Federal flags planted in the earth were shot to shreds in less than ten minutes.

Fort Beauregard was being attacked on the other side of the highway, and there was more or less fighting all around the crescent as Federal divisions advanced to new positions, but Pemberton did not allow these feints to distract his attention from Fort Hill. That was the point aimed at and that was the point to be defended. Thus, while there was a constant boom of cannon and a continuous rattle of musketry along the entire front, the burden of battle rested upon a dozen Federal regiments which had pushed their way right up to the works.

The assaulting columns could not carry the slope, and yet they would not retreat. Until the recall came they could do nothing but take the steady fire poured down upon them The wonder is that a single man was left alive. The regulars lost one-third of their total number, and the volunteers suffered such slaughter as few regiments were ever called upon to stand. Says the Confederate officer previously quoted:

"During the entire time the Federal troops were in that desperate position they kept banging away at the parapet, but I do not believe we lost a man killed from their wild firing. The air above us was cut by bullets, and dirt and dust were showered upon us from those striking the parapet, but all the advantage was with us. It was a shameful thing to hold men there as they were held, and it seems a miracle that a single one escaped. The shells made horrible work among them, and after the fight was over and the smoke had blown away, the sight was such as I had never looked upon before or thought possible in war."

The recall came at dusk, and the remnants of butchered companies rallied and moved back to the Federal lines, which had been advanced some distance during the afternoon. The attack on Fort Hill had been made with a desperation never excelled in war, but there was no such thing as winning a victory there. Grant might have ordered it simply to cover a general advance along the lines. If he had any idea that a single division, supported at long distances by three or four skeleton brigades, could penetrate the Confederate lines, he little knew what Pemberton had been doing. A constant fire was maintained upon the troops as they fell back, adding considerably to the list of killed and wounded, and the roll-call of the regiments who had borne the brunt of the affair showed how terribly each company had suffered.

While lying on the slope of Fort Hill a shell rolled down by the Confederates killed six and wounded four of the regulars. A second shell, coming upon the same troops at another point almost at the same time, exploded right in the midst of the men, and yet inflicted no injury upon any one, except to scorch hair and clothing.

A captain in the Illinois regiment whose company numbered about sixty men was determined to charge the parapet. Three times he led the company up, and three times it was hurled back to the foot of the slope. Standing a fair target for the muskets above he called out to his men to make one more attempt.

"It's no use, captain!" called out one of the men.

"You can do it — you must do it! Once more. Now for the glory of old Illinois!"

"Old Illinois glory be hanged!" yelled the same voice. "If she had expected one company of her boys to lick Pemberton's whole army, some of the Chicago papers would have said so before this!"

There were plenty of men who received three or four wounds each, and yet limped back to the Federal lines. None but the griev-

ously wounded and dead remained behind. A member of the regulars of the name of William Adams was shot in the left arm, in the left shoulder, in the right ankle, received a bad scalp wound and had a bad wound in the calf of the leg from a piece of shell. The Confederates found him alive and able to converse, but one of them remarked:

"It's no use to move this man; he'll be dead inside of an hour."

"Bet you an even ten dollars I don't die at all!" replied the regular, and his pluck secured his removal to the hospital. Before Vicksburg surrendered he was able to walk the streets.

The Federals did not make a dash at Beauregard, but contented themselves with creeping to positions within musket range and maintaining a hot and continuous fire, assisted by such field-pieces as could be brought into position. The Confederate infantry replied in a vigorous manner, and being well sheltered sustained but little loss. Almost every one killed or wounded in either fort received the missile in the head, hands or arms. Seven out of every ten reported wounded were hit in the hands as they raised their muskets to fire.

The Federal infantry paid particular attention to the Confederate artillerists, and several times cleared away the entire crews of guns, but such trifling advantages were not worth the lives being sacrificed to gain them. After the fight men counted on some of the cannon the scars left by as many as three hundred and forty bullets, and the slope was raked as if an iron comb had been drawn back and forth.

On one spot of ground, not more than one hundred feet square, a quarter of a mile in rear of Fort Hill and in the line of the Federal fire, over two thousand spent bullets were picked up after the fight, and they were to be gathered by the pound at the bottom of the ravines and on the broken ground.

The assault, if meant as an assault, had failed, but the Federal lines had advanced to better positions, all the army was up, and Grant was to try again. This time every Federal on the crescent was to move forward at the signal, and Porter was to open such a fire on the front of Vicksburg as would drive every living thing to shelter. Even as the limp and bleeding regiments fell back from the first assault cannon were being planted and other preparations made for the far more bloody struggle to come.

Grant's first assault upon Pemberton's lines was made under the impression that the Confederate troops were demoralized and that

a rush would break the line at some point. The assault was repulsed. Then Grant made ready for one of the most desperate and bloody struggles of the whole war. He had failed in the assault with a corps; he would now assault with his whole army.

After the repulse of Sherman the Confederates became jubilant. Previous to the assault there was a feeling of despondency that bade fair to settle the fate of Vicksburg within a week. The defenses had been tested, an assault resisted, and hope returned. Even if Johnston made no diversion in favor of Vicksburg, it was to be defended to the last.

Therefore, as Grant made his preparations for the second assault, Pemberton made his for the second defense, and with equal enthusiasm. All along the Federal lines batteries were posted for concentric fire, sharpshooters pushed to the front, and every effort made by scouts to secure information concerning the Confederate defenses. The fleet in the river was to co-operate, and Porter promised Grant such a fire as Vicksburg had never felt.

Pemberton made ready at every point. He knew that an assault *en masse* was coming, and he knew that every Confederate in Vicksburg must stand up for a hard fight or the line would be broken at some point. He did not issue an address; he issued rations and ammunition instead.

Grant's order was for a general assault at ten o'clock on the morning of the twenty-second. Three hours before the bugles sounded, every preparation had been made and every detail carefully looked to. Every piece of artillery which was to take part was in position. Every corps, division, brigade and regiment had received instructions for the assault. The commands which were to carry planks and ladders for crossing the ditches and scaling parapets had been drafted and their materials secured, and there was not a soldier in that whole Federal army who had not been instructed in regard to emergencies. They were told how ditches were to be crossed—how to burrow into parapets and slopes to hold their positions—how to conduct themselves in front of abattis—how to shelter themselves in the ravines and hollows, and while brigades were to act independently of each other to a certain extent, the whole assault was to be in harmony. The testimony of all general officers shows that it was one of the most carefully planned assaults in modern warfare, and the reports of regimental commanders prove that there was less confusion in the midst of repulse and disaster than was instanced before or after in our civil war.

Pemberton had the advantage of position, but an earth-work would be no obstruction unless defended. He must make one man count for two along every yard of his lines. His preparations were also made in detail, and were as perfect as could be under the circumstances. No Confederate had less than forty rounds of ammunition, and they were instructed over and over again to hold their fire for close fighting and to take deliberate aim and fire with coolness. That these instructions were followed is shown by the terrible death-rolls accompanying Federal reports. Confederates behind the stone-walls at Fredericksburg had a dead rest and a certain target every time they fired. It was the same at almost every point on Pemberton's lines. Men had but to pull the trigger on living targets so close to them that the color of hair and eyes could be plainly made out.

At exactly ten o'clock the whole Federal army was transformed into a monster serpent, which began to writhe and twist and turn and undulate. From right to left—from left to right—from the sharpshooters in the hollows and behind the rocks to the double ranks sheltered in the valleys and woods, there was a movement. Brigades broke off and advanced right or left-oblique—divisions moved up squarely to the front—cannon began to thunder—the hoarse shouts of officers were echoed along the lines—columns closed up—the earth began to shake and tremble—the curtain had gone up on the tragedy of war.

The van of Sherman's assault was composed of a thin line of skirmishers, followed by the men detailed to carry planks and ladders and pick-axes and shovels. Then came the solid lines. The Confederates who were watching every movement say that a grander sight was never seen during the war. Every movement was executed with a coolness that spoke of determination, and the Federal batteries fired slowly and wasted but little ammunition.

The orders inside of Pemberton's lines were to remain concealed until the Federal infantry reached the ditches. This resulted in a mighty advance upon forts and breastworks giving out no signs of life. As Sherman's van swept along after his skirmishers the Confederate works appeared to have been deserted, and hundreds of men grasped at the delusive hope that the men had become panic-stricken and retired. Sherman concentrated the fire of twenty-eight guns upon Fort Hill alone, and it seemed to the troops as if the place was being torn to pieces. The Confederate sharpshooters ran in as soon as pressed by the skirmish lines, and in such haste

that more than one Federal officer encouraged his men in the belief that no resistance was to be met with.

With a steady tramp, and with ranks as solid as the earth over which they moved, Sherman's first brigades had reached within a stone's throw of Fort Hill before a bullet fell among them. Then death came with the rush of an avalanche. At the word, a thousand Confederates sprang up on the crest of the parapet, and a thousand muskets flamed and cracked and sent their bullets right down into the crowded ranks.

It was a sudden and terrible check. In three minutes more the Federals would have been pouring into the fort. There was a moment of confusion, and then one brigade dashed to the right and another to the left, and the third rushed to the crest of a hill on a level with the parapet and there hugged the ground and opened such a fire that a ramrod held in the air above the fort would have been cut in two on the instant. Sherman's troops were in the same position as during the first assault. They had crossed the ditches, reached the slopes, planted their flags, and burrowed into the ground like foxes, but they could advance no further. Pemberton had not concentrated against the one corps this time. Every man in that Federal army was marching to the grand assault, and Porter was raining such a storm of shot and shell upon the city as bade fair to wipe it off the hills.

The Federal artillery was playing upon Fort Hill with a terrible fire, keeping many of its guns silent and clearing the parapet of infantry, but it became plain after awhile that the only way to take the place was by a rush of the infantry lying all around it. Two brigades formed for this purpose and dashed at the parapet with cheers that were heard a mile away above the roar of battle. The lines struggled up the slopes under a hot fire, and as they braced for a dash over the parapet, the Confederate infantry rose up and sent their volleys into ranks so close that the powder burned men's faces. It was butchery to hurl men against such defenses. It was death to remain there—it was death to retreat. Thus through long hours the brigades of Sherman's corps bearing the brunt of the fight were penned up and waiting their turn to be picked off. The loss in the fort was not one in fifteen, and, compared to the loss of the regiments directly assailing it in front, it was not one in thirty.

McPherson had the center, lapping Sherman on one hand and McClernand on the other, though the flanks were not looked after as they would have been if the army had been advancing against

troops instead of defenses. Ransom's brigade of McPherson's corps joined in Sherman's assault upon Fort Hill, and Steele's brigades did some terrific fighting further up the line, but it was the dash of a wave against a rock. Had the defenders along that front been reduced one-half, and the assaulting force increased fifty per cent., the general result would have been the same.

That portion of McPherson's corps which was hurled against the strong lines along the Jackson railroad had no more show of carrying them than Porter had of running his fleet over the house-tops of the city, and the several desperate assaults made resulted in terrible losses. In front of one hundred feet of Confederate line more than four hundred Federals lay dead or wounded at sunset that day, while inside the line for that distance two men had been killed and five wounded.

"We were perfectly safe from the Federal artillery fire," says a Confederate, "and as for the infantry in front we paid no heed to them except when they assaulted. We waited until they were close at hand, and then sprang up and withered them with a single volley. Long enough before we had a wounded man in my regiment we could count the dead on our front by the score."

The day was to wither the laurels which a brave general had won over and over again on other hard-fought fields. McClernand took the left with a determination to carry his corps into the Confederate works. The ground on his front was less difficult to advance over, and there was unmistakable enthusiasm among his men as they moved out. They were advancing upon fort and redoubt, ditch and bastion, but the movement was made in fine spirits, and at the first rush the advance brigades were carried across the ditches and half way up the slopes of everything on the front. It seemed as if they must walk right into the forts, and troops in the rear were raising cheers of victory, when the Confederate infantry rose up and delivered that terrible volley at short range. The effect was the same along the whole line. Such a volley killed every third man in the ranks moving up. Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana had their flags planted on the Confederate works, and the men took cover and hung right there, determined to win a victory. Pieces of artillery were hauled up by hand and fired into embrasures, and in several instances small detachments of Federals crossed the parapets or forced their way into forts, but only to be shot down or taken prisoners.

It seemed to McClernand as if he had gained a decided advan-

tage. His front was all up, advance brigades were lying right under the Confederate works, and he had silenced many of the guns above him. It was impossible for him to know that Sherman and McPherson had gained just such positions, only to find them of no advantage. He therefore reported to Grant his success and his belief that reinforcements would bring him victory. It must have looked that way to him. There were evidences that the Confederates had all they could do to hold him at the foot of their works. Let reinforcements come and the scale would turn in his favor. He therefore held on and waited.

Grant was ready by noon to recall his army from the assault. He could see that neither Sherman nor McPherson had gained any advantage, while their losses had been terrible. Then came McClernand's reports of success, one following the other, and finally, much against his better judgment, Grant acquiesced, in the hope that victory might come from it. Reinforcements were ordered to McClernand, and Sherman and McPherson were instructed to make fresh assaults along their fronts as a diversion.

McClernand was too sanguine. He counted too much on the endurance of his troops. He expected the sight of reinforcements hastening up would dishearten the Confederates. He fully and earnestly believed that five thousand more men would enable him to carry everything in his front. Grant was mistaken in thinking he could carry Vicksburg by assault, but a subordinate must not err. McClernand hurled his corps against the rock time after time, but only to leave his dead and wounded along the ditches. Sherman was hurled back—McPherson was hurled back—the great assault was a defeat along every yard of the line. McClernand had fought with the greatest valor, and his men had come the nearest to victory, but he had been too enthusiastic, and the result was the loss of prestige and position.

When night came down the Federal army had been beaten back at every point, Porter's tremendous bombardment had failed to silence a single battery, and the dead and wounded were lying in front of the lines in such numbers as to appall those who had come safely out of the horrible tornado of death. Vicksburg could not be taken by assault; Grant would now enter upon a regular siege.

After the failure of the second assault on Vicksburg, Grant made up his mind to a siege which he knew would be dragged through many weeks. It was neither the lack of good generalship nor desperate fighting that had beaten the Federals back. Vicksburg

was impregnable. Pemberton could hold his lines against infantry, and Porter might hurl shot and shell all day long at the bluffs without doing enough damage to pay for the powder.

When the real investment began, a cat could not have crept out of Vicksburg without being discovered. Every yard of river and foot of land were watched and guarded, and the horrors of a siege were felt alike in the streets of the city and the trenches at the front.

Grant learned here what he afterwards put in practice at Petersburg. If he could not hurl Pemberton from his works he could wear him out. Sharpshooters were advanced as close as possible at every point, artillery pushed forward, new pieces mounted, and every arrangement made to keep the Confederates filled with anxiety. The crack of the rifles of the sharpshooters was never hushed, even at night, and scarcely a day passed that some demonstration was not made to create apprehension. A regiment would make an advance at some point on the lines as if an assault were intended, and the Confederates would be stirred up on a front a mile long. At night some bold Federal would creep forward among the Confederate rifle-pits and raise an alarm that would extend to a thousand men. There was not an hour in the twenty-four that the besieged felt safe in resting, and anything like sound sleep was out of the question.

While a constant artillery fire was maintained on both sides, most of the loss was occasioned by the sharpshooters. The Federals were in rifle-pits or behind rocks, and in some cases near enough to have killed a sparrow resting on the Confederate works. One of their objects was to silence the big guns by picking off artillerists, and in a few instances they were quite successful. There were cannon in the Confederate forts which were struck by as many as sixty bullets. A wooden shield in use to protect the men at one of the guns was, in eight hours, hit by forty-four balls. A Confederate soldier had only to raise his hat above the works to have it punctured by bullets, and the man reckless enough to expose himself at any point was certain to be hit on the instant.

On the other hand, the Federals suffered even more from the Confederate sharpshooters, because less sheltered and almost constantly making new movements and taking new positions. A Louisiana rifleman who had dug a hole for himself in front of Fort Hill and rendered himself a dangerous object, made a long shot one day and killed or wounded an officer. Within five minutes, as he

relates, five or six pieces of light artillery were turned upon the spot where he was concealed, and a score of Federal sharpshooters likewise gave him their attention. For thirty minutes he was doubled up in a hole just deep enough to shelter him, and over and around him swept shot, shell and bullet in a way that left the ground a sight to see. While he was not hurt, a piece of shell and two spent bullets rolled into his door, and he was almost buried alive by the dirt flung into the rifle pit.

One who looks over the battle-fields of Vicksburg will wonder that the peninsula (now an island) opposite the city was not captured long before the event took place. Porter's mortars were so far up stream that they were of little service, and whenever he came down with his gun-boats to run past or engage the batteries, the distance he had to make was so great that the Confederates had warning and were fully prepared for his coming. The Confederate force holding the peninsula was always weak in numbers, and could have been routed weeks before it was. When the Federals finally took possession of the ground, the mortar scows were brought down within rifle range of the city. The wooded peninsula hid them from sight and served as a protection, while they had but to elevate their pieces to clear the tree-tops and their missiles would carry to the Vicksburg banks. After the siege began, and after Porter secured the new position, the Confederates could never look forward to an hour of rest.

Porter's fire against the batteries along the bluffs was steady and annoying, but attended with far less loss of life than one would anticipate. It was indeed a rare thing when a man was killed in one of the forts. The missiles from the iron-clads and the gun-boats buried themselves in walls of earth from twelve to twenty feet thick, and the descending bombs were not particularly dangerous, generally falling beyond the works. A Confederate relates that he counted thirty-two bombs which fell and exploded without injury to life, and that only two out of one hundred and eight created any destruction whatever. Nevertheless, the bombardment was a terrible thing to bear, and though so many shells were thrown away, no one was safe from being torn to pieces at any moment.

Here it was demonstrated that an iron-clad which could be kept moving could be hit only by chance. Those which attacked Fort Sumter made a square stand-up fight, bow or broadside on, and stationary. These at Vicksburg fought while under motion, and though one vessel was often a target for fifty guns, the damage was

never serious. The Cincinnati, in advancing to a position within pistol-shot of a battery located at the water's edge, was fired at over forty times without being hit. She was then sunk by a single shot and about twenty of her crew were either killed or drowned.

It was not until near the close of the siege that the Federals knew of the existence of the caves in Vicksburg. During the day, when a lively bombardment was in progress, the hill-sides would be covered with women and children. Suddenly they would disappear, but in five minutes they were back again. Women learned to distinguish one missile from another by sound, and to anticipate the points against which the heaviest Federal fire would be concentrated. Seated on the hillsides, with umbrellas held up to shade them, they would watch the bombardment with deep interest until a shell came too close. Then there would be a scattering, generally accompanied by a frolic, and in a short time all would return. The caves were resorted to at first upon the firing of a single gun, but during the last two weeks of the siege, when the fire was hottest, many families remained in their houses and trusted to good luck to escape death.

In June the rations of the soldiers were again decreased, and citizens were brought face to face with the fact that nothing must be wasted. There was little or nothing for sale, the city was entirely cut off by river and land, and the women who could invent some new dish from the crumbs of a former meal fared the best. It was not until the last week that mule meat was resorted to, and it was still later on that rats came to be looked upon as good eating. A negro woman told me that she killed and ate a dog, and never tasted better meat, and another made soup of a piece of rawhide and found it very palatable. The mule meat was tolerably good eating, though tough and stringy, and soldiers ate it in preference to some of the pork and bacon issued with their rations.

Although the troops in Vicksburg were cut down to the lowest possible point in issuing rations, it was not so much from lack of supplies as from seeking to carry out Pemberton's ideas. His first was to take the garrison out in case Johnston came to his relief by an attack. The second was to protract the siege to the last hour. If he escaped with his garrison his army must have rations. If he could not get out, every day that he held Vicksburg held Grant's army there, and was an advantage to the Confederacy. In his official report he says he had in store on the day of surrender, forty thousand pounds of pork and bacon, fifty thousand pounds of rice,

five thousand bushels of peas, two thousand pounds of sugar, four hundred thousand pounds of salt, and various other commissary stores. Thus it came about that the garrison turned to rats and roots while the store-houses at their backs contained plenty of good rations.

Grant was impatient at delay, and when neither assault nor bombardment would bring victory, he began to approach the Confederate works at various points by sap and mine. The most important mines were driven under Fort Hill, and late in June there were two explosions there which nearly shook the fort to pieces. With each explosion there was a rush of Federals to get in, and a rally of the Confederates to keep them out, and no material advantage was gained. The explosion caught about a dozen Confederates in a counter-mine outside. Four of the men were blown so high into space that their bodies were almost lost sight of, and those who saw them after they had descended could find no resemblance to human beings. They were simply blackened balls of pulp.

It became certain after awhile that Grant would get into Vicksburg if he had to tunnel under every hill, and Fate sat down with Pemberton whenever he rested, and glided along beside him whenever he rode. Johnston could not gather force enough to warrant an attack upon Grant. He was a menace, but not a danger.

It was the same with Taylor. The only chance promising success was an attack by Johnston in conjunction with a sortie by Pemberton. This plan would certainly have been tried could the details have been perfected. The Confederate couriers were intercepted going or coming, and Pemberton could not arrange the details. Without a perfect understanding as to the hour and point it was useless to attack.

In the last days of June, Pemberton fully realized his position. He might repulse another assault upon his lines, and the river batteries might now and then disable a gun-boat, but the end must come. Grant was determined, and Porter full of courage. Neither Johnston nor Taylor could furnish aid, and the Confederate troops were beginning to weaken under the rule of short rations and constant vigilance. From the twentieth of June to the second of July no Confederate let go of his musket, and no man slept for an hour at a time. Every foot of the lines was under fire, and every fort was being approached by a mine. In the city it was still worse. Porter had opened with a vengeance, ammunition was giving out in

the batteries, and men who had been under call for over forty days and nights were at last wearing out.

Grant never exhibited better generalship and greater pluck. Porter never showed his fleet to better advantage than he did there. Then let history, no matter by whom written, add that the Confederates had done all that brave men could do.

On the third of July, having given up all hopes of outside aid, and feeling that further defense was but useless slaughter, Pemberton raised the white flag of surrender, and next day Vicksburg was in possession of those who had fought so long and well to win it. It has been charged that Pemberton was a man of great personal vanity. If so, he was also a good fighter. It has been charged that he disobeyed the orders of Johnston to evacuate Vicksburg. If so, where are the charges and the courts-martial? It has been written that he defended Vicksburg by the positive order of President Davis. If true, the President had the right to make the order, and he must have felt that Pemberton made the best possible fight under the circumstances.

The Capture of Port Hudson.

PORT HUDSON is on a high bluff on the east bank of the Mississippi. Ten years ago it was in a sharp bend of the stream. To-day it is virtually an inland town. Where the Federal gun-boats found twenty feet of water in the last days of the war, one now finds marsh and bog.

To hold Vicksburg it was deemed necessary to hold Port Hudson. Pemberton provisioned both for a siege, and the earth-works at the latter place were in some respects stronger than at Vicksburg.

The investment of Port Hudson was deemed complete on May 24, 1863. Banks was up with his whole army, and Farragut's fleet of ten vessels had taken positions from which they could pitch shot and shell into the Confederate fortifications.

General Gardner, the Confederate commander, had that same personal determination which characterized Pemberton, and when the Federal army and navy approached, the defenses were complete, the place provisioned and the garrison in good spirits.

From the twenty-fourth to the twenty-seventh, the Federal fleet maintained an almost continuous bombardment, and from the eleventh or twelfth to the same date there was more or less skirmishing between the infanty.

On the twenty-seventh a hot fire was opened on the Confederate works from every piece of Federal artillery which could be brought to bear, whether on land or water. This was the prelude to a general assault. Banks reasoned the same as Grant. An assault before the Confederates had time to settle down for a siege was more likely to break through the lines. After the artillery fire had continued for several hours, the Federal right advanced. Banks contended that his orders were for both wings and center to advance at the same time, but through some misunderstanding only the right moved out. The Confederates were posted on strong ground and behind field-works, and where breastworks were not otherwise de-

fended, an abattis had been prepared. The Federal advance was obstructed by swamp, thicket, ravine and creek, and every foot of ground was hotly contested. For three or four hours the right of Banks was in a situation to be opposed by the entire Confederate army, and its advance had been checked when the left and center finally moved up and assaulted.

The orders from General Gardner were to hold the field-works at every cost, and they were closely obeyed. At Vicksburg every yard of the lines had to be approached by direct assault. At Port Hudson certain positions could be, and were flanked and taken, but always at terrible cost. Confederates lying safely behind earthworks coolly waited until the assaulting column reached the abattis, and then each man had only to select his target. Again, when the colored troops charged upon the batteries, flanked by rifle-pits and supported by choice troops, companies were cut to pieces at a single volley.

"To show you what cool and desperate fighting it was," says a Confederate, "I had at least twenty-five shots at Federals not over two hundred feet away. In one instance I fired upon a Federal lieutenant who was encouraging his men to tear away the abattis. I wounded him in the left arm. He fired at me with his revolver and sent a bullet through my cap. Next time I hit him in the hip and he fell, but while I was reloading he raised himself up and shot the man next to me on the left through the head. The officer was so close to me that I could tell the color of his eyes and detect a small scar on his face. After the fight I saw him taken away by the Federals to be buried. He had been struck by seven or eight bullets. A negro, who escaped the volley that shattered his command, drove right in among us at charge bayonets, and he not only refused to surrender, but pricked two of our men and broke his gun over the head of a third before we downed him."

As the Federal left and center moved to the attack, Farragut redoubled his fire against the river side of the main fortifications. One feeling such a bombardment as he gave Port Hudson would feel obliged to believe that walls of earth thirty feet thick must be battered down, and that troops in garrison would be blotted out to the last man. If one military genius brings forth a new engine of destruction, another military genius brings forth a defense to offset it. Walls of earth render shot and shell less dangerous than bullets. Bomb-proofs offset the work of mortars. And so it was that while Farragut pitched his heaviest missiles into the works, and seemed

to be wiping them off the face of the earth, the damage inflicted was trifling. A gun or two was dismounted, half a dozen men killed or wounded, and the works needed slight repairs. It is the bullet which tells in war. It seeks its target on the picket-post — on the skirmish line — on the raid — along the rifle-pits and breastworks. The musket is never silent. It is a slow cancer eating away at the life of an enemy. It seeks him out in the ravine — it discovers him in the thicket — it gives him no rest on the plain. Artillery roars and flashes, and its missiles scream and terrify, but the ponderous shot falls wide of its target or digs its own grave in the soil.

Step by step the Confederates were forced back, and as night came the entire garrison was within the defenses proper. Every field defense had been captured, and the Federal army had won a victory. In the excitement of the last charge the front lines were carried almost to the ditches, and desperate individuals even crossed them and were killed as they pulled themselves up the slopes. Banks was too strong for Gardner in the field. Now it was to be shown that Gardner, driven within his shell, was too strong for Banks. He had the short line, and an assault upon his interior works meant repulse every time. He proved this before dark by a sally and an artillery fire which caught the Federal left wing in flank and whirled it back a mile.

From the twenty-seventh of May to the eleventh of June, Banks was preparing for a siege, or continuing a siege practically begun with his first assault. Day after day, and night after night, Port Hudson was under the fire of fleet and land force, and so close was the investment that only one courier out of seven sent out passed the Federal lines, and he with a bullet in his shoulder. Says a member of the garrison:

"One can get used to almost anything. After the first two or three days we took the bombardment as part of the regular routine. Pieces of shell were continually flying about, and it was the regular thing for a bomb to drop down amongst us at intervals. I have seen them come down within fifty feet of a sentinel and throw up a wagon-load of dirt without his even turning his head. We had but few men hurt by the artillery fire. I do not believe we averaged one man hit for every thousand pounds of metal thrown. I remember that I one day counted thirteen shells and bombs hurled at the spot where I was posted before we had a man hurt, and he was only slightly wounded. On the contrary, our best marksmen were called to the front as sharpshooters, and I have known one

man to kill or disable four or five Federals without having wasted a bullet. I would sooner be penned up in a fort and bombarded than stand vidette."

Banks determined upon a second assault in order to intrench himself nearer the Confederate works and be able to sap and mine. The enterprise was kept a profound secret in order that the attack might be a surprise, and when, at one o'clock in the morning the various troops were quietly roused out of their sleep and preparations entered into for the assault, but few suspected what was to come.

The assault was made just as night was giving way to daybreak, and it caught hundreds of Confederates sound asleep. For the first quarter of an hour success seemed certain, but then the works were fully manned and such squads of Federals as had entered them were made prisoners or wiped out. There were mutterings about mistakes, and blunders, and delays in bringing forward supports, but no charges were ever made and no one was officially censured.

Banks has been censured for the third assault, made upon the fourteenth. Events proved that he had no accurate knowledge of the ground along most of his front, and that he was greatly deceived in his estimate of the strength of the Confederate works. His defenders, however, point to Grant's approval of the course taken. The preparations necessary for a general assault betrayed the movement to the Confederates, and when the blow came they were prepared for it.

The plan of assault was carefully arranged and all the details sharply looked to. There was not a regiment or company which did not understand exactly what would be expected of it under all circumstances.

The point selected for the attack was an angle nearest the Federal lines. The approach to it was sheltered to a point within about eight hundred yards, and the plan was for a sudden dash across the open ground. When the time came for this, the ground was found to be broken and rocky, full of holes and ravines, and much of the surface covered with creeping blackberry vines. The plan called for an assault to the right and left of the angle as well, but success was expected only in the center. Acting under the belief that the ditches could be gained without trouble, a regiment was detailed to carry bags of cotton to fill them up and make a way over. Another was supplied with hand-grenades, to be thrown over the parapet,

and two or three others were to act as sharp-shooters and prevent the Confederate artillerists from working their guns.

"We were called up about two o'clock in the morning to make ready for the expected attack," explained a Confederate officer. "We knew the point aimed at, and long enough before a move was made we were ready for it."

The Federals found this to be the case when they broke cover in the gray of morn and rushed to the assault. A desolating fire was opened as soon as the first man appeared in sight, and this action resulted in more or less confusion. More than half the skirmishers were wiped out as they went forward at a run, and when the columns came up it was rendered plain in a moment that success was simply impossible. The ditches were deeper than anticipated, and not more than two thirds of the hand-grenades were brought up. Of those thrown not one in ten exploded as desired. The Confederate officer quoted above said of the rush:

"They were brave men to come on as they did. They must have realized that it was death to rush at the angle, prepared as we were, and yet they pressed forward without urging. Such of the hand-grenades as came into our works were picked up and tossed back, and I believe they created as much destruction as our bullets. The Federals seemed to have reasoned that once in the ditches they would be safe, but we had prepared them with a view of an enfilading fire, and it was a slaughter-pen for such as took up the position."

There was desperate fighting before the Federals would give back. The attacks to right and left met with the same obstinate resistance, and at length the fight ended in the repulse of the assailants. The Federal lines had been advanced, but that advantage was offset by the slaughter of nearly a thousand men.

On the right and right-center the ground was open, and after the fight any wounded man who raised a hand was sure to receive a bullet. Indeed many of them were killed where they lay, and some were almost riddled. Those lying in the old cotton field were forced to remain on their backs in the broiling hot sun for seven or eight hours, the bullets plowing the earth around them and their sufferings so great that numbers of them, rendered frantic, rose to their feet and were shot down. Every wounded man who lay there was fly-blown, and when darkness came there was no attempt to remove any but those nearest the Federal lines. During the first night the Confederates could not sleep for the wails and groans of

the badly-wounded still lying there. At the end of the third day the dead still covering the ground, General Gardner asked Banks to remove them. Banks passed the matter over to Augur, and Augur carried away nearly three hundred putrifying bodies. At other points the bodies of Federal soldiers remained where they fell, and were buried only after the surrender. Attempts have been made to excuse this horrible neglect on the ground that the Confederates maintained a malicious fire across the fields where the dead and wounded lay, but it will be remembered that it was General Gardner who sent the first flag of truce and the first request that the victims should be taken care of.

The third assault was the last made. Banks was now satisfied that Port Hudson would yield only to a siege, and he erected new batteries and began a steady pounding away which had its expected results. He put his miners and sappers at work as well, turned a part of his army into sharpshooters, and long enough before July was ushered in General Gardner's situation was worse than Pemberton's.

In the last days of June rations became scarce, and mule meat and rat-soup were luxuries. The fire of the fleet had dismounted gun after gun, and the supply of ammunition for all arms had run so low that one could figure to a certainty when the last round would be fired. By the first of July the Federal works were not above twenty feet away at some points, and lighted shells were tossed from either side by hand. Mining and counter-mining were going on, and sorties by small bands of desperate men were of frequent occurrence.

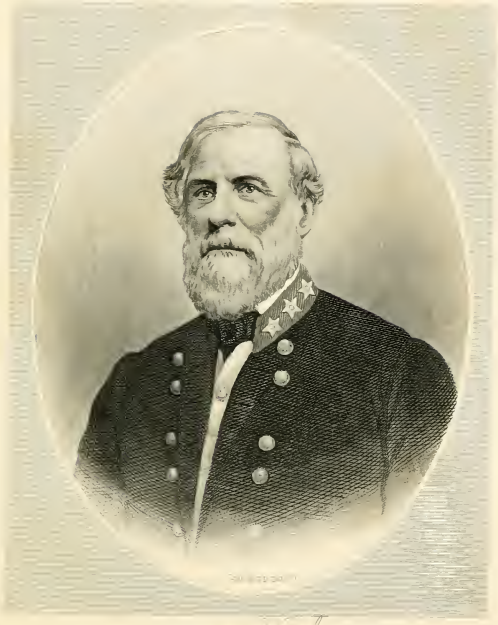
Gardner, like Pemberton, was holding out in hopes of some movement by Johnston or Taylor, but it was a vain hope. On the night of the seventh, news was received of the surrender of Vicksburg. This was the death blow to Gardner's hopes, and on the ninth a full surrender was made and Port Hudson occupied by the Federals.

Burnside's Crossing at Fredericksburg.

WALK out on the toll-bridge which crosses the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, and which has been built since the war, and you are within eighty rods of the spot where the brave Seventh Michigan made its crossing, and where one of the pontoons was afterwards laid for the center of the army to cross. On Falmouth Heights, at the farther end of the bridge, Burnside had one hundred and seventy-nine cannon massed against the town, and for miles up and down the river the earth trembled under the tread of a mighty army getting into position for battle.

Burnside had pushed for Fredericksburg immediately upon assuming command of the army. If he reached it first, Lee must give battle in the open field against superior numbers. It was a race between corps and divisions and brigades in blue and gray. Blue would have won but for the broad, deep river. The river might have been crossed before Lee had three brigades in Fredericksburg but for Halleck. Halleck knew Burnside's plans, and he knew that the river would stop him. He promised that pontoons should be at Falmouth Heights with the advance of the army, but it was three weeks before a single section was on the ground. Call it what you will, but that delay soaked the streets and lanes of Fredericksburg with Federal blood. Lee swung into position, intrenched, and was ready for battle fifteen days before it came.

December had come, the country was impatient, and Burnside had scarcely fired a gun since succeeding McClellan. He felt that he must strike a blow before going into winter quarters, and the only chance was to strike it here. And yet what a chance! Over beyond the town Lee's army was hidden behind breastworks and stone walls and ridges, and to reach it the river must be crossed, the town carried, and the battle lines must reform under a fire of grape and canister, and advance across open fields and up highways under such a fire as was met only at Malvern Hill and Gettysburg.



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

A man who never heard a musket fired or saw a soldier in uniform would stand on that bridge and say that five hundred thousand men could not carry Lee's position. Hooker flanked it above, and the death of Stonewall Jackson saved his army from capture. Franklin's corps tried it below, and found itself cooped up in the woods and held there by two or three brigades. Burnside drove straight at and through the town, and he left nine thousand dead and wounded in the streets and on the fields. General Burnside must have realized the desperate chances as he looked across from the Heights, but he was forced to take them. The country demanded a battle, and the authorities at Washington would have decapitated him had he asserted what everybody has since willingly admitted.

Walk up and down the streets these long years after, and you will find what it means to turn one hundred and seventy-nine guns loose on a town for a whole day and more. Peace and progress have not hidden a tenth part of the scars made that day. Half a century hence men will see the shattered walls, splintered cornices, defaced chimneys, and bullet-chipped bricks as I saw them yesterday. Shot and shell fell into the town as hail falls upon the roof of the farm-house, and men and women who passed through it all describe that Thursday as a day to be forever remembered. Invalids were blown to fragments with their beds and houses—roofs crashed in—walls were thrown down, and shells crashed through roof and floor to the cellar, and in their explosion left, in some cases, only a single wall standing. This was not a battle—it was only the prologue. Burnside was driving Barksdale's Mississippians out of the town so that he could lay his pontoons.

One hundred and seventy-nine cannon, worked rapidly for twenty-four hours, will fire—how many tons of round shot and shell? Ten—thirty—fifty tons of war's howling missiles—a third of the town knocked to pieces—streets blockaded with falling walls—and yet the sharpshooters were not driven out. They had dug rifle-pits along the river, and scarcely a dozen were killed by the terrible bombardment. Every attempt to lay the pontoons brought such a fire from these hornets in ambush that the work had to be abandoned. When the Seventh Michigan asked the privilege of crossing in boats, then Burnside realized that this should have been the plan from the first. In company with the Nineteenth Massachusetts, under a hot fire, and contending with a strong current, the men of the Seventh made a slow crossing, but a quarter of an hour after they had touched the opposite bank the town was cleared of

Confederates. Then the pontoons were laid and the grand army made its crossing. Lee and Jackson and Longstreet smiled grimly. Burnside was where they wanted him. The dullest private soldier in the Confederate ranks knew that an attack meant defeat.

Franklin had crossed three miles below the city with hardly the firing of a gun. He was expected to sweep through the woods, seize the Little Mine Road, and, by advancing along that road, turn Lee's position at Marye's Hill. If Lee's army had had no right wing to cover that road, the plan would have been a success. Franklin was only well across when he found Jackson in his front; and Jackson remained there. Franklin's whole command might as well have been in Washington for all the good they were to Burnside on that bleak thirteenth of December—aye! better to have been there and avoided the useless slaughter.

Take your stand on Dead Horse Hill, and you are where Jackson massed his artillery that morning to sweep the plain, over which Meade's command moved as it burst out of the fog and the shelter of the woods. Five thousand men had been sent to seize a position which thirty thousand could not have carried. The center of both armies could see every maneuver as the fog suddenly lifted and the December sun shone clear and bright. It is the same plain to-day, with fences restored. It is the same hill, with its slopes half-hidden by underbrush. To gain and hold that hill would be to turn Lee's right. There was almost dead silence as Meade's men marched across the open fields with steady tramp. Not a man lagged—not a line was broken. They were almost within pistol-shot of the foot of the hill, when all at once, with a crash as if heaven and earth had come together, Jackson's artillery opened. Only a rush could carry the hill, and a rush did carry it. The Federals were seen to spring forward—the smoke hid them—and the next moment they were at the crest and had rolled Jackson's first line back on his second. Thirty thousand men cheered to the echo, but the cheers died away in groans. Jackson's second line opened to let the broken regiments through, and then followed up their volleys with the bayonet. His third line never fired a shot. Meade's poor few thousands were broken, scattered, and hurled back, and a third of those who charged the hill were left dead upon it. That ended the fight on Burnside's left and Lee's right.

Sumner was on Burnside's right — Longstreet faced him on Lee's left. Franklin was no sooner repulsed on the left than Sumner was ordered to attack on the right. The key of the Confederate right

was a hill which could be defended against the world. The key of the Confederate left was just such another place. Jackson held the one — Longstreet the other. From the battle lines formed under cover of the houses and walls, men looked across the open commons to Marye's Hill, and realized that perhaps not one out of five would live to cross the space, but when the order came every man was ready. It was a terrible blunder to push those legions against such a position. The Confederates charged Round Top at Gettysburg in the desperation of despair. It was gain all, or lose all, by that one charge. The Federals charged Marye's Hill when they could have flanked it — when defeat was assured before a man moved. The Confederate artillery had a direct fire from sixteen different points, and at the foot and at the slopes of the hill there were enough infantry to hold it against the grandest army ever marshaled.

Look there to-day and you can find every point and particular. Over the crest of the hill or ridge runs the old plank road to Salem Church and Chancellorsville. At the base of the hill, and bearing around it to the left, is the Telegraph Road. Along this latter road is a stone wall four feet high, built against the base of the hill. If that wall had not been there the hill was yet too steep for soldiers to climb. But the wall was there, and behind it was a brigade of Confederate infantry. I walked slowly along the length of this wall and counted the "chips" made by eight hundred and sixty-six bullets which struck the stones. Above it, on the hill-side, the boys from the town were digging out bullets where thousands had been found before. Had the wall been carried the hill could not have been, but Sumner dashed his men at both as if a single rush would rout Lee's left wing. One historian locates this stone wall "midway up the hill," and puts "hosts of the enemy behind it." It is at the base of the hill, and hardly long enough to cover one brigade. Hooker thought there were thirty thousand behind it. Lee had only about fifty thousand men all told to defend his entire lines. Less than two thousand Confederates held the wall, and two thousand men can hold it to-day against ten thousand.

Marye's Hill and this stone wall were the object of Sumner's dash, but his men got no nearer than two hundred feet to the wall. The artillery on the Heights created the most terrible slaughter as the troops rushed across the open space, and as they came within stone's throw of the wall the musketry swept whole companies away. At the center of the wall is a street a hundred feet wide leading up from the town. Up this street, affording no cover what-

ever, the Federals charged in column of brigades. They could not go forward and they would not go back, and while the artillery above had a plunging fire on them the infantry behind the wall mowed them down with the scythe of death. In ten minutes Sumner was hurled back; but he charged again, and it was now that the Irish Brigade made its heroic charges. With bayonets fixed they dashed at the stone wall again and again, but never to reach it. That night when the roll was called only one man out of three answered to his name. The rest were lying dead in the dusty lane. Along this lane, nearest to that stone wall, you can sit on your horse to-day and count over two hundred bullet holes in sheds and houses.

"I was sergeant of a gun which was stationed just there," said an ex-Confederate to me as we faced the Height. "We did not believe the Federals would charge the hill, and when they came the second time we cheered them. Such bravery I never saw on a battle field. Some of the men who were hit way down the street hobbled and limped forward and were struck down within two hundred feet of the wall. This road was the worst spectacle of the whole war. Our artillery created horrible slaughter on the heavy lines of men at such close range. That tree down there at the corner of the garden stood in an open field then, and just beyond it was a slight swell. As Sumner's troops came over that swell in their second charge, I fired into the lines just to the right of the tree, and the shell killed or wounded nearly every man in one company. I saw grape and canister open lanes through the ranks, and yet the blue lines closed up again and dashed at the base of the hill. We thought they were madmen.

"Down where the old shed stands I saw a curious thing that day. When Sumner was driven back the second time, a single Federal soldier was left on his feet among the dead there. Instead of falling back with the rest, he stood there and loaded and fired as coolly as if at target practice. He wounded one man in my company, killed a corporal further up the hill, and shot a lieutenant there where the wall curves. He fired as many as six shots, being fired at in return by a thousand men; but as he turned and walked away, our men ceased firing and gave him cheer after cheer."

Hooker, who had not yet crossed the river, was now ordered forward to attack, but after a survey of the Confederate position, he remonstrated. The order was repeated. The blood of the bravest men in the army had been poured out in the desperate charges, but Burnside insisted. Then for long hours every piece of Federal

artillery which had crossed the river bellowed and thundered in a concentrated fire against wall and hill. Lee's position was as safe from it as if it had been at Salem Church, with all the hills between. Marye's Hill could not be battered down. Had the stone wall been powdered to dust, the hill would have remained, and two thousand infantry on its crest, without the support of a single cannon, could have held it against ten thousand veterans. But shot and shell shrieked and screamed and battered away as if every discharge swept ten Confederates to death and at length, half an hour before sunset, the curtain went up on the last act of the tragedy.

The Federals were to depend on the bayonet alone. The veterans saw the ground blue with corpses, and they muttered and murmured, but did not lag. When the column of assault moved out, every man was there. With a cheer they dashed through the smoke — struck straight for the wall with bayonets at a charge. Again shot and shell tore through the ranks, heads of columns were swept away, the muskets behind the walls blazed forth, and the number of dead was added to. That was all. For the sixth, seventh, eighth time it was demonstrated that Lee's position could not be carried. And yet, but for the protests of the corps commanders, there would have been still another assault, led by the frantic Burnside in person.

There are fifty people in the town who walked over the plains after the battle. In no other battle of the war did the dead lie so thickly. More horrible still was the work of the solid shot and bursting shells. When the dead had been carried away there still remained a heap of bloody fragments. Fredericksburg, or what had been spared of it, was turned into a hospital, and the wounded filled every house.

Every detail of that battle can be picked up by the visitor to Fredericksburg. The spot on Falmouth Heights where Burnside's Parrott guns were massed is barren as on that day. The fatal wall is there — rude earth-works yet crown the hills — the bloody plains are before the eye — everything is there but the roar of cannon, the crash of musketry, the struggling hosts of the living and wounded — and the dead. These have been swallowed up by the earth and time, and the quaint old town sleeps on the hill-side as if war had never been known.

As night fell upon that scene of slaughter, the Federal troops were withdrawn out of musket-range, and the roar and crash died away until an almost dead silence settled down upon town, and

highway, and hill and plain. Fifteen thousand Federals had been killed or wounded or placed on the list of the missing, while Lee had not lost a third of the number.

Burnside would have continued the slaughter next day with that fearful list of dead before his eyes, but his corps commanders were a unit in dissuading him. On the evening of the fifteenth the army recrossed the river to its camps, the pontoons were taken up, and the country demanded that some one should be held responsible for that useless slaughter of brave men.

Stone River.

"THERE will be a great battle to-morrow!"

Those words were uttered by Rosecrans on the night of December 30, 1862.

After weeks of waiting and preparation he had marched out of Nashville to give battle to Bragg. For three days he had pushed him back on this road and that, and now knew that Bragg was massed at Stone River. There had been sharp fighting here and there as divisions swung into position, but it was only the warning note of what was to come. It was cold, rainy and cheerless, and on that bleak night fifty thousand men lay down in the muddy fields or under the wet trees to sleep if they could — to wonder over the morrow if they could not sleep.

"Attack at daylight." Those were the words spoken by Gen. Bragg at the same hour on that same evening. He had fallen back to draw Rosecrans clear of the fortifications of Nashville, and he now had him where he felt certain that he could crush him. Wet, hungry and knowing that the morrow would be red with blood, the Confederates bivouacked in battle-line and thousands slept their last night's sleep.

McCook was to hold the right, not advancing, but repulsing any attack and holding his ground to the last; Crittenden was to swing the left wing around and crush Bragg's right and hurl it beyond Murfreesboro, while Thomas held the center.

Hardee had the left of Bragg's army, and was thus opposite McCook; Polk came next, and Breckenridge had the right. It cannot be said that there was any choice of position. In some spots the Federals had it — in others the Confederates. It was a battle-ground of field, hill and forest — the fields soft with the rain — the forests of cedar and oak. Divisions advanced, retreated and maneuvered over ground where a horseman can hardly make his way. The cedars hid whole lines of battle, and batteries were concealed among the oaks. In numbers the two armies were about

equal, and the battle opened with a determination on either side to win. Rosecrans knew what the North expected of him; Bragg had assured the South that it should celebrate a victory.

No war of modern days can point to a battle in which there were so many death-grapples between regiments and brigades, nor in which so many men and officers were specially named for gallant conduct. It was a battle so full of incidents that one must divide the army and write of the corps in detail. Let us follow McCook now and write of the others afterwards.

It was not quite half past six o'clock, and the morning was raw and chilly. It was the last day of the old year, and it was to pass away with its gray hairs spattered with blood. Johnson's division was on McCook's right — Willich's brigade on Johnson's right. Then came Kirk, then Baldwin, then Edgarton's battery. The knoll on which this battery was planted was then covered with shrubs. In front of the battery was an old pastnre. The night had been without alarm. The Federal pickets were stationed within five hundred yards of the Confederates, and they heard nothing to cause alarm. At day-break there was no move. At six o'clock camp-fires were kindled and preparations made for breakfast. Kirk's brigade lay along the pike leading to Franklin, with cultivated fields at its back. While busy with its preparations for breakfast, and before a single skirmisher had fired his musket, Gen. Kirk himself saw the Confederates advancing across the open fields. They were moving in lines four deep, arms at right shoulder shift, and with a tramp as steady as if on parade. There were ten thousand men in this advance, and they came on so quietly and steadily that the Federal skirmishers stood and stared at them in amazement. Not a shot was fired — not a shout uttered — not a man broke step.

"It was the finest sight I ever saw on a battle field," said Kirk, "and for a moment I was dumbfounded. Then I ordered the Thirty-fourth Illinois down as a support for the skirmishers, and got ready to hold my position." There were half a dozen fences dividing the fields, but they were leveled without a halt being made. On—on—and the lines of gray were hardly pistol-shot away when the skirmishers opened fire. It was like throwing chips at a rolling wave. Then the Thirty-fourth opened a hot fire, but the smoke had not risen over the heads of the men before that mighty wave rolled over them and flung them before it or swallowed them up. Then Kirk's whole brigade came into action, pouring in such volleys as should have checked a division. A tremor ran along the gray

lines, and the advance halted just long enough to fire in return. Then the wave surged forward, and Kirk was hurled out of its path as if his men were bundles of straw. It had not been ten minutes since the Confederate advance was first discovered. Rosecrans had planned to swing his left. Bragg had planned the same. Both armies were slowly swinging around as if the center rested on a pivot. Kirk had under him the Thirty-fourth and Seventy-ninth Illinois, Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth Indiana, Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, and the battery before mentioned. The brigade was flanked on both sides before it had fired a third volley, and retreat at a run was the only expedient left. The battery had scarcely opened fire when the Confederates rushed upon it and in a moment had captured all the guns and killed fifteen of the men.

Willich's brigade was composed of the Fifteenth and Forty-ninth Ohio, Thirty-second and Thirty-ninth Indiana, Eighty-ninth Illinois and Battery "A" of the First Ohio. The position was stronger than Kirk's, but was no better held. The Confederate advance passed its flank, and a terrific fire was poured into its front, and in a few minutes it was hurled aside and part of the battery captured. Then Johnson had lost nearly a mile of his front, and there was every prospect of a panic. Willich had been captured, hundreds of officers killed or scattered, and as the two beaten brigades fell back the stragglers rushed towards the rear to spread the news. Then it was that Johnson exhibited his mettle. He advanced the First Ohio, Sixth and Thirtieth Indiana and a Kentucky regiment, and shouted orders for them to hug the ground and fire low. For ten minutes there was a grapple which made the woods scream with terror. A Confederate officer who was in this advance against Johnson, in relating some of the particulars, said:

"Although we walked over Kirk and Willich, we lost heavily, and when Johnson threw forward his last troops the fire was the hottest I ever saw. We still had four lines of battle, and heavy supports were behind us, but for some time we had all we could do to hold our own. A perfect wall of fire rose from the ground all along our front, and the air was so full of bullets that we seemed to breathe them. I had thirteen men killed almost as fast as I could count, and at one time our lines had to fall back."

Held in check by that awful fire until thoroughly desperate, the Confederate wave fell back a little to close up, and then, with cheers and shouts, it rolled forward with a momentum that crashed over everything. There is a shock, a clash of bayonets, and Johnson's

lines are broken and sent whirling. The two batteries with them have had their horses shot down and cannot be removed, and the gunners continue to fire until the enemy are among them with the bayonet. The cowards and stragglers now fill the woods and fields, racing to the rear to shout the direful news that McCook's right has been turned; but the brave men retreat only to take new positions and check the Confederate advance as long as they can. Regiments mingle, company organizations are lost, but the fight goes on. The Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania suddenly closes up, fixes bayonets, and, with cheers of defiance, sweep across a field and recapture four guns which had been playing on them. There are no horses to draw them off, and after holding them five minutes and spiking two of the pieces, the regiment falls back, leaving a dead man to mark every rod of its path.

Every regiment and battery in Johnson's division is now in retreat, but they turn and fight at every step. A hundred men drop down behind a rail fence and hold their position under command of a colonel or sergeant, as the case may be, until the lines of gray are only three rods away. Every oak tree hides a man determined to revenge defeat, and the cedars, with their low-hanging branches, give out volleys of flame and smoke and death.

Just in front of the troops commanded by the Confederate General Rains, Colonel Dodge is fighting a part of Kirk's brigade. A portion of the Thirty-ninth Indiana are holding a short ridge covered with oaks and cedars, every man flat on the earth and every musket barrel hot. Dodge rides in behind and cheers them, and the volleys are sent so fast that they merge into a continuous roar. The Confederates in front of this spot are checked. Rains dashes up and urges them to advance, crying out:

"Forward with the bayonet and drive them out! They can't stand the cold steel."

He had scarcely ceased speaking when he was struck down, but the lines were already advancing. They cross the open space with a rush and a cheer, and some of the Indianians are captured before they can get out of the cedars. It is fall back in a mob and rally on a new line. The Federals are beaten and driven and routed and decimated, but they turn and fight at every rod. From the first it has been a fight at half-pistol-shot. Men have been killed with the bayonet at every point held by Johnson's division—the flame of cannon has jumped right into men's faces as they advanced. Such

pluck in advancing—such desperation in falling back, had no parallel in the four years of blood.

When Willich's brigade was struck and swept away in a mob, the men did not scatter. They could have been excused for straggling, for all organization was lost; but to their glory be it said that not fifty men took advantage of the confusion to skulk away. They rallied by tens, twenties, and companies—a major in command here, a corporal shouting orders there—and as Kirk was finally driven to the Murfreesboro pike, Colonel Gibson rallied Willich's Brigade in battle lines and threw them in front of the advancing Confederates. Wheeler's cavalry charges them in flank as they are swinging into position. The Fifteenth Ohio stands squarely up and lets the yelling horsemen almost reach them with the sabre before it gives them a volley, which turns the charge into a bloody rout. The Eighty-ninth Illinois clears its front with the bayonet, and the Thirty-second Indiana refuses to fall back until it has been flanked and is receiving a fire from three different directions. The Forty-ninth Ohio sees the enemy completing a circle around it, and the men rise up, fix bayonets, and fight their way out. The blue lines are driven, but they yield the ground foot by foot.

When Kirk gave way it uncovered Davis, but he would not fall back. Every man in his lines could see the heavy columns of gray moving down to the attack, and it seemed a forlorn hope to wait for it. They had seen the guns of Belding's battery drawn off by hand, and they knew that a whole division had been shattered and driven. With a long and steady tramp the gray lines moved forward as if death would spare them. They were the men of Cleburne and McCown, and those who lived were to have the post of honor in other battles.

Davis reinforced his skirmish line as Johnson had done, and it was absorbed in the same manner. The advancing Confederates did not return its fire, but drove it as the wind drives straws.

There was a crash which shook the heavens as the Federal division opened fire, and it was echoed by the Confederates an instant later. Then the crash became a roar which made the oaks tremble and the earth quiver as if wounded. Sheridan, farther down the line, listened to it and cried out:

"Flesh and blood can't stand that fire five minutes!"

He spoke truly. The Confederates had surged forward until only a few yards separated the lines in some places, but they were men of flesh, and flesh could not stay there. Their lines wavered—

fluttered—bent back, and gave way. That fire in their faces, so rapidly delivered, in some cases put three and four bullets into men before they could fall. It split fence-rails into kindling wood. It filled the air with bark and twigs cut from the trees. It cut the air until there was a sound as if millions of bees were passing over. Pickett's Virginians faced just such a fire at Gettysburg, and they withered away. Burnside's men faced such a fire at Marye's Hill, and the plain was piled with dead. A colonel under Cleburne said of it:

"No soldier will live through a hotter fire! I saw dozens of men struck twice and three times. The bullets tore up the ground like a drag, cut the bushes off by piecemeal, and filled the air like flakes in a snow-storm. No war ever furnished troops who could stand up against it."

Cleburne and McCown had been repulsed, but, under a fire which left the living marching over the dead and wounded, where their lines were reformed. They extended beyond Davis' right, and they saw the opportunity. With a wild cheer, the heads of columns swept down on his flank. Would he fall back? No! A few hundred poor men faced to the right to form a new front, and the One Hundred and First Ohio takes the shock. The wave passes over them, and now it is no longer war but murder. It is the bayonet—the butts of muskets—the pistol and knife. No man asks quarter—no man will surrender. Three Federal batteries pour grape and canister into those masses of gray, every gun cutting its swath clear through the rear line, but nothing stays that advance. There is something terrible in the way it breasts that storm of death—something awe-inspiring in the manner in which it survives such a fire. Now it is before the guns—now among them—now pressing on as if bullets were peas. Carlin's brigade rises up without orders, and while a dozen officers are shouting for them to lie down again, they fix bayonets and advance three hundred feet, but only to be hurled back in a mob. Some of the artillery is pulled away by hand—some left to the Confederates. The Twenty-first Illinois is flanked, but it will not retreat until orders are thrice repeated. The Twenty-second Indiana has no one to command it, but the men want no orders to load and fire. The Twenty-fifth Illinois fights a whole brigade—fights and falls back—fights and is broken—fights and is struck in flank and turned half-way round. Its colors go down again and again—its colonel is dead—companies are without officers, and yet the men fall back with their faces to the foe.

Davis is gone. Those Confederate divisions might have wilted and withered and wasted, but the survivors would have pressed on. Enemies though they were, every Federal who fought them has given them credit for such pluck as men have seldom witnessed on a field of battle.

It was like following up the links of a great chain. Johnson was the first link, and he was broken. Davis was the second, and one mighty wrench tore him from the line. Next came Sheridan. He knew that the links above him were gone, and that his flank was exposed, but he rode down to Sill's brigade and shouted:

"Hold fast, boys—we can whip hell out of the whole batch of 'em!"

Sill's brigade was posted on a ridge covered with cedars and young oaks. The ground in front had a slope down into the cleared fields, and he had three batteries posted along his lines. It was a terribly strong position—a stronger one than Hancock had at Gettysburg—and the Federals laughed in grim defiance as the first line of gray swept into the field a quarter of a mile away. Now the batteries open! Eighteen guns break into a roar which makes the chimneys in Murfreesboro tremble. Not a shot or shell is used—nothing but the murderous iron slugs and bullets which grind and tear through flesh like the teeth of a wild beast. Wide swaths are cut through the Confederate lines, and whole regiments are seen to drop down to escape the fire. Then the infantry added its fire, and the jaws of hell were wide open. Then followed the most singular sight ever witnessed upon a field of battle. Whole regiments of Confederates *crawled forward on hands and knees!* They crept through the soft soil of the old cotton field and up the slope covered with leafless shrubs and dead grass—crept almost under the thundering cannon, and there they fought with the flames from Sill's muskets burning their clothing. It is only when the brigade rushes upon them with the bayonet that they give way and are hurled in a mighty mass down the slope—over the scattered piles of rails where fences had stood, and through the field where the cotton-stalks were dead with time and spattered with blood.

When Sill gave the order to fix bayonets and charge he placed himself in front to lead the advance. With wild cheers his men sprang after him. With sword flashing through the smoke of battle, the gallant brigadier cut his way down the slope and had reached its foot, when a bullet struck him full in the face. He did not live three seconds after being hit, and a dozen Confederates

were within ten feet of him when he went down. It was not known until the Federal charge had been repulsed and the lines hurled back that poor Sill was gone. His body was then in the hands of the Confederates. It was by them taken to Murfreesboro and buried, and the assertions then made and since repeated that it was treated with indignity, have no foundation in fact.

After Sill's death, Colonel Nicholas Greusel, of the Thirty-sixth Illinois—old veterans from Pea Ridge and other fields—took command of the brigade and reformed it just in time to meet a new assault. The cotton field and the slope were covered with dead, but the gray lines massed for a fresh charge and came on at a run. Three of Sheridan's brigades had faced round to make a new front. In front of them was Cheatham. He first struck Roberts, and a terrific volley hurled him back. He rallied and came again, and this time he clung until pressed back with the bayonet. The living could hardly move for the dead under their feet, but a third time they rushed upon the Federal position, and, after a hand-to-hand fight, they hurled Roberts' brigade into the woods, and Roberts himself lay dead under the cedars. Then Shaeffer had to go, the musket-barrels of his men so hot that the hand could not touch them. Then the advancing lines struck Greusel. His men did not have seven rounds of ammunition left to the cartridge-box, but they would not give way. The Thirty-sixth Illinois cleared its front twice. The Twenty-first Michigan, green troops, that had never had a brigade drill, and which counted two hundred men who had been in camp less than twenty days, retired in solid lines, firing their last cartridges and robbing the dead for more. The Twenty-fourth Wisconsin reformed in the face of a hot fire, and would not budge until three lines of battle were close upon them. The Eighty-eighth Illinois fired its last cartridge, and its commandant saluted Colonel Greusel and reported:

"Not another cartridge left, sir! We must hold our position with the bayonet!"

But that grim, desperate, heroic advance rolled on. It struck regiment after regiment and battery after battery—it poured on and on—over fields—over ridges—through the woods, like the mighty river of lava from a volcano. Rousseau hurried over from the left-center with his division, but it reeled away as it felt the blow of the hammer, and now the whole right wing was gone—not routed and panic stricken, but crushed back and doubled up and limp and bleeding.

Rosecrans had swung his left, and had his right shattered. Bragg had swung his left, and his right had scarcely heard a bullet. When noon came Rosecrans had reformed the right on a new line, but he had been beaten. To save that army from square defeat from right to left, would demand the nerve and strategy of a Napoleon. But he meant to do more. He meant to win that fight.

Two hours before noon McCook had been doubled back on the center, and Rosecrans had lost the battle of Stone River. He must now depend on the center and left to prevent a complete rout. Sheridan was the last of the right to yield, and how well he fought is told in his loss of one thousand eight hundred men out of six thousand five hundred. When he had been crushed back and his lines turned half-way round, there were not a hundred cartridges in his whole division.

Thomas held the center, having the division of Rousseau, numbering eighteen regiments and a battery, and the division of Negley, numbering ten regiments and three batteries. The center had ample warning of what was coming, and was as well prepared as a corps could be in such a position. It was scattered over fields and through the woods, regiments separated by impassable thickets, batteries plunging along blind roads in search of positions, and the advantage of ground entirely with the advancing foe.

Bragg's plan of attack was simple and successful. He had advanced until striking McCook's extreme right, and then followed the Federal line towards the left, taking every brigade in flank in turn. When Sheridan's last brigade was struck the flame of fire also rolled along in front of Negley. Stanley's brigade, consisting of the Eighteenth and Sixty-ninth Ohio, Eleventh Michigan and Nineteenth Illinois, had good cover, and the Confederate wave rolled against them to be beaten back. Next to them was Miller's brigade, consisting of the Twenty-first and Seventy-fourth Ohio, Thirty-seventh Indiana and Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania. The two Tennessee regiments belonging to this division were held on the pike. The first assault of the Confederates was weak and easily repulsed. The second was fiercer, the gray lines surging forward as if pushed by some mighty power. The batteries thunder—the muskets crash — ten thousand men scream and shout — the earth quivers, and then a thousand voices cry out:

"We have beaten them back again — hurrah! hurrah!"

It was a false hope. The second assault was to keep Negley busy while Sheridan's last brigade was being annihilated. It fought to the last — fought until it was three-quarters surrounded — and then it fell back and left Stanley's flank exposed. In five minutes he was being fired upon from three different directions. In another five the Confederates were in front, on flank and in rear. Negley has been struck by the same hammer which shattered the other divisions and he is falling back in the same way. The Confederate artillery is cutting down the tree-tops over his men — bullets whiz everywhere — the wave is pressing on, and Negley must go.

But he will not be driven pell-mell. The Nineteenth Illinois and Eleventh Michigan swing out in front of the cover they have been holding, right dress under fire, fix bayonets with a menacing clatter, and before the order can be given to advance they rush forward with wild yells and drive the gray wall back, and return with their bayonets covered with blood. The enemy press forward again, and the Nineteenth Illinois and Twenty-first Ohio wheel about with fixed bayonets and charge with a cheer. But it is vain to attempt to stay that advance. It creeps forward like a mighty fog, absorbing and enveloping position after position — gun after gun — regiment after regiment. Batteries tear great gaps, but the fog closes up the rents. Musketry shivers and burns and hisses, but the fog smothers the red flames.

When Negley had yielded a mile of ground he found Rousseau at his back, and he found the best position on the whole battle field. Three miles out of Murfreesboro, on the Nashville Pike, the river sweeps in and runs parallel with the road. For some distance the railroad runs between the two, both turnpike and railroad cutting through ridges, and the railroad having several heavy fills on its grade. All about this locality was open ground on that day, and the years have brought no change, except a few shade trees and three or four more farm-houses. The hills were the spots for artillery—the fills, cuts, and fences the cover for infantry. As Negley fell back, showing his teeth from every thicket and biting savagely whenever he could plant a battery, Rousseau reformed the shattered command in this chosen position. At last he was clear of the jungle—at last he had positions for his batteries. One who rides down that pike to-day, be he civilian or soldier, will note the strength of that position and see how every soldier was doubly armed.

As Negley's remnants limped out of the forest Rousseau was posting his artillery. Loomis, of the Michigan battery, galloped to the crest of one hill, Stokes, of Chicago, to another, and Guenther to a third, while regiments and brigades settled down behind cover. Scribner's brigade took the left of the line, Beatty's brigade the right, and the regulars supported the batteries. The last Federal troops to limp out of the cedars were the regulars—parts of four different regiments, under Shepherd. They were literally walked over by the Confederates. They rallied again and again, but always to be rolled over and over by the advancing wave, and as they came out of the woods in knots and groups and broken lines they had lost none of their pluck. Out of less than three thousand men this command lost nearly five hundred in killed and wounded in thirty minutes' fighting. Even the bloody jaws of war should have been satisfied with this, but they were not. When the Confederates discovered that Negley had joined Rousseau, and that the combined command had secured a defensive position, there came a halt in the advance and a lull in the battle.

Stand there to-day and you will see the picture as twenty thousand men saw it on the bleak winter's day—only it will look brighter to you. The fields stretch away to the green cedars just as they did when that lull came. Eighteen guns were massed and ready. Two divisions of infantry were under cover and waiting. Rousseau's keen eye had taken in every detail, and Negley's men panted for revenge. Thus they waited—all eyes turned towards the cedars. It was from that green fringe skirting the fields and losing itself in the forest, that the wave would come.

The waiting tried men's nerves. Men who would not retreat from the cedars until they had fired their last cartridge now trembled and turned pale. The artillery horses, sheltered beyond the guns, held their heads high in air and kept their eyes on the woods. The relief from the roar and din of battle was painful, and when a soldier raised his voice to shout to some comrade a hundred men reproved him by their looks. What was it coming? The right was gone—the center forced back—the crack of musketry was creeping down to the last brigade on the left. If that mighty fog rolled over Rousseau, the Federal army would be cut in two. Then good-bye to Rosecrans!

"There they come!" Ten thousand men speak the words. They have caught sight of a long, thin line of gray breaking cover from the cedars. They are the Confederate skirmishers—men sent out

in advance to rouse the tiger out of his hiding-place in the jungle. Not one in ten will be living five minutes hence, but they look straight into the eyes of death and never falter. Now they are clear of the cedars—now in the open field, and then the gray lines of battle come into view. Soldiers will see such a spectacle again, but it will not be often. Four solid lines of battle—muskets catching the sun and sending silver waves from right to left and back—every foot keeping common time—every company presenting a parade front—it was a spectacle never to be forgotten in war's annals. Not a Confederate historian has named one single brigade in that advance. Even Bragg's report did not name a regiment. It has been left to the wearers of the blue to name them and to give them credit for such valor as Napoleon dreamed of but rarely ever saw. He who calls his foe a coward can secure no praise for victory. Men who seek to rob the Confederates of that gallantry displayed on so many fields of carnage write themselves down as winning victories not worth recording. In just such solid phalanx the blue marched against the hills at Fredericksburg and the Horseshoe at Spottsylvania, and Confederate history has sent their praises down the trail of history for the next hundred years. Say, then, of that advance on Rousseau that the men in gray knew its strength and halted not!—realized the horror which the next ten minutes would bring forth, and yet advanced into its open jaws! They were men from Arkansas, and Missouri, and Louisiana, and South Carolina, and Georgia, and nearly every other state in the South, and they must have known the hopelessness of that advance.

"Now open on them!" Loomis' battery jumped clear of the ground as the double-shotted guns belched forth their grape and canister square into those solid masses, and Stokes and Guenther joined in the crash until there was a roar which seemed to rend the arch of heaven. For half a mile up and down, the railroad iron stretched along the ties jumped and quivered and set the musket barrels to bounding. Bushes and trees on the banks of Stone River were caved into the stream by the vibrations, and the whiz and hiss of the death-dealing missiles were horrible to hear—were terrific!

The fire of those three batteries at such close range was simply murderous. In front of them were four hundred yards of open field, over which a rabbit could not have scampered without being seen. The close-packed lines of battle offered a fair target, and grape and canister were hurled into them by the bushel.

"It was the most terrible fire soldiers ever met," said an Arkansas

lieutenant in describing the fight. "The air above our heads fairly screamed, while the ground in front seemed to be rolling towards us as the missiles plowed it up. Our advance was checked, then it was rolled back into the cedars to secure cover. The sights around me were horrible. Men were not hit to be wounded, but to be torn to pieces and the bloody fragments hurled over the living. It was as dangerous to lie down as to stand up, for the ground was literally harrowed with grape-shot. There was an oak log about a foot thick and fifteen feet long directly in front of me, and the splinters from the log were hurled over our heads in a perfect storm. The grape-shot struck it with a thud! thud! thud! as rapid as the ticking of a clock. We did not breast the fire over five minutes, and yet it seemed to us that we had been there a long hour."

Davis has written of politics where he should have named the brigade which cut loose from the center as it fell back and advanced straight upon Loomis' battery. The Thirtieth Arkansas was one of the regiments—the others no one has named. In double line of battle, without a skirmisher in advance, this brigade pushed down across the open fields with six pieces of artillery playing full upon it. Its track was cumbered with dead; but men working those guns will tell you that there was no halt. The ranks closed up to fill the horrible gaps cut through them, and the brigade scarcely lost its step. It was not over forty rods from the guns when it halted, wavered, and marched to the right to seek the cover of that spot known to history as "Hell's Half-Acre." It might have furnished safe quarters for a dozen sharpshooters, but when that brigade rushed into it the men outnumbered the trees and bushes. Loomis at once turned his six pieces on that bit of cover. A few musket-shots replied. Galled to desperation by the awful situation, the Twenty-third Arkansas fixed bayonets and rushed for the battery, but only to be piled in heaps on the open ground. Its colors went down again and again, and at last there was no hand to lift them up. The flag lay there on the bloody ground in plain view of thousands, and the regiment was wiped out of existence—literally blotted off the roster of the division.

Ask those Michigan men who were with Loomis that day, and they will tell you that as his guns were trained upon that hell on earth the air beyond it was darkened with grass, earth, limbs, twigs, and splinters. It was mowed, raked, burned, and harrowed. Those larger trees which lived through the storm could not survive the

next season. It is a cleared spot now—but the earth will ever smell of carnage. When Rosecrans in person led the men of Rousseau and Negley in the charge which cleared the ground, the remnant of that brigade came out of that hell-spot and surrendered to him. Was there a regiment left? No; not a company—not a dozen—not half a score—and at least half of these had been wounded! It was over such men as these that Rosecrans won his victory, and yet bigots seek to slur that victory by disparaging that bravery.

The artillery had checked the Confederate advance in the center, but the right and left wings left the center behind them—cut loose from it—and marched straight on. Van Cleve was there with his division on the right, and the Confederates moved down upon him with a momentum meant to double him up. It might have done so in the cedars, but it did not here. Beatty was there with his Seventeenth Brigade, and he took the first shock, with the Federal batteries playing over the heads of his men. Here, on the Confederate left, the lines of battle were four deep again, and they broke cover with a yell, which was heard by every man in Rousseau's lines. Skirmishers ran on before them and leveled the fences, paying not the slightest heed to the hot and steady fire maintained by the Federal skirmish line. With flags proudly waving and every foot keeping the step, the wave rolled down upon Beatty, not a man taking his musket off his shoulder until within pistol-shot of the Federal lines. Then down came the guns, and the Confederate officers were heard shouting: "Forward on the double-quick!"

That wave struck a wall of fire and a flame of death. It surged forward again and again, but it could not pass a certain point. The dead and wounded were heaped and piled, and it was only when regiments had been decimated over and over again that the wave rolled back into the cedars with a crash. Had there been ten lines of battle there, the result would have been the same. There was the key of the center. An army could have wrested it away by flanking, but Bragg had only a corps to throw at it, and they must take it in front. The first assault was a blow from a sledge-hammer, struck to kill. The Confederate left moved out of the cedars, down across the fields, and rushed upon the Federals like a whirlwind. They rushed to destruction. Every Federal cannon had them under range—so had every Federal musket in the assaulted line. The assault was repulsed with terrible vengeance. Broken regiments and companies were flung back into the cedars faster

than they had come out, and no man on the right believed that the charge would be repeated. But it was. The Confederate reserves moved up, the broken lines reformed, and this time as they left cover it was on the double-quick. There was the same wall of fire—the same horrible crash and roar—the same yells of defiance and cheers of victory. The second assault had ended like the first—the third resulted as the second.

"Even after the third repulse the men could have been rallied again," said a Confederate colonel, "but it was no use. We had piled up a thousand dead in front of the Federals, and that was all. We could not have carried the position had we been five times as strong. Looking across the fields from the cedars after that last repulse, the ground seemed to have turned gray with our dead and wounded. In some places they lay in windrows—in others they were in groups, as if grape or canister had struck a dozen at once."

It was the regulars who received the first shock, and as a consequence they suffered most. Their regular and precise firing was heard everywhere on the field above the crash of battle, and it was terribly destructive to the foe. Out of less than sixteen hundred men, nearly seven hundred lay dead and wounded after the last repulse. Was that war or murder? In front of their lines were over one thousand dead and wounded Confederates. Was that murder or butchery?

Palmer was on Rousseau's left, having the brigades of Cruft, Hazen, Grose, Hascall, and some of the troops from Rosecrans' left wing. Here, too, the Confederate advance was in four lines, the brigades of Chalmer and Donelson leading. The attack was made with a rush, but it was repulsed in less than ten minutes. That assault was a feeler, meant to test the strength of the Federal position. As the gray lines reached cover they reformed under a hot fire of shell, and officers passed along the lines to say to the men:

"Hold your fire until you can see the color of their eyes; then deliver a volley and walk over them with the bayonet. It is a strong position, but we must carry it!"

There was something grand in the sight of that solid mass of gray breaking cover—flags rippling, muskets gleaming, lines dressed. Artillery could not halt it; musketry checked it only when blue and gray looked into each other's eyes. And for twenty minutes lines surged back and forth, advanced and retreated, wavered and rallied, and then all was over. Soldiers had never done more, but

there is a limit even to desperation. Confederate regiments lost thirty, forty, and even fifty per cent. of their strength in that advance. Companies numbering forty men went back to the woods with ten and twelve. Did the veterans at Waterloo fight better or lose more?

Later in the day, when word reached Bragg that Rousseau had fallen back to shorten the Federal line, he ordered another advance. That advance found Rousseau still there, waiting and ready, and it retired without an assault. The right had been driven and broken. The center had been driven to be rallied in a stronghold. There were fighters and heroes on the left as well, and the flame of battle had rolled down its front to stain the cold, bleak earth with brave men's blood.

We have seen the right of the Federal army in the first day's fight at Stone River driven back on the center and defeated—the center driven back and rallied and saved by the gallant Rousseau—now what of the left?

Bear in mind the plan of battle. McCook on the right was a pivot. He was to hold his ground, and the center and left were to advance—the left sweeping through Murfreesboro. Hold fast to one end of the stick and sweep the other over the ground and you have Rosecrans' plan. But Bragg had exactly the same plan, only on his other flank. Breckenridge, on his right, was the end of the stick to be held down, while his center and left were to make the sweep. Bragg had the greater momentum, and success was his.

The left began its advance early in the morning, and a part of the troops had already crossed Stone River and begun skirmishing when the battle on the right opened. The disaster to McCook checked all further advance on the left. With the right gone and the center going, the left would be lucky in holding its own. Indeed, it must reinforce the hard-pressed right. It was holding its ground under the fire of clouds of sharpshooters and dozens of pieces of artillery when the mighty avalanche which rolled against Rousseau in the new center was beaten back. When that avalanche struck the Federal wall and was broken it slid down along the lines until it reached the left, and there it rallied for a new move. Rosecrans was there in person. He saw it coming and he prepared for it. No private soldier was more exposed that day. He rode where batteries had found it too hot to stay. He dashed into and out of showers of bullets unhurt, while scores fell to rise no more. When

the storm burst upon the left it came with a roar and a scream and a rush which carried the Confederates past its flank and into the rear Then brigades could have fallen back without stigma, and companies might have run over each other without reproach. The left was assailed from front and right, and a tremendous effort was making to burst through the spot where it joined the center. But there was no falling back—no confusion. When it was known that the Confederates had passed the flank the Federals simply swung back and faced to the left and fought on.

General Hazen with his Second Brigade had a position behind what some Federal writers have termed the "Burnt House." It was a brick farm-house which had been knocked to pieces by Loomis' battery to clear a sweep for its guns. His lines ran mostly in the cover of the woods, with an old cotton field in front, and the last regiment rested on the Nashville Railroad. Some of the companies had the rail fences for cover, while others were flat on their faces behind the oaks and cedars.

The Confederates soon appeared on his front, their artillery posted in the edge of the woods and firing too high to do injury to the men hugging the ground. First came a thin line of skirmishers, and then a division broke cover and advanced in splendid order, flags flying and the ground trembling under their tread. They marched straight down on Hazen's thin front, but they never reached it. As they halted to fire their first volley the Federals poured in such a hail of lead that further advance was impossible. In five minutes they were falling back to reform and try it again, but again the result was the same. The fire of the Confederates was so high that the lines a quarter of a mile in rear of Hazen lost three men to his one.

Cruft had moved up with Hazen. He had a more desperate foe in his front, while his lines did not have as good cover. After some sharp fighting he gained the fence which then and yet skirts the edge of the cotton field, and here he waited for what he knew would not long be delayed. When the Confederates came out of the woods it was with a determination to crush him. Had they pierced his lines Grose's Brigade must have surrendered, for it was already fighting on front and flank. Standart's battery was on the knoll just in rear of Cruft's center, and the moment the gray lines broke cover they were in point-blank range of grape and canister. It was hurled into them with awful vengeance. The flags of three or four regiments went down time after time, and every discharge

opened great lanes through which the Federal infantry could see the cedars behind, but the one battery was not sufficient to check them. The ranks spread out to lessen the effects of the fire, and with a yell from every living man the mass charged the fence.

Under instructions from the officers the soldiers held their fire until the line was hardly a stone's throw away. Then it was delivered with such effect that every fourth man went down. There was a momentary panic, but the living leaped over the dead, to close up, shoulder to shoulder, and in the rush the fence was gained. Here for five or six minutes, took place a combat seen but once again during the entire war. The Federals held one side of the fence for half a mile, the Confederates the other. Guns were rested on the rails and discharged at men little more than a foot from the muzzles, and the bayonet was used over and over again on both sides all along the line.

"We tried to tear the fence down," said a Confederate officer to me, "but your men jabbed us with the bayonet and struck us with clubbed muskets. I had that left hand on a rail, in the act of climbing over, when a Federal smashed it out of shape with the butt of his musket, and at the same moment the man next to him jabbed his bayonet at my head and took my hat off. The smoke settled down like a fog, and of all the screaming, yelling and cursing I ever heard in a charge that fight for the fence beat it. Some of our men who mounted the fence were pulled over and made prisoners, and men were shot at such close range that their clothing was set on fire. It seemed to me as if we had been there an hour when the recall blew, but I afterwards ascertained that it had not been fifteen minutes since we left the woods. We could not carry the fence, and we had to fall back."

Cruft joined the center with his right. If he could be routed, the center could be flanked and driven. He realized this, and he prepared for a second onslaught. While the Confederates were reforming, his regiments replenished their cartridge-boxes, some of them were advanced or retired to secure better cover, and hundreds of soldiers protected their front with logs and sods. In twenty minutes they were ready. So were the Confederates.

Driven back to the cover of the woods by Cruft's terrific fire, with General Chalmers wounded, and a dozen lesser officers killed or out of the fight, the Confederates massed for a second attack. They knew that the right had been driven and the center was hanging by its teeth. They were told that if they could break Cruft

the fight would be won, and they were told that one desperate dash would break his lines. This information was answered with cheers. Hundreds of men threw off their overcoats and hats to make ready. Scores who had been slightly wounded took their places in the ranks for another advance. The fire of the battery was to be avoided this time by a rush. Looking down over the muddy and blood-stained field from the edge of the cedars, the spectacle was appalling. Hundreds of dead lay as they had fallen, and a great number of wounded were crawling to and fro to seek safety in the depressions. Beyond them was the fence and its blue-coated defenders—beyond the fence the battery which had created such havoc. The men could be seen standing at the loaded guns and making ready for the coming advance.

"Forward!" At the boom of a single field-piece from the cedars, every piece of Confederate artillery on that front opened fire for about five minutes, and then the gray lines moved forward with a rush. The Federal battery opened on them, but they advanced so swiftly that they were soon out of the fire, and then the second terrific struggle for the possession of the fence began. Volley after volley crashed into the advancing lines, but the lines broke up into groups and mobs and pressed forward. The fence was flanked again and again, but the flankers had scarcely passed it when they were destroyed. In spots it was torn down almost to the ground, but not a Confederate passed through the gaps. Right there, face to face, bayonet to bayonet—the one would not retreat—the other could not advance. It was a fierce riot of blood and carnage. Not a prisoner was taken on this line in that second advance. The bayonet and the clubbed musket took the place of powder and bullet, and the cry for quarter was answered by a thrust or a blow. Whenever the Confederates wavered they were encouraged by fresh troops, but that simple fence, laughed to scorn by engineers as a defense, was a bulwark which perhaps saved Rosecrans on that day. After nearly half an hour of close and deadly fighting the Confederates failed to carry it in one single spot, and were rolled back to the woods. The two Federal regiments had fired an average of fifty-five rounds per man, and during the lull were sent to the rear to replenish their cartridge-boxes.

It was the Nineteenth Ohio and the First Kentucky which now moved to the front. The ground in front was covered with skirmishers and sharpshooters, and the regiments had scarcely swung into position before they were ordered forward with the bayonet.

It was a gallant but an ill-advised movement. With a yell and a rush, Kentucky leading and Ohio supporting, the Federals dashed across the field at a charge bayonets, and would not obey the recall until they had swept clear into the woods. Here they came under the Confederate fire, and suddenly were charged in turn and hurled back in great disorder and with heavy loss. The Confederate body which swept these regiments back secured a foot-hold between Cruft and Hazen, and opened such a cross-fire on both as obliged them to fall back. In this movement both brigades were severely handled, and one of the batteries would have been captured, so great was the loss of horses, had the retiring men not drawn the guns off by hand. Cruft and Hazen, after such fighting as is never seen twice in a campaign, were crushed back to the pike in a mob, but to rally again and renew the fight with all their former desperation.

When Breckenridge struck the Federal left he found Grose there with the Forty-first Ohio, One Hundred and Tenth Illinois, Ninth Indiana, and Sixth Kentucky. They were under cover of the fences and cedars just beyond the cleared ground. It was just such a position as Cruft held, except better cover for the Federals. The Forty-first Ohio was down in front along the fence, and when the attack ran down the lines the Buckeyes were in for it at once. A whole brigade advanced straight upon them; and here, too, there was a fight over the fence — a conflict which did not end until the cartridge-boxes of the Forty-first were half empty. Some of the men had fired thirty rounds in twenty-five minutes. Help was coming, but before it came there was another rush at the fence, beaten back as the first had been, and yet it left the Ohioans without ammunition. Then for the second time in that fight, as on the first day with Grensel's brigade, was seen the curious spectacle of a regiment holding its ground without a cartridge to fire. The Confederates could not be rolled back to the woods at this point. They could be flung back a few hundred feet, just outside of the cloud of smoke, but there they would rally and push forward again. Beyond them was the One Hundred and Tenth Illinois, similarly situated, and a courier went back to Grose with the information that the two regiments were out of ammunition. The Ninth Indiana was in reserve. It was ordered down to relieve the front, and it moved on the run, cheering and yelling, under a Confederate artillery fire which killed thirteen men while the regiment moved across a space of thirty rods.

But Grose had to go. When Cruft was pushed back Grose had to follow to save his flank. In this retrograde movement the Sixth Kentucky (Confederate) swept across the field to push them with the bayonet. The Sixth Kentucky (Federal) was in the rear. The lines were dressed, and then came the commands:

"Halt — about face — fix bayonets!"

It was Kentucky against Kentucky. Both sides knew it. The Sixth Confederate also halted and dressed and fixed bayonets, and the charge was made by both at the same time. They met under the oaks — in the cedars — in the glades, and for five minutes a bloody whirlpool sailed round and round, carrying life after life with it. Then the mob fell into lines, the lines drew away from each other, and one hundred and fifty dead men were left in the woods to attest the ferocity of the grapple.

When Grose fell back he had to change front to prevent the Confederates from sweeping around to his rear. He had characterized the previous fighting as terrific, but the climax was to come. Throwing the Thirty-sixth Indiana forward into the dark woods to protect his flank, followed by the One Hundred and Tenth Illinois, he found the forest literally swarming with Confederates. The Federals broke their lines and took to trees, Indian fashion, and for ten minutes the conflict in this spot raged with such fury that Rousseau in the center heard it above the roar of his cannonade. Of the nearly seven hundred men lost by Grose in that battle, the greater part were killed in that spot of woods inside of ten minutes. Of the seventy-four officers in that total, forty were killed or wounded right there. One company in the Indiana regiment was commanded by three different officers in fifteen minutes. The Federals were gradually pushed back out of the woods, but this was their salvation. As soon as they had retreated beyond the batteries, waiting for the movement, the artillery opened with such effect that the Confederate advance was checked right there, nor did it ever recover sufficiently to pass it.

More than nineteen years after that battle I looked over that piece of forest to note the destructiveness of the artillery fire. The Federal battery at that point consisted of fourteen guns, some of them of large calibre, and they were massed to cover a front of about half a mile. Round shot, shell, grape, and canister were freely used, and the range was not beyond what a navy revolver would carry and kill a man. Imagine, if you can, the effect of fourteen pieces of artillery turned loose on the strip of forest, hurl-

ing into it every missile of death used in war. At least one hundred and fifty pounds of metal per five seconds, or eighteen hundred pounds per minute, were hurled into those woods for twenty minutes—say thirty-five tons in all. Cedars as large as a man's leg and twenty feet high were torn up and hurled along. Oaks as large as a man's body were splintered as if struck by lightning, and many of them were cut completely off just above the ground. The fire which Magruder's men received from the gunboats in Turkey Bend at the battle of Malvern Hill was no comparison to it.

"I was over the ground two days after the fight," said a farmer living in the neighborhood, "and it was the most awful sight man ever saw. All the dead were torn to pieces, and scores of the pieces were resting in the tree tops. That tree over there lost nearly all its branches, and I myself have taken half a dozen grape shot from the trunk. In that crotch up there, full fifteen feet from the ground, rested a mass of pulp and cloth which had once been a man. The tree was besmeared with clots of blood and dabs of burnt flesh, and the stench in this piece of woods was simply unendurable—horrible! I could have picked up a hundred heads, arms, and legs between here and that cedar, and in spots it looked as if a dozen men had been torn to pieces in a body."

The Confederate advance was checked, but yet they remained in such close proximity that a part of the Federal line had to be retired. It was noon now. Overhead the dark clouds were sailing away and the sun was shining down on the dark and bloody woods—the carnage of the cotton field—the dead on their backs on the cold earth, and the living also were drawing a long breath for the next onslaught. The Federals were throwing up breastworks of rails, logs, and brush—refilling their cartridge boxes—moving to the right or left to close gaps. The Confederates were massing under cover of the woods. Bragg's whole front was piled with dead and soaked with blood, but he had driven the Federal right and center, and he was now preparing to roll a wave against the plucky left which should overwhelm it at the first dash. Was this possible? Let us look at this stormy panorama a few minutes. We shall see!

Rolling down the Federal line from right to left, the brigades on the extreme left caught the last desperate fighting, rendered more desperate by the fact that McCook had rallied, Rousseau had beaten them back, and only the tenacity of this left wing prevented the complete defeat of Rosecrans.

It has been a source of wonder through all these long years why that Federal right was caught up and flung back as it was. Its position was as advantageous as that of the Confederates—the men were good fighters—they were not outnumbered. What, then, was the cause? Why was it that for a full hour after the fight opened Rosecrans could not be made to believe that McCook was yielding ground? Did McCook have more whisky than sense in his head that morning? I can put my hand on officers who believe it, and they are brave men, too. Did Johnson, whose division formed the extreme right, spend part of the night drinking whisky punch, or in trying to discover what force was in his front? There are those who are of the opinion that he was upset, and the opinions come from sources that are worthy of all credence. How was it that a little creek over which a man could spring was mistaken for a river? Who was it that blurted out:

"D—n the rebs! Let 'em cross if they want too! Haven't we got as many guns as they have?"

And, too, how curious that some of the brigade commanders were absent when the fight opened—at headquarters to have their orders repeated. Men were in bivouac when they should have been in line. Artillery horses were off to water when they should have been hitched to the guns. That right wing was there to fight—had orders to fight—knew that the enemy were in front and on the alert, and yet when the Confederates appeared they walked right over two Federal brigades who were cooking breakfast. Some one was to blame for that. A thousand men in that right wing were uselessly slaughtered. Was it whisky or incapacity which left the dead piled in heaps on this field so bravely fought on?

The last attack on Hazen was made as the sun was going down. He was ready and expecting it. His line had been shortened a little, one or two regiments thrown behind the railroad embankment, and the others covered by slight breastworks of rails. His position, as Confederates state to-day, was plainly visible from their cover in the woods, and when they advanced their battle-lines were long enough to swing in on his flank. When the gray lines broke cover and it was seen how they were disposed, every man in that Federal brigade knew that the pinch had come. Two things saved it. The Confederate right, in the excitement of advance, advanced faster than the center and left. Hazen rode along behind the men on his left and warned them to hold their fire and take steady aim.

When the word came every man had a target, and the fire was so deadly that the entire right of the advance was broken and shattered. The center was forced to halt in the open ground within pistol-shot, and it, too, was repulsed as the left swung in to flank the Federal right. This left the whole brigade free to attend to the flankers. The Ninth Indiana made a half-face and cheered as it poured in a volley. The One Hundred and Tenth Illinois cleared its front with one volley. The Sixth and Twenty-fourth Ohio advanced to a new line under fire and drove the enemy out of cover. The Thirty-sixth Indiana, Twenty-third Kentucky and Eighty-fourth Illinois let the gray lines walk right up to them and then opened such a fire that Hazen thought reinforcements had reached him. The Sixth Kentucky was charged in its position, and after repulsing the attack, fixed bayonets and drove the enemy pell-mell into the woods.

When Breckenridge, who was on Bragg's right, began his forward movement late in the afternoon, it was the plan to double the Federal left back on Rousseau's stronghold. The Federals would have then been in a *cul de sac*, instead of an impregnable position. Scores of Confederate scouts in Federal uniforms had passed through Rosecrans' position and up and down the lines. Bragg knew the exact position of every Federal brigade, and Breckenridge could almost have named every Union regiment and battery in his front. They were in strong positions, but he depended on the general demoralization to aid him. Demoralization took the fight out of some of Pope's brigades at Second Bull Run—out of some of Hooker's men in the Wilderness—out of all the Federal regiments when Jackson struck Miles at Harper's Ferry—but at Stone River demoralization meant desperation. No man can point to another battle of the war where a repulse meant another attack—where defeat meant another rally.

Hascall's position was not as good as that of the brigades on either side, having less cover, but when it was suggested that he retire his lines a short distance to a stronger position he replied:

"Not an inch, sir—not an inch! I shall wait for them right here!"

He was waiting when the assault came. There was hot fighting on either side of him, and his front was suddenly darkened by a swarm of Confederates, flags waving and bugles sounding the assault. The Eighth Indiana battery opened with grape, but unmindful of the slaughter the Confederates pushed on until the

smoke cloud hid friend and foe alike. Then, for a quarter of an hour, it was the same reckless, desperate assault, and the same grim, determined defense which had been witnessed on every brigade front of the center and left. The Twenty-sixth Ohio and Third Kentucky felt the first shock, and for five minutes men fought on either side of fences, breastworks, logs, bushes and whatever else gave the least protection. A sergeant in the Third Kentucky said of the *mêlée:*

"The rebs walked right at us as if they meant to climb over us. I hadn't reloaded after my first fire before I saw their legs under the smoke. I was then lying down behind a slight breastwork of rails. Jumping up, I was hardly on my feet before a Confederate had his foot on the rails. He had fired his gun, and now it was a fight with the bayonet between us. He thrust at me and his bayonet went through my coat on the left side and shoved me over. My fall brought him forward on his face, and before he could get up I had him by the hair. He kicked and struck out, and even tried to bite me, and we had a regular rough and tumble, but I was too much for him and he went to the rear a prisoner. I believe he was the only Confederate captured by my regiment that day."

The Colonel of the Third was killed within two minutes after the firing began, and in ten minutes the regiment lost one hundred and fifty men and every officer, excepting two or three. It was the same with the Twenty-sixth. They would not be pushed back, and the Confederates advanced until they could use the bayonet. It would not have taken another ten minutes to have wiped both regiments off the rolls to the last man, when the advance of three Union regiments brought about a cross-fire which drove the Confederates back.

"They will come again!" So shouted Hascall as he galloped up and down his lines and made a new disposition of his troops.

So they would. They had been beaten back to rally again. Hardly had a quarter of an hour slipped away before the lines of gray, composed chiefly of men from Mississippi and Arkansas, again appeared. Hascall had not moved an inch. He had a hundred heroes with him who had been wounded, and yet they were determined to "see it out." The dead lay thickly all about, and directly in front of the lines the ground was almost hidden from sight by the number of dead Confederates. Many of the wounded took advantage of the lull to crawl into the Federal lines, realizing that the next advance would be their death.

"Here they come — steady, now!" ran down the Federal lines as the Confederates broke cover half a mile away. The smoke had floated away, the sun was shining brightly, and the sight was a grand one. From five to six thousand men were keeping the same step, flags streamed back over the lines, and half a dozen mounted officers rode along the lines and shouted their orders. The Federal batteries with Hascall waited for a moment, as if to give every man a chance to witness the grand advance, and then the slaughter began. For three or four minutes the work was left entirely to the artillery. Almost at the first fire three of the advancing flags went down, and next day one of them was found with its staff splintered to match-wood and the banner so shot to pieces that one could hardly secure a piece three inches square. It was one of the terrible sights of war, and brief as was the view, hundreds of men turned their heads away that they might not see more.

The advance was checked, but only for the moment. Rallying over the dead and wounded, the Confederates made a rush for the Federal lines, striking the Twenty-sixth and Sixth Ohio and Fifty-eighth Indiana squarely in front. "Fire low! Fire low!" was the order all along the line, and the consequences were both appalling and curious. More than three hundred Confederates were killed or wounded on that front by shots below the waist, while nine-tenths of the wounded were hit about the legs. The center of the advance bore directly upon the Fifty-eighth, which had the cover of a breastwork. The Hoosiers held their fire until the first line was hardly fifty feet away, and then every musket blazed at once. The center was literally swept out of the fight by that one regiment, leaving the wings standing alone. It was perhaps the deadliest volley delivered on that field, but not over five minutes had elapsed before fresh regiments moved down from the woods, and the fight then settled down to a steady crash of musketry at short range.

No man could have exhibited more nerve and coolness on a field of battle than Rosecrans' chief of staff — Garesche. He rallied broken regiments, stationed batteries, encouraged the lines, and a dozen times rode over ground on which it did not seem as if a fox could have lived. His horse was twice hit, his saddle struck by three bullets, his scabbard by two more, and a grape-shot whizzed over his shoulder and tore up the blue cloth until the padding could be seen. I have never seen a Federal account which stated further than that he was hit in the head by a cannon-ball or shell, but there

were several Confederates who saw him die. One who served under Chalmers gave me the particulars as follows:

"We had assaulted and been repulsed, and in falling back to cover I received a bullet in the calf of my right leg. I fell flat, but after a minute or two, knowing that I should be killed where I was, I crept along over a slight ridge to be out of the way of the Federal bullets. The pain was now so great that I could go no further, and I had just got my back against a small tree when Rosecrans galloped across the edge of the open to my right. Our batteries were playing across this spot with a terrible fire, and I expected to see the general killed. He was closely followed by Garesche. When in plain view of me and not two hundred feet away, his horse jumped aside at something and Garesche lost his right stirrup. He had it in a second and was just straightening up when a shell tore through the top of a cedar behind me, passed over my head, and I saw it strike the poor fellow as plainly as I see you. There was a sort of puff when it struck, but it did not explode until far beyond. Garesche's arms went up, his sword fell, and after reeling to and fro in the saddle, the body fell to the ground."

Would Rosecrans' plan of battle have succeeded but for the disaster to McCook? A dozen generals have answered yes. The Federal left was stronger than the Confederate right. It was in position to swing. Its flank passed beyond Breckenridge's line. Two or three divisions had quietly stolen up to within gun-shot of that general's lines without his dreaming of their presence. A sudden rush upon him would have rolled him over. McCook was not expected to drive the Confederate left, but to hold his ground and keep Hardee too busy to reinforce Breckenridge.

When Rosecrans found his right being driven and the shadow of defeat settling down upon him, he was no longer Rosecrans. He could scarcely be recognized by his aides. Nerve and coolness and contempt of personal danger sent him into the thick of the fight. He was here — everywhere. He pushed ammunition trains out of the way — hurried up batteries — spoke kindly to the wounded going to the rear — encouraged those being rallied, and by his own heroic demeanor he no doubt prevented a complete rout. A dozen men died beside him that day — a thousand bullets whistled about his head — a hundred shot and shell sought him out for a victim, and yet he was preserved through all.

As the center was being rolled back, Rosecrans and staff rode across the whole front under a most terrific fire and halted for a

few minutes on the pike, near the brick house which was soon to be battered down. The fight here was just opening with a bitter vindictiveness. A Confederate skirmisher, now a resident of Nashville, who had been shot in the side a few minutes before, and was now lying within the Federal lines, says of this incident:

"As the staff came up, the horses of one of the aides almost walked over me. Rosecrans was at times so near me that I could hear every word he said. The fire began to grow hot as he came up, and I fully expected to see every one of them killed. Our folks must have been sweeping this place with a score of guns, and the sharpshooters kept the air full of bullets. A round shot struck the fence fifty feet away and knocked out a whole section, and I saw a big splinter break both fore legs of a horse. The shells came as fast as you could count. A splinter from one, which struck the ground about fifty feet away, whizzed right through the group with a zur-r-r-r! and dug its way into the ground so near me that I could have put my hand on it. Rosecrans was speaking short and quick to those around him, but he did not even notice that he was in the hottest place a general ever rode into and got out alive."

The last assault on Rousseau in the center was like the movement of a mountain across a valley to strike another. Loomis', Guenther's, and three other batteries had full play on the advancing lines of battle, and yet they could not check them. Ten thousand muskets had them at short range, and yet they closed up and pressed on. Before Rousseau fell back out of the cedars, Shoemaker's Thirteenth Michigan cleared its front three times in succession, and then seeing Bradley leave two guns for the want of horses to draw them off, the regiment dashed out, some with fixed bayonets and some with empty guns held for a blow. Down they went at a run, sweeping over the guns which were being dragged off, and in a minute they had them and sixty or seventy prisoners besides.

It was the moment when the Confederates had breasted up to within a hundred feet of some parts of the blue lines, and were wavering under the hot fire, that the whole Federal center moved forward with cheers plainly heard at Bragg's headquarters. The advance was led by Rosecrans in person. His right had been driven and his left rolled back, but now the tide was turning. Right into the cloud of smoke—over the dead—over the dying—far ahead of the lines, rode Rosecrans, and that advance swept everything clear back to the woods—this time to stay. Grant has

had no praise for some of the bravest fighters of the war—Rosecrans and Thomas among the number. The verdict is not with Grant, but with the country. What Grant won by numbers Rosecrans won by personal magnetism and the nerve of a hero. What Grant gained by reckless slaughter, Thomas won by strategy.

During this first day's fight, when Colonel Grensel, commanding Sill's brigade, was handling his regiments in a way to win praise from every quarter, a bayonet charge by one of them resulted in the capture of half a hundred prisoners, one of whom was carrying a sword captured from General Sill in a minor engagement in Kentucky several months before. Poor Sill! His lifeless body was at that moment in the hands of the Confederates. It is stated in a former sketch that his body at once fell into the hands of the Confederates. Colonel Grensel writes that he saw it immediately after death, and detailed men to convey it to the rear. He saw them pick it up and move away, but in the excitement of the immediate advance by the Confederates they must have laid it down and run away. It was then discovered by the Confederates and taken to the rear.

Has a single man who fought at Stone River ever denied that the Federal army was whipped in that first day's fight? If so, he took no part in it. It was a defeat, and yet in no way a rout. Four-fifths of an army had been pushed back over fields and through woods, and yet the nerve of a commander had prevented a panic. Not three brigades had held their original ground, and yet at night the position was impregnable. Rosecrans had been defeated, and yet in that defeat he had preserved his plan of battle. The fight had not yet died away when he began to swing his left, and the results of the next three days proved his wisdom as a general. Those after days had no horrors like the first. Bragg had done his best as an assailant, and he was now satisfied with doing his best as a defendant. He had beaten Rosecrans, and yet he had only put more fight into him. He had driven him back, but he could not hold the ground he had won. McCook's blunder or incapacity had been matched by Breckenridge, and the Confederates were not as well off when night closed in as when they first assaulted Johnson. That same nerve which sustained "Old Rosy" as he saw his army rolling back incited him to persevere, and from defeat he plucked victory. Neither Bragg nor Polk nor Breckenridge nor Hardee—the men who fought him and felt his mettle—have traduced him. It was left to the Union general who had

never fought a battle in which he did not outnumber the Confederates from two, or four to one, in men and guns.

Rosecrans knew just what ought to be done when that first day's fight closed, and he set about doing it. Bragg was in a quandary. He had defeated the Federal army, and yet it still confronted him. He could not drive it further, and he dared not walk away from it. It was Rosecrans who now began to push forward. The first was spent in reorganizing his divisions and in advancing his lines. There was angry growl all along the lines, but no battle. On the morning of the second, after Rosecrans again crossed the river and began pushing the Confederate right, Bragg saw the plan and set out to thwart it. There was a climax coming, and every man felt it. Each Federal regiment threw up such cover as it could and hugged the ground to escape the artillery fire. There was a constant rattle of musketry along the front, and a steady fire between batteries, but no great harm was done on either side. It was brain against brain, general against general. Bragg was massing to hurl an avalanche against the left, Rosecrans was bringing up gun after gun to hold what ground he had gained and to stop that avalanche in its wild rush.

At three o'clock the Confederate artillery ceased its roar, and then came the climax. In plain sight of every Federal on a mile front the gray lines moved out of the woods and rushed, and every cannon which could bear on the Federal position was let loose. In regimental front, and six lines deep, with bugles sounding, flags flying and every man cheering, that avalanche of war made its rush.

Directly in the path of that rush were the Eighty-fourth Illinois, the Sixth and Twenty-fourth Ohio and the Thirty-sixth Indiana. They had a slight breastwork, and they hugged down behind it and waited. Five to one were rushing down upon them, but not a man moved. The Third Wisconsin Battery behind them began to roar, but not a musket was discharged. It was only when the "C. S." on the belt-plates of the advancing Confederates could be plainly seen that the brigade sent forth its volleys. Five hundred men toppled over dead along the front, but the avalanche would not halt or be turned. In five minutes the Federal brigade was rolling back and carrying with it the reserve. A Federal division rushes down—brigade after brigade comes forward on the double-quick, but each and every regiment is rolled back or flung to the right or left. Hardee rolled McCook back the same way, but this time it is Rosecrans behind the broken wing. As the last regiment falls back he

opens on that advance with sixty cannon massed for just such an emergency. Fourteen Federal batteries, and all using shell and grape! Sixty pieces of artillery roaring and flaming together! More than half a hundred guns pointed directly into a dense mass of human beings! Men said that hell had broken loose. Earth hath no terrors like such an assault and defense. It is a maelstrom of horror. Every circle is made up of human bodies battered and shattered to masses of pulp. Every sweep echoes shrieks and groans and oaths and cheers. The vortex is the blood of brave men. The whirlpool of war is unlike that of the ocean. It gives up its dead and wounded at nightfall. It flings back upon field and forest the gory fragments—the dead with their agonized look—the dying with their prayers and groans.

The Confederate avalanche was halted. Then it was whirled about. Then, as two scores of Federal regiments rushed back into the fight with yells of defiance, that mighty mass turned back on its path and was swept away. The fight had not lasted over thirty minutes, but three thousand men lay dead on the front and the Confederate right was broken and routed. The repulse decided the battle of Stone River. From that hour Bragg began preparing for retreat.

Rosecrans fought that battle with forty-three thousand men, and his losses footed up twelve thousand. Bragg officially reported Rosecrans' force at sixty-five thousand and his own at thirty-five thousand. Confederate military writers give him forty thousand. His losses footed up over nine thousand men, of whom about one thousand were taken prisoners. He captured six thousand two hundred prisoners, thirty-three pieces of artillery, five thousand stands of arms, three hundred wagons and their teams, twenty-one wagons with ammunition, thirty-eight ambulances, nine battle-flags, and burned seven hundred or eight hundred wagons on the various pikes.

The force on either side was nearly the same, crediting the best authorities, but as the Confederates were constantly assaulting, they were in superior numbers in every attack. In some assaults they numbered five to one. When Breckenridge assaulted the Federal left he flung at least eight thousand men at less than two thousand five hundred. Taken as a whole, it was one of the best matched battles of the war, and no other field equaled it for desperate and terrific fighting between man and man. Let him who hath "Stone River" engraved upon his shield keep the letters bright.

The Fight at Lavergne.

ONLY one or two Federal historians have even made mention of the sharp little fight at Lavergne, which occurred at the time of the battle of Stone River, and if the Confederate historian has touched upon the matter it is only to dismiss it in three or four lines. I have taken considerable pains to investigate both sides, and the many facts and incidents which the dignified historian has refused to meddle with will certainly interest a large constituency to-day.

Lavergne is a small town between Nashville and Murfreesboro, and, as Rosecrans left Nashville farther and farther behind him, he detailed various bodies to protect his lines of communication with the city. In many cases these details were picked up — indeed, it was from capturing so many of them that Bragg was able to show such a large list of prisoners. Wheeler, Wharton, Pegram and other Confederate cavalry leaders did not have a hand in the big fight at all, but worked around on the various pikes and highways, killing, capturing and burning. They captured train after train, and such wagons as they could not run off were burned as they stood. Colonel Innes, having with him less than four hundred of the Michigan Regiment of Mechanics and Engineers — men who did not profess to do any fighting — was detailed to take position at Lavergne and keep the road open. He had no artillery, but the boys had a full supply of cartridges and were rather proud of being called to take a part in the grand movement.

There is just one spot around the village where a small body of men could take position to successfully fight a larger body, and Innes at once seized upon it. On the range back of the town he posted his little command and hastily sheltered it with a breast-work of logs, stones, rails and cedar trees cut down and dragged to the spot. He had no reason to expect a fight, and yet he took all precautions.

The sounds of the battle between McCook and Hardee came to the men all the forenoon, and once in a while a straggler gave them news of how the fight was going, but it was not until afternoon that it was known that the Confederate cavalry were cutting and slashing up and down the roads without check. Wheeler, having about two thousand six hundred men in his command, suddenly appeared from the direction of Murfreesboro, and he gathered up everything on the road. Army wagons, sutler stores, ambulances and ammunition wagons blocked the highway, and he had only to gallop along to seize everything. He meant to press on, but he found Innes there and dared not leave him in his rear. "We had made a big haul," explained one of his lieutenants, "and the boys were in the spirit for reckless fighting. Several different citizens of Lavergne had counted the Michiganders to a man, and when they came and told us that Innes had only about four hundred muskets we reckoned on capturing the whole crowd without firing a shot. Wheeler sent in a flag of truce and demanded a surrender, but what do you suppose that cheeky Colonel replied?"

He refused, I believe.

"Refused! Why, he told Wheeler to go to h—ll! There we were, six to one, and he could see it before his eyes, and he meant to fight! Wheeler was astonished and amazed, but we had no time to fool away, and in ten minutes we were ready to drive those Wolverines out of their nest. A part of our men dismounted, the artillery was brought up, and then Wheeler flung a column of attack at the breastwork. I was one of that column, and I didn't expect to hear a dozen muskets pop before seeing a white flag run up."

But you didn't see one.

"No, I didn't! We went in with a yell and I know I got within five feet of the breastwork, but we came out singing a different song. Why, sir, they opened on us so hot and kept it up so continually that we heard the bugles blow recall within five minutes. We were beautifully licked in no time at all, and I don't believe we killed one of 'em in that charge. I got so near that I could look over the breastwork and see the men, and my horse carried two Yankee bullets away with him."

The man was correct. When Innes saw he was to be attacked he ordered his men to lie down and fire slowly and coolly, and they obeyed to the letter. The two pieces of Confederate artillery flung the brush and rails ten feet high at every discharge, but

whenever a gap was opened men flung down their muskets and closed it. After the repulse Wheeler sent in a second flag of truce, stating that he had five to one and wanted to prevent further bloodshed.

What did Innes say to that? I asked of my informant.

"I heard the report of the officer as he returned. He rode up to Wheeler, saluted and said: "General Wheeler, Colonel Innes says he will see you d——d before he'll surrender! He says you must take him if you want him!"

"At that Wheeler got boiling mad. The idea that we were being held there by four hundred men made him fighting hot. The second attack was made with over twelve hundred men, and our artillery blazed away until the air was full of limbs and splinters. I had procured another horse, and again I was with the column."

How did the Michiganders behave when you moved out?

"Cool as ice. As a rule, in such cases, there is a sputtering of musketry long enough before any one can be hit, but those fellows waited. I didn't hear a bullet until we were within pistol-shot. We went for 'em with a yell, and this time a hundred of us crowded our horses right against the breastwork. I tried twice to leap it, and when I couldn't I sat there and fired three shots at a captain without touching him. A Yank then fired at me over the brush, and while I was not hit the powder in his gun singed my whiskers and the bullet made a hole in the man behind me as large as a hen's egg. I thought we were getting the best of it, but presently the bugles blew and back we went—licked again. Think of it, sir—four hundred men licking twelve hundred as coolly as if they had always fought that way! It made us hopping mad, and you ought to have heard Wheeler take on. He's a little bit of a foxy-looking chap, you know, but all vim and fight, and he'd never struck a snag like that before. He was so mad that his stirrups wouldn't hold him."

Innes was as cool as January. A man who has his back to a wall can fight three men in front, but yet there is a limit to the endurance of men in the best position. He had beaten Wheeler back twice, and he could beat him again. But if Wheeler wielded the hammer long enough he must shatter the target. When Lee could raise no more men, he knew to a week when the climax would come. He could figure to a certainty when five men would be able to overpower one. Innes had a strong position, but Wheeler could lose two men to his one and beat him in the end. Therefore, when he saw that it was to be a succession of assaults, he sent for

reinforcements and made ready for the next grapple. He passed along every foot of his lines, suggesting changes here and there and encouraging the men, and as he saw the Confederates move out for a third assault he said to his veterans:

"Fire low and don't waste a bullet! Drive them back this time and we'll have reinforcements before they can come again!"

"I did not take part in that third assault," continued my informant, "but I watched it closely. We had from twelve to fifteen hundred men, and they were all fighting mad. It was the same as before with your men. They held their fire until every bullet would hit. There was a crash—a cloud of smoke—cheers and yells, and then I lost sight of the fight for five minutes. Some of our men got over the breastwork this time, but were killed there, and it wasn't ten minutes before the bugles rang out, and back the lines came. By this time the ground was covered with dead and wounded along Innes' front, and with my spy-glass I saw some of his men rolling dead horses against the breastwork to make it stronger. It's a dead shame the way we were rolled back by that little crowd of Yanks, but it's no use denying what actually happened. The road beyond Lavergne was blocked full of Federal wagons, but we couldn't get at 'em for these paltry four hundred blue-coats, and they were tree-cutters and bridge-builders at that! That scrimmage has always made me ashamed, and I guess Wheeler will always feel sore over it."

Between the third and fourth assaults Wheeler waited to see if the Wolverines would not run up the white flag. His mission that day was to capture Federal trains and secure plunder, and he did not relish this obstruction. He did not want his men killed off, and yet that Federal force was a menace which he dared not pass unheeded. It would be no glory to whip them, for he had six to one, and as for prisoners, Hardee was capturing Federals by the hundred on the right at Stone River. After that third repulse, Wheeler would have abandoned the game as not worth the powder, only that he found himself in a bad situation. To pass Lavergne he must whip Innes. To fall back would be a disgrace. Therefore he prepared for a fourth assault. A good part of the force was dismounted to act as infantry, the artillery advanced until the spent bullets of the Federals dropped before the guns, and when all was ready the lines advanced.

Meanwhile Innes had backed some wagons into his breastwork for further cover, and as many as a dozen dead horses were rolled over

to help strengthen it. When Wheeler opened with his cannon two laughable incidents occurred to put the Federals in good humor. A shell struck one of the dead horses and exploded inside the beast. The result was that a score of men were covered with the pulpy masses, and a captain was knocked down by a large "hunk" of meat and rendered unconscious for full five minutes. His first words on regaining consciousness were:

"Boys, are we in heaven, or have we given the rebs fits again!"

One of the wagons contained clothing and rations. A shell passed through the end-board, burst with deafening sound, and pieces of overcoats and blankets kept company with hard-tack as they sailed over the encampment. A button from a demolished overcoat struck a Federal on the ear and fell to the ground, and as he picked it up with one hand and held his bleeding ear with the other, he called out:

"Boys, we've got 'em licked for sure! They're out of bullets and are shooting buttons at us!"

That fourth assault was cool and desperate, but it was met in the same manner. Not a dozen Federal muskets were fired until the rush was made. Then such a fire was poured in that the center was checked, and as the wings reached the breastwork, friend and foe fired deliberately at each other from a distance of ten feet.

"I was with that fourth assaulting column," said the Confederate narrator, "and again I reached the breastwork. This time I was on foot. We got hold of a wagon to pull it out, and I had three men hit in the legs by the fire under the brush. I saw over a hundred Federals through and over the breastwork, and could hear every order given by the officers. A man near me, who was tearing out the cedars, had the top of his head blown off, and the blood was spattered over a dozen men behind. A lot of us got down and tried to shoot through the breastwork, and I saw dozens of men trying to climb over, but it was no use. We were losing four to one, and the bugles called us back for the fourth time. Then there was a regular row among the officers, and Wheeler was so mad that he was as white as a clean shirt. We had wasted a heap of time, and the racket had sent all the Federal wagons beyond Lavergne off on a gallop. It was cutting us both ways, and I never heard so much growling in all my born days."

Then Wheeler sent another flag of truce. He had Innes boxed up, and had only been fooling around a little to give him time to change his mind. He would now offer him one more chance to

surrender, and if he refused he must take the bloody consequences.

"Hang the consequences and Wheeler, too," replied Innes; "and if you send in another white rag I'll shoot the man who carries it!"

"Then Wheeler bobbed up and down in his saddle and swore by the great horn spoon that he'd have Innes' sword in less than half an hour. He could take four successive lickings as a matter of military courtesy, but when it came to sass he wouldn't stand it." His entire force was called in, his artillery advanced still further, and the men were told that if this assault failed they must retreat.

From another Confederate who participated in the fight I am indebted for the following particulars:

"We meant business that last time, for the men were all mad and the officers had been giving us blazes for gigging back. Some one now spread the report that there were only two hundred instead of four hundred Federals behind the breastwork, and we meant to walk over 'em in a hurry. We made as pretty an advance as you ever saw, though some of the boys looked mighty solemn at the sight of so many dead men in our way. The artillery kept blazing away until we were ready, and then we rushed. I was in the front line, and I calculate we were within a stone's throw of the breastwork before a gun was fired. Then — blim — blaze — whirr! It was like a vivid flash of lightning crackling along the brush, and it was so bright that I shut my eyes for two or three seconds."

"Were you hit?"

"No, but the men on either side were killed stone dead. Indeed, I believe I saw forty men fall under that fire. We kept pushing on, firing at will, and firing without seeing a head to shoot at, and as the smoke thickened we kept stumbling over the bodies on the ground. When I reached the breastwork I fired over it, and was reloading when a bullet tore along this left leg like a red-hot iron, and keeled me over. Now, then, if you want to know what sort of fighters them Yanks were I can tell you. I lay close to the breastwork, and I heard 'em laughing and cheering as if it was only a dog-fight. I heard one officer call out: 'Keep down. Give it to 'em in their legs!' The Yank who fired over me dropped two men inside of two minutes, and I heard him say to the chap beside him: 'Bill, there goes another Johnny to the bone-yard.' Two bullets tore my sleeve without drawing blood, and the first intimation I had how the fight was going was hearing a Federal officer

yell out: 'Keep it up, boys — give 'em more h—ll, for they are gigging back on the right!' In three minutes after that our folks were on the skip, and fifty of them tarnal Michiganders stood up up and crowed like roosters!"

That was the last assault, and it was the worst whipping Wheeler ever got during whole war. He was a ready and a steady fighter, and he had some of the best fighting stock of the South in his command, but less than four hundred Federals defeated him in that contest. If Innes had the best position, Wheeler had six men to one, and he had also two pieces of artillery, well served. Once or twice the Confederates had just such a fight against a superior Federal force and came out victorious, but a four-years' war will not witness many such instances. On that same pike, an hour before this fight, ten of Wheeler's men captured seventy Federals and twenty-one wagons. And, further, six of Pegram's men captured seventeen Federal cavalrymen and four ammunition wagons without a man being killed.

Lavergne was a tally on the other side, and a long mark at that. Had Innes surrendered after the first assault, he would have been called a brave man who had to yield to an overpowering force. Had he surrendered after the second, he would have been a hero. The hero of Altoona had twice the chances that Innes had, and poets have sung his praise. Wheeler set out to capture Innes and was whipped. The Confederate force which assaulted Altoona had orders simply to feel the strength of the place, and in retreating were only obeying orders. That defense of Lavergne was one of the most heroic fights of the war. If Federal bards have refused to sing of it, Confederates who fought there have been more liberal.

Lincoln—Emancipation.

IT is doubted if Abraham Lincoln gave the subject of slavery any serious thought previous to his election to the Presidency, and the manner in which he turned to it afterwards seems to this day to be widely misunderstood. It is the commonly accepted belief that his Emancipation Proclamation was issued from force of sentiment, personal and public. The facts do not justify this belief.

In his first annual message he recommended Congress to adopt the following:

"*Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled* (two-thirds of both Houses concurring.) That the following articles be proposed to the legislatures (or conventions) of the several states, as amendments to the constitution of the United States, all or any of which articles, when ratified by three-fourths of the said legislatures (or conventions), to be valid as part or parts of the said constitution, namely:

ARTICLE —. Every state, wherein slavery now exists, which shall abolish the same therein, at any time, or times, before the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred, shall receive compensation from the United States as follows, to wit:

The President of the United States shall deliver to every such state, bonds of the United States, bearing interest at the rate of ——— per cent. per annum, to an amount equal to the aggregate sum of ——— for each slave shown to have been therein, by the eighth census of the United States, said bonds to be delivered to such states by instalments, or in one parcel, at the completion of the abolishment, accordingly as the same shall have been gradual, or at one time, within such state; and interest shall begin to run upon any such bond only from the proper time of its delivery as aforesaid. Any state having received bonds as aforesaid, and afterwards reintroducing or tolerating slavery therein, shall refund to the United States, the bonds so received, or the value thereof, and all interest paid thereon.

ARTICLE —. All slaves who shall have enjoyed actual freedom by the chances of the war, at any time before the end of the rebellion, shall be forever free; but all owners of such, who shall not have been disloyal, shall be compensated for them, at the same rates as is provided for states adopting abolishment of slavery, but in such way that no slave shall be twice accounted for.

ARTICLE —. Congress may appropriate money, and otherwise provide for

colonizing free colored persons, with their own consent, at any place or places without the United States."

This plan is recommended as a means, not in exclusion of, but additional to all others, for restoring and preserving the national authority throughout the Union. The subject is presented exclusively in its economical aspect. The plan would, I am confident, secure peace more speedily, and maintain it more permanently, than can be done by force alone; while all it would cost, considering amounts, and manner of payment, and times of payment, would be easier paid, than will be the additional cost of the war, if we rely solely upon force. It is much, very much, that it would cost no blood at all.

The plan is proposed as permanent constitutional law. It cannot become such without the concurrence of, first, two-thirds of Congress, and afterwards, three-fourths of the states. The requisite three-fourths of the states will necessarily include seven of the slave states. Their concurrence, if obtained, will give assurance of their severally adopting emancipation at no very distant day, upon the new constitutional terms. This assurance would end the struggle now, and save the Union forever.

He spoke thus not only for himself, but as the head of his party and of a nation. He looked upon slavery as an evil, but advocated no harsh measures for its abolition. Although Congress refused to act upon his suggestions, he issued a proclamation, saying:

"It is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress, to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure tendering pecuniary aid to the free acceptance or rejection of all the slave states, so called, the people whereof may not then be in rebellion against the United States, and which states may have then voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt the immediate or gradual abolishment of slavery within their limits."

He continued that it was the intention to colonize the slaves, and that his succeeding proclamation would be issued only with the intent to strike a blow at such slave states as would not accept pecuniary recompense. The closing paragraph of the proclamation reads:

And the executive will in due time recommend that all citizens of the United States who shall have remained loyal thereto throughout the rebellion, shall (upon the restoration of the constitutional relations between the United States and their respective states and people, if the relations shall have been suspended or disturbed), be compensated for all losses by acts of the United States, including the loss of slaves.

On the first of January, 1863, he followed the above by the celebrated Emancipation Proclamation which took its place among the famous records of the world's history. In it he excluded from the effects and operations of the Proclamation thirteen counties in Louisiana and the city of New Orleans, all of West Virginia, and

several counties in old Virginia. The Proclamation then continued:

And by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare, that all persons held as slaves within said designated states and parts of states are, and henceforward shall be, free; and that the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free, to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defense; and I recommend to them that in all cases, when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known, that such persons, of suitable condition, will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:

WILLIAM H SEWARD, *Secretary of State.*

Both the message and the proclamations are wholly silent as to the evils of slavery and contain no hint of sympathy for the enslaved. The suggestions and recommendations they contain spring, so far as the language shows, from motives of policy, and from these only. He had argued and advocated pecuniary recompense; Congress had refused to entertain the idea, and he then, as an act of *military necessity*, gave the blacks their freedom, or, at least, such portion as had Confederate owners. Had it been an act of *justice*, it would not have excluded territory in which there were thousands of slaves who must still be held in servitude.

The query is every day asked: "If war had not come would slavery still exist?" In all human judgment, no! The public feeling at home and abroad was growing in antagonism daily, and every closing month would have brought a stronger pressure to bear against the evil. With Lincoln at the head of the government, and with his holding steadfast to the ideas he had promulgated, Congress would have doubtless taken some decided step in the matter of emancipation by purchase.

McClellan—Burnside—Hooker.

IT is doubtful if war in any country at any time ever witnessed such a state of affairs as surrounded General McClellan during his command of the Army of the Potomac.

He took command of troops who had just suffered defeat and were thoroughly demoralized. The army had plenty to throw away in certain supplies, while there was a woeful lack of others. The administration had no experience in war, and was swayed, or driven, or led by public clamor. An army had not only to be created from an enthusiastic mob, but contracts had to be made and filled for everything wanted. Contractors had to have time and experience, railroads must get used to the new situation of affairs, and everything was in confusion.

McClellan had practically to create an army and supply it with artillery, muskets, ammunition, uniforms and accoutrements, and it took time. He found, too, that the army was little better than a mob so far as drill was concerned, and he went to work to make soldiers of them. In addition to this there were a thousand cowardly, incompetent and totally unfit officers who had to go, and new ones must take their places.

The labor of organizing this vast body of men and bringing it up to the standard demanded, and then equipping it for battle, was truly herculean. It took time, and every day of that time made McClellan scores of enemies in the North. The popular cry was: "On to Richmond!" And in shouting that cry the people entirely forgot Bull Run and its shameful memories.

McClellan started for the Peninsula deficient in many army supplies, but the administration would brook no further delay. He must get in the field, ready or not, in order to stop the popular clamor. Deputations of merchants, bankers, clergymen and politicians waited upon the President and gave it as their solemn opinion

that McClellan ought to move, and the President was more or less influenced.

McClellan had witnessed war in Europe. Moreover, he gave Lee, Johnston and Jackson credit for their military genius, and the great Confederate army behind them for courage. Between Williamsburg and Fair Oaks his advances and disposition of troops were made according to military science, and with a view of giving his army a fair chance to take care of itself if suddenly attacked.

The people who cried out that he was a "pick and spade" general, were singularly silent when Grant dug up half the soil of Virginia, and Sherman left a track of breastworks forty miles wide across the state of Georgia, even when pursuing a retreating army.

During the brief campaign ending with Antietam, the country swung its cap for McClellan and was ready to bow down to his genius, but when Lee had crossed the river without being annihilated or the rebellion ended, the critics suddenly came to the front again. Whatever may have been written by American historians, Antietam (Sharpsburg), is recorded as a drawn battle in all the histories outside of this republic. Lee's lines were not broken nor a single regiment demoralized. He had the defensive, and he took his time about leaving the field.

An army can withdraw faster than one can pursue, because the highways are clear of enemies and obstructions. Lee had but to leave a rear-guard behind the troops marching at will to feel perfectly safe. McClellan had the dead and wounded of Antietam to care for, supplies and stores to bring up, and some of his commands were sadly shattered. There were corps, divisions, brigades, regiments and companies without a head, and in the one corps of Hooker more than five thousand men had stampeded over the country.

The correspondence between McClellan and Halleck, and McClellan and Lincoln, directly after the battle was the chief cause of the commander's retirement. His dead had not been buried when he was hounded by the old cry; "move on!" He moved a division across the river and took Lee's trail, and the result was such a slaughter as no history has dared to fully detail.

In a great battle soldiers lose clothing, arms and accoutrements. They must be resupplied to make them soldiers again. Artillery must be replaced or repaired, commands reorganized, and what has been destroyed must be replaced again. McClellan had taken Pope's beaten and demoralized army and fought three battles and

driven Lee out of Maryland. Even as that army passed up the Potomac to find Lee and give him battle there was sad need of materials left behind on the plains of Virginia.

McClellan was wise in his determination to rest and refit his army before facing Lee again. He demanded time, and was answered; "Lee is badly demoralized—can't you follow and attack?" He demanded supplies, and Halleck retorted with insinuations and insults.

"The country is impatient for you to move!"

"You must take advantage of this weather to advance!"

"The President desires you to move while the roads are good!"

Think of such dispatches being sent to General Grant when he came to face the same Confederate army!

McClellan finally moved, and he was marching to find Lee and fight him when the blow fell, and Burnside was given the command. During the hot blood of war and the years of succeeding rancor men had but little time to reflect. When the years of peace came, and the searcher after truth delved into the records of the early years of war he traced McClellan's career from first day to last and did him full justice.

Noble, brave, patriotic, forgiving! In war prudent and humane. In civil life pure and upright. His enemies are a score of fanatics —his friends the whole republic!

Burnside had been rewarded for his failure to turn Lee's right at Antietam. Nobody had heard of him as a fighter, and no one could say that he had the ability to command an army. He took command of a grand army in perfect discipline and lacking in nothing, and instead of marching to find Lee he started for Fredericksburg. His intention was to cross the river at once and get possession of the town. He did not cross at once, nor yet for twenty-five days. He had forgotten that pontoons were necessary where bridges had been burned. Necessary delays cost McClellan his head. Burnside held that great army on the hills looking down upon Fredericksburg for nearly four weeks, and the critics were silent. When, at last, he did move, it was to fling men at stone-walls crowned by muskets —at hills covered by artillery—at field-works counted impregnable. He was beaten—shattered—saved from annihilation only by Providence. He would have tried it again, but the country forbade it, and no sooner had he settled down in winter quarters than the *personnel* of his army almost sunk out of sight, while men deserted by the hundreds and officers lost self-respect in their carousing.

From McClellan to Pope: Manassas—Groveton—Chantilly—exit!
From McClellan to Burnside: Delay—defeat—destruction—exit!
Burnside must go.

General Hooker, whom Burnside had entreated the President to ignominiously dismiss from the service, was promoted to the command!

Verily, there are queer things in war.

Confederate Scouts and Spies.

WHILE the term "Spy" has ever carried a military odium with it, and its application to a person in civil life is expressive of the utmost contempt, the successful spy must be a person of the strongest nerve and coolest courage. Why it should be thought more despicable, in a military sense, to penetrate an enemy's camp and discover his strength than to ambush a command on the highway and shoot soldiers down in cold blood, one fails to understand; but ever since men went to war the spy has been the object of hatred and contempt, and his identity has no sooner been established than rope or bullet has been brought forward to end his life.

From the very outset the Southern Confederacy was singularly favored with channels through which to secure early and trustworthy information of what was passing in military and civil circles at Washington and other places. Outside of the many citizens in Washington, Baltimore, Louisville, and St. Louis who were of Southern birth and secretly sympathized with the Confederacy and were willing to act as informants, there were professional paid spies who reported every movement. These people were, in almost every case, employés of the Federal government, and some wore the Federal uniform.

There was not a military movement of any consequence directed from Washington that was not reported to the Davis government within three or four days, and but few matters were talked over in Federal cabinet sessions without being more or less fully reported. These things went to prove that officials in authority were either acting for the Confederacy or could be pumped by others who were.

From 1861 to the close of the war, there was not an hour when the national capital was clear of Confederate spies, and the same may be said of other border cities. The professionals resorted to

Geo. B. McClellan

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
A L

various shifts and disguises. They were in various departments as clerks or janitors. There was at least one at every navy yard and arsenal. Three or four were in business, and others were in the employ of army contractors, or hung about the Federal camps as discharged soldiers who were trying to make a living by selling songs, postage-stamps, and the many little articles needed by soldiers.

That spies were present in Washington was fully and continually realized by the administration, but it was only at rare intervals that proofs could be obtained to warrant an arrest. The efforts put forth to prevent news from passing to Richmond through any source never closed all the channels. There were Confederates wearing the blue in every army organized to suppress rebellion, and the women of the border would brave any danger to act as news bearers.

Perhaps fifty times in the course of the war Confederate messengers entered Baltimore, Washington, Louisville, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, and purchased quinine, percussion-caps, calomel, and other things much desired, and made a safe return with their goods. Any one of these messengers, had he been identified for what he was, would have suffered death by hanging.

The harsh course pursued by Seward and Stanton and their subordinates toward such citizens of Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri as would not prove by deeds their adherence to the Union may have reaped some few benefits, but there is certain knowledge that it was of immense help to the Confederacy. The idea with Stanton was to terrify civilians who might be inclined to sympathize with the South, while Seward paid his respects to higher personages. Where Stanton caused the arrest of a border citizen as a "suspect," it was not one time in twenty that he had proofs to convict him of any treasonable act. If the prisoner was convicted, it put one man out of the way; if he was not, he at once became embittered and was an enemy to the administration, together with all his friends. If the "suspect" was innocent, his neutrality was at once laid aside, and he became an active agent for the Confederacy. If guilty, the experience taught him to be more crafty in future.

One of the coolest things ever attempted from the Confederate side occurred at Franklin, Tennessee, in June, 1863. One evening two men dressed in Federal uniforms rode up to the head-quarters of the colonel commanding the post, and were introduced as Colonel

Auton and Major Dunlap. Both were dressed in the proper uniform and accoutred as officers of those grades, and their bearing was dignified and self-possessed. Colonel Auton stated that he was an inspector of Federal outposts, with the Major for assistant, and at once began inquiring about the defenses and strength of the post, and to seek information of surrounding posts.

The colonel stated that he was en route to Nashville, and had he played his part a little better no suspicion would have been created. Inspectors were often detailed for such service, and such a visit was nothing to create surprise or distrust. Colonel Auton, however, asked too many questions concerning military matters outside of the post of Franklin, and while this fact did not give rise to any direct suspicion, another matter did. He was recognized by an officer at the post as a former Federal officer accused of deserting to the enemy. He was, as a matter of fact, a lieutenant in the Tenth Infantry when the war broke out, and was appointed as colonel of the Second Cavalry. His real name was Lawrence A. Williams, and he was then on Bragg's staff. The name of his companion was Dunlap, and he was a first lieutenant in Forrest's command. The object in disguising themselves and making this excursion was to discover the exact military situation of Rosecrans' army.

While the officer who recognized Williams did not betray the fact in his presence, it seems that the recognition was mutual, and the latter soon made an excuse to continue his journey. The pair had been gone but a few minutes when they were pursued and overtaken. They displayed nothing beyond surprise and annoyance at this incident, and when the post commander expressed his doubts about their identity, Colonel Auton haughtily replied:

"Very well, sir. A faithful officer cannot be too careful in these troublesome times. You will please telegraph to head-quarters at Murfreesboro and establish our identity."

This remark was meant to disarm all suspicion, but, unfortunately for the pair, the post commander acted upon the idea. His telegram to head-quarters was replied to in effect that the men must be suspicious characters, as no such officials had been sent out.

Williams insisted that there must be some mistake, and exhibited documents which seemed to be regular and to prove that the pair were what they claimed to be. They had nothing whatever in their possession to implicate them, and the puzzled post commander

again resorted to the telegraph. The answer was that they were spies, and to try the case and hang them at once.

While it might have delayed the case for several days had the prisoners persisted in their innocence, the telegram from head-quarters denying their identity seemed to break the men down all at once, and they confessed their identity and mission and pleaded for clemency. This Rosecrans would not bestow, and there being no need of a trial since they had made full confession, they were ordered to prepare for death. They begged to be shot in place of a gallows execution, but this request was not granted.

At an early hour in the morning they were conducted to a hill-side about half a mile from head-quarters, where a temporary scaffold had been erected under a cherry tree. A Federal who was present says that both men maintained their nerve and were prepared to face death. They shook hands, bade each other good-bye, and both met their fate like brave men and soldiers, true to the cause they had espoused.

The Destruction of the Nashville.

ONE of the quickest, boldest exploits performed by a Federal gun-boat outside the destruction of the Atlanta, was accomplished by the iron-clad Montauk in 1863, and, as by the capture of the Atlanta the Confederacy lost a privateer which had cost nearly $1,000,000 in gold to fit out, so also it lost an equally valuable craft in the destruction of the Nashville, brought about in a most singular manner.

In the summer of 1862 an English iron built steamer ran the blockade into Savannah, carrying a cargo valued at over $1,200,000. She had scarcely entered port when the blockade was strengthened by the arrival of two or three more vessels, and the steamer found it quite another thing to get out. She loaded with cotton, turpentine and rosin, and ran down the Ogeechee to Fort McAllister, but there she came to anchor. The blockaders were waiting for her in the river and sound, and there was not one chance in a hundred of her being able to dodge them.

For two or three weeks the runner remained in the river, steam up and hoping to tire the vigilance of the Federals and find some opening, but none came. One of the blockaders anchored in the middle of a channel not fifty feet wide, and no sort of weather could help the steamer to squeeze past such an obstruction. After waiting until further delay seemed useless, the steamer returned to the city, unloaded her cargo, and the Confederate government at once took her in hand and began the work of converting her into a privateer.

The Nashville was the name given to the new craft, and owing to her strong build and speed the work of remodeling her was not a difficult task. Being intended for a privateer only, she was not as heavily armed as the Alabama, Atlanta, and others, nor was it expected that she could be made invulnerable. Her engines, pilot-house, and other localities were securely protected from the projec-

tiles of ordinary gun-boat ordnance, but a dozen places were left where a nine-inch gun would send a shot completely through her.

Men who had worked on fitting out the privateer deserted at different times and carried the news to the Federals, and long enough before she was finished it was known in Washington what was going on at Savannah. Orders were issued to the blockading fleet to catch the Nashville at all risks when she came out, and for months some of the fleet did not move a hundred feet from where the anchor first went down.

To prevent any expedition from the fleet ascending the river and destroying the vessel, the Confederates arranged various obstructions and planted several torpedoes, and a water patrol was maintained day and night from the fort to the ship-yard. This was not labor lost. Three different expeditions were planned and prevented, and two Federal scouts who were surveying the channels in a skiff by night were blown high-sky by a torpedo. A Confederate patrol boat was within two hundred feet of them when the explosion took place. One of the men, who seemed to be the center-piece of a water-spout, fell within ten feet of the boat, which was at the same moment nearly swamped with the water which descended. The man was unconscious, and though he revived after awhile, he was so badly hurt that he died within two or three days. The other man seemed to ascend perpendicularly, and to a great height, for he did not come down for several seconds after the first. His body was found floating on the surface along with the fragments of the skiff, and those who overhauled it found legs and arms and almost every bone broken. It was said at the time that Du Pont received a hint from Washington that if the Nashville escaped to sea through the negligence of any of his commanders, some one would lose his official head. For more than five months a constant watch was kept for the privateer, and it was known to a day when she would be ready to move.

After the Nashville was afloat and her guns and crew aboard, she discovered that she had no more opportunity to get out as a privateer than she had as a blockade runner. She ran down to the fort and reconnoitered and remained there several days, and then returned to her old berth. This programme of running up and down was followed until everybody became tired, and Confederates began to hint that the Nashville needed a new commander. The greatest dare-devil in the Confederate navy would not have taken the risks confronting the privateer. She had in front of her at least five

Federal vessels, all of them better armed and each one with heavier mail than she carried. To run out of the river was to give the Nashville to the enemy. To remain was galling.

Then the Confederates tried another plan. Just after a bad spell of weather the Nashville hid herself in a bend of the river above the fort, threw out pickets ashore to prevent Federal scouts from coming near, and it was given out among the garrison at McAllister that the privateer had escaped through the fleet and gone to sea. Then a chance was given two or three men to desert, and they carried the news to the Federal fleet. The Savannah papers gave an account of her dodging out, with a statement that she had been seen off Charleston.

But Du Pont was not the sort of fox to stop for a whistle. The sharp eyes aboard his vessel had kept too good watch to believe these stories, and after it was seen that the trick had failed, the Nashville once more came down to the fort.

On the twenty-seventh of February, as the Nashville was making her usual run in the river, she struck a newly-formed bar a mile or so above the fort. As she had full steam on when she struck, it was at once discovered that no little trouble would be experienced in getting her off. The tide also began to fall just then, and after working away for thirty minutes it became plain that she could not be got afloat before the next high tide. Every preparation was made to aid the tide in floating her next day, and but for an unlooked-for interference she would doubtless have been pulled off all right.

It soon became known to the blockaders that the Nashville was aground, and a reconnoitering vessel secured all obtainable particulars. Before midnight a deserter from the privateer had reached the fleet and given the exact state of affairs. A boating expedition had almost been decided on, but when the deserter stated that there were no hopes of getting the craft afloat before ten o'clock next day, she was considered as good as destroyed.

At break of day the Montauk left the fleet and advanced to within less than one thousand yards of the fort. By way of the river around to where the Nashville was aground was a distance of nearly two miles, but across the peninsula it was no more than eight hundred yards. If the Montauk could stand the fire of the fort she could hold the privateer under short range. Setting herself down in her berth with the shot from the fort flying around her, the Montauk soon trained her guns on the Nashville.

Such a proceeding had not been anticipated aboard the Nashville and the greatest excitement at once prevailed. She had no ordnance to compare with that of the Federal, and it was realized that she must be abandoned. Orders were issued to this effect, and in fifteen minutes from the appearance of the Montauk the Nashville was abandoned. Officers and crew saved most of their personal property and the retreat was made in good order.

The Montauk now had it all her own way. The fort opened on her from every gun which would bear, but paying no attention to these missiles she felt for the range of the privateer. At the third shot splinters were sent flying, and the fourth, fifth and sixth went straight into her. The Nashville presented a fair broadside, and when the monster fifteen-inch shell struck her the crash of iron and wood could plainly be heard for a mile. An opening would be made large enough for a man to crawl into, and the river was soon covered with splintered wood. Inside of twenty-five minutes after the first shot was fired the Nashville was on fire, but the Montauk kept pounding away until the craft was in flames in three different places.

One of the colored firemen had a bottle of whisky, and between four o'clock in the morning and the Montauk's first shot he drank enough to make him helpless. In this condition he stowed himself away and went to sleep, and the next thing he knew the eleven and fifteen-inch shells were tearing their way through the privateer and the crew had departed. I met the man in Atlanta in 1882, and as he gave a straight list of all the officers of the Nashville, with all the particulars of her running on the shoal, his story seemed entitled to full credit. As soon as he discovered what had occurred and what was then occurring he was perfectly sober. His only chance was to go overboard, and while looking for something to float him the vessel was hit twice, and each missile made her rock from stem to stern. She was on fire in two places when the negro left her, and not only did he go overboard with a plank to sustain him, but he floated past the fort and was picked up after he had drifted down among the blockaders.

After the fourth or fifth discharge the practice on board the Montauk was perfect. At this fair range she could plant a shell wherever directed and each one seemed to start a fire in the hold. When the flames had taken a fair hold the Federal ceased firing and remained a quiet spectator of the destruction of a craft over which Uncle Sam had worried and grown thin for long months. About

nine o'clock she blew up with a loud report, and up to 1880 portions of the wreck were yet visible near the spot.

The Nashville had depended upon the fort to drive the Montauk off, and the fort had tried its best to do so. The Federal was under a steady fire from five to six guns for over an hour, but not the slightest attention was paid to the fort. Shot after shot crashed against the armor of the Montauk, but only to leave a slight dent and drop into the river. The mission was to destroy the privateer, and even after that was accomplished, Commander Worden remained at anchor to watch the progress of the flames, while the fort was dropping an iron missile on his decks every thirty or forty seconds. One may search the whole record of naval affairs during the war and not find such another case where pluck and luck was combined in so happy a manner. It was only after the destruction of the Nashville that the Confederates who had been sneering at her commander for not pushing his way past the blockaders realized what would have happened had she tried the experiment.

The fifteen-inch shell of the Montauk would have penetrated the Nashville at two thousand yards, though the firing would have been wild. At the range she had, it was almost rifle practice. One shell went completely through both sides of the ship and across the river before exploding, and years afterwards a piece of the shell weighing over two pounds was dug from a tree at a point eight feet above the ground.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars had been spent on the Nashville, and the Confederate government had built high hopes on her success, and yet a bit of ill-luck for which no one could be held responsible led to her destruction before her crew had ever beat to quarters or one of her guns been stained by powder.

The First Test of the Iron-Clads.

ADMIRAL DU PONT either did not believe in the monitors, or he had too much faith. It has been repeatedly charged that he was in a huff when they were sent down to him in the winter of 1862–3, and that he pitted them against Fort McAllister with a secret hope that they would be sent to the bottom.

It is more reasonable to believe that this test was made with a view to finding out what they would be able to accomplish when brought to face the sea-wall of Fort Sumter. It was a test which proved them through and through; and while the results temporarily disappointed the friends of the new style of fighting-craft, they had strong grounds for future hope.

Fort McAllister was the gate which guarded Savannah. It was built on a desolate site on the river within two or three miles of Ossabaw Sound, the country being swampy and the river lined for a part of the way with a thick growth of forest. The long years have settled the sandy parapets and wrought destruction to planks and timbers, but the fort still stands and the visitor will find much to surprise him. I believe that one might to-day dig out and pick up from that site three or four tons of shot and shell, and this would not be the fiftieth part of the metal hurled at it during the war.

Fort Wagner, at Charleston, was built of sand because no other material was convenient. Fort McAllister was designed as a sand fort, and little else was used in its construction. Its walls of sand were in some places thirty feet thick, and its bomb-proofs were unusually safe; but at the time of the Federal attack in March, 1863, its armament included none of the new and powerful cannon used on Federal gun-boats. Long before any attack was looked for the engineer of the fort was told that one monitor would knock the fort to pieces in one hour's work, but he merely heaped on more sand. In thickness of embrasures no other Confederate fort ever matched it, and though Sherman finally captured the works, it was

after the Confederacy had been cut in two, Confederate armies scattered, and every soldier knew that the end was at hand.

Du Pont had learned that he could not pass the fort on account of the obstructions in the river, and he determined to batter down the fort itself. The fleet assembled consisted of the Passaic, Patapsco, Montauk, Nahant and three mortar schooners. Each iron-clad carried two guns of the heaviest calibre, and the schooners were armed with thirteen-inch mortars.

On the Confederate side the only preparations made after it was seen that an attack was to be made consisted of a slight increase of the garrison and some addition to the stock of ammunition. Savannah was thoroughly excited, but such was the confidence in the fort that no alarm was felt.

It was the first Tuesday in March, 1863. The morning was bright and balmy, and both fleet and fort were in fighting condition. The iron-clads were to steam straight up the river and make a direct attack, but the mortar schooners were towed no further than the bend in the stream, about a mile below the fort. Here they were not only out of range, but out of sight of the enemy, and in position to drop their monster shells fair within the works.

There was almost perfect silence on the Ogeeche as the iron-clads finally moved out from their anchorage and steamed slowly up the river. They were still advancing when the mortar schooners opened fire with a roar which shook the earth for miles around. The grand attack so long contemplated and so carefully prepared for had begun.

Previous attacks on McAllister had shown the Confederates that all future great movements towards reducing it would be made by way of the river. The stream had, therefore, been obstructed by logs and piles until it was impossible for a vessel to advance nearer than twelve hundred yards, while the channel up which the iron-clads now advanced was so narrow that they had to move up in single file.

The Passaic was in the lead, and as she came within range of the fort a hot fire was opened on her. The very first shot fired by the Confederates struck the turret of the Passaic with a thud which made the whole craft tremble. The first shot fired by the Passaic fell short and exploded in the marsh and threw up a shower of mud and water which would have hidden a vessel of war from sight for a moment.

The iron-clads now took position and opened fire, and all the guns

in the fort which could be brought to bear returned the compliment. To this crash and roar was added the awful noise of the mortars. Savannah, more than fifteen miles away, kept up a continuous tremble. Two water glasses placed side by side would make a ringing which could be heard all over the house. Doors opened or shut, dishes were thrown off the shelves, and people standing on the cobble-stone pavements were jarred in every nerve.

For upwards of three hours the fight continued at white heat, every gun being steadily worked and almost every shot seeming to tell. The fort was a target too big to be missed when the range was once obtained, but there was a serious offset. As the ports of an iron-clad are its vital spots, so are the embrasures of a fort — especially a sand fort. The guns in Fort McAllister were so mounted that they were in sight only when being fired, the same as the guns on the vessels, and the iron-clads thus found themselves compelled to fire away at the thick banks of sand.

One can see to-day the evidences of the power of the big shells from the iron-clads. A fifteen-inch shell weighs not far from three hundred and fifty pounds. They are eight or ten inches in diameter, and from seventeen to twenty inches long. One of these monsters, hurled by a charge of thirty-five or forty pounds of powder from a distance of one thousand two hundred yards, would penetrate a distance of ten feet into the solid banks of sand and then explode, and the explosion would lift tons of sand high in air. Sometimes the greater amount would fall back into the hole, thus nearly refilling it, and at others it would be dashed clear across the fort, knocking men down and almost burying them alive.

There is a spot near the fort where a fifteen-inch shell fell short and exploded in soft soil. The hole scooped out must have naturally filled up considerably in the twenty years that have passed, and yet it is large and deep enough to-day to form a grave for a yoke of oxen.

The quarters of the garrison inside the fort were of wood. I saw in Savannah a piece of pine board a foot wide by three feet long and half an inch thick, which was sawed off and taken away after the fight as a relic. The board is loaded with sand and fine gravel, driven into it by those explosions. Several small stones were driven clear through it, and hundreds of others so firmly imbedded that they can scarcely be moved with a stout knife-blade.

The garrison were in a great measure protected from the projectiles of the iron-clads, because they were fired at point-blank range,

but in case of the monsters from the mortar schooners there was no place of safety except in the bomb-proofs. They rose high in the air with a whir-s-s-s-h which sent a chill over the spectator, hung in mid-air for what seemed a long minute, and then took the other side of the curve and plumped down into the fort with a jar plainly felt half a mile away. Then followed the explosion, spreading terror and working destruction all over the fort.

Men who have served on both iron-clads and mortar schooners assert that the deck of the latter is the worst place in war during an engagement. The discharge of the mortars fairly lifts a man off his feet. The ears soon get accustomed to the roar of a cannon, but the bellow of the mortar is not only positively painful to the ears, but has been known to produce neuralgia and violent cramps. Men on the deck of a mortar schooner who do not stand on tip-toe and with teeth apart, will be disabled in an hour.

It was the mortar shells which set the wooden quarters within the fort on fire, but such an event had been anticipated, and therefore produced no confusion. A few men were quietly detailed to remove property and the rest continued the fight.

Just before noon a lieutenant in the fort had a most singular escape. He had mounted the parapet to examine and report the damage caused by a bomb-shell, when one fell within six feet of him. He heard it descending, but dare not move. Shutting his eyes and clenching his teeth, he waited for what seemed to him two minutes, and then heard the thud of the missile. The next thing he knew more than a quarter of an hour had passed away. As the shell exploded the officer was lifted fifteen feet into the air, whirled over and over, and he came down thirty feet from where he had been standing.

After the first half-hour of the fight, the Confederates directed the fire of six cannon at the Passaic, she being two hundred yards nearer than either one of the others, and almost upon the spot where the target had been placed for practice firing. Between nine and twelve o'clock she was struck twenty times, while the others were hit two or three times each by glancing balls. While the Confederates were doing some fine shooting, their ordnance was so light that the solid shot scarcely left a dent in the armor. When it was seen that the iron-clads were receiving no damage, orders were given in the fort to fire at longer intervals, and only at the port-holes of the vessels.

About noon, the iron-clads ceased firing for two hours to pipe to

dinner and give the men a rest. During this interval the subject of landing infantry to attack the fort was sharply canvassed, but finally abandoned. Had such a movement been carried out it would have resulted in a terrible slaughter to the attacking party, as the bomb-proofs were full of infantry and the grounds around the fort unfavorable to an advancing foe. One of the last shots fired before piping to dinner struck a columbiad in the fort and dismounted and rendered it useless.

During the temporary truce both sides made ready for another grapple. Thus far four hours had been thrown away in a tremendous cannonade, for not a man had been killed on either side.

From two until four o'clock there was a grand crash, and the news went round that the fort was being knocked to pieces. This, however, turned out to be false news. The iron-clads had now tried themselves and knew what they could do, and shortly after two they renewed the fight with such energy that the artillerists in the fort were more than once driven to the bomb-proofs. So fierce was the fire and so terrific the destruction of the shells that for an hour hundreds of men looked expectantly for a white flag to be run up in token of surrender.

At four o'clock the Passaic was so heavily hit on the turret that it was in a measure disabled, and the ship dropped down out of the fight, soon followed by the others. It was generally believed that Fort McAllister had been so badly knocked to pieces that it would either be abandoned during the night or its destruction could be accomplished in an hour next forenoon. To prevent the Confederates from making any repairs the mortars on the schooners were kept going the remainder of the afternoon and all night.

The fort mounted only one mortar, but this was manned early in the fight and was worked in reply to those aboard of the schooners. In either case the bombs had to be thrown over a belt of woods which completely hid the schooners from the fort, and the Federals had a great advantage not only in number of mortars, but the fort was a great target and the range was reported by look-outs until it was exact.

The bombs from the Confederate mortar were thrown by guess, and no actual damage was inflicted. Two of them fell within six feet of one of the schooners and exploded at the bottom of the river and sent up such showers of water as to nearly hide the craft from view for a moment. Others fell in the forest along the banks and tore great trees to pieces, but not one of them injured a Federal.

At an early hour next morning the iron-clads moved up to finish the fort, but lo! a great change had taken place in the few hours. Notwithstanding the fire of the mortars during the night, the garrison had made all repairs and placed everything in complete preparation for a new fight. Those walls of sand were again smoothed, every cannon ready to belch forth its ball, and one could not have told that a shot had ever been fired at the works.

In this emergency the fleet was ordered to retire, and this ended the first real test of the iron-clads. They had come within good range, selected berths to suit them, and were provided with much the heavier ordnance and greatly assisted by the mortars, but yet they had accomplished nothing. Guns and mortars had together fired nearly three hundred shells of great size, and yet this sixty tons of metal might as well have been thrown overboard into the river.

What seems almost incredible can be substantiated by official reports and plenty of witnesses. During all that fight only three men in the fort were wounded and neither of them disabled, and not a single soldier was killed. Two guns were temporarily disabled, and the rough board quarters of the men demolished. Five or six hours' work by a hundred men that night made the fort as good as before. Federal reports at the time claimed that half the garrison was wiped out, but not even one life was lost.

"This fight has proved the entire invulnerability of the monitors," wrote one Northern correspondent, and yet within a month he was to see the Keokuk go down in Charleston harbor, and the stoutest iron-clad in the fleet limp out from under the guns of Sumter.

Place the monster ordnance of the present day in the embrasures of a sand fort so situated that five or six guns can be trained upon one iron-clad, and nothing made to float can remain within range an hour. On the other hand, a solid bank of sand, thirty-five or forty feet thick, cannot be breached like a wall, scooped out like dirt or clay, and will readjust its lines wherever broken by a shell. A fifteen-inch shell will drive from seven to ten feet into sand, and its explosion will disturb the face of the wall for a distance of twenty feet, but four-fifths of the sand upheaved will fall back into the hole, and enough more run in from the sides to level up the spot.

Rams, Gun-Boats, and Iron-Clads.

ONE of the great disadvantages under which the Southern Confederacy labored was in having such a long coast-line to defend. Another was in having so many water highways over which Northern gun-boats could pass. It took as many men and guns and hard work to prevent a gun-boat from passing up the Yazoo as it did to hold a division of Federal infantry in check on land. While the Mississippi was of inestimable value to the Confederates in one sense, in another the forts and men and guns defending it were so much muscle lying idle seven-tenths of the time. While the Confederate Army of the Potomac had no lines to defend, the Western Confederate armies had half a dozen, and as fast as one of these was lost to the South the result was felt to Charleston.

One of the first meetings of the Confederate cabinet discussed the question of privateers, rams, and iron-clads. While the North flattered itself that the South was upset with excitement and was fighting the war without farther plan than to save Richmond, the very opposite was the truth. Within a month after the battle of Bull Run the Confederacy had its military plans for the defense of every mile of territory. The defenses of Richmond were begun no sooner than those of New Orleans.

The idea of an iron-clad like the Merrimac was being worked out before the land forces had a skirmish. Had this same monster been set afloat on the Mississippi or in Mobile Bay, or in other Western waters, her career would have had a different result. She was not seaworthy and could not be made so. She could have traversed the Mississippi in defiance of every Federal cannon.

There were some curious facts connected with the history of the Merrimac. It was generally believed that she would sink of her own weight as soon as the guns were put aboard, and the Confederate President was severely criticised in scores of papers for throwing away money on a scarecrow. Her guns were mounted

for point-blank firing, thus placing her under a great disadvantage the moment she was attacked by the Monitor. Her great draught made her unwieldy, and when first brought out four men had hard work to control her helm. None of her guns had been fired, there had been no drilling, and an hour before she sailed for Hampton Roads her crew was not yet made up. She fought in water so shallow that she twice got aground, and her guns would bear on the Monitor only when the latter drew away and came under their range. If the guns of Fort Sumter, two years later, bored through the nine-inch plates of Federal iron-clads, what must have happened had the Merrimac been provided with bolts instead of shell to hurl against the five-inch plates of the Monitor?

In February, 1863, after the Federal iron-clad gun-boat Indianola had passed the batteries at Vicksburg, the Confederates fitted out an expedition to capture or destroy her. The steamer Queen of the West, captured a short time before, had her vulnerable parts protected by bales of hay and cotton, a false bow or "ram" attached, and was armed with two heavy guns. The second of the fleet was the Webb, a wooden steamer with powerful engines and great speed. She had been partly iron-plated, furnished with an iron bow for a ram, and carried four guns. There were two other boats in the fleet, each armed with field-pieces and riflemen, and their machinery protected by cotton, but they did the gun-boat no real damage in the fight.

The Indianola was supposed to be invulnerable. Indeed, she had been hit twenty times by shot from the Confederate batteries without cracking a plate or starting a bolt. In addition to her natural strength she had stacked up bales of cotton around her pilot house and elsewhere. When attacked she had a coal barge lashed on either side. While these were a defense against the rams, they impeded her movements, and in that respect were a disadvantage. The gun-boat was toiling slowly up stream on the evening of the twenty-fourth, when she discovered the four steamers in pursuit. As they were certain to overtake her in the course of an hour, even if she dropped her barges, the gun-boat cleared for action and turned and ran down the river to meet them. This action on the part of Commander Brown proves that he was a man of coolness and pluck.

As the Indianola ran down she made a direct line for the Webb, whom she had most reason to fear. In doing this she had to entirely neglect the Queen of the West. This latter steamer, ring-

ing the bell for the engineer to pull her wide open, rushed for the gun-boat on the port side and cut clear through the barge laden with coal and rammed the Indianola with force enough to heel her over at a sharp angle. Although this blow left the barge a wreck of planks and timbers held along-side by the lashings, the gun-boat did not change her course a point.

Ringing the bell for all steam, the commander of the Indianola crashed her straight into the Webb. The ram had also held a straight course for the gun-boat, and they came together as squarely as two locomotives, but with greater force. The shock was distinctly heard far away. The guns were knocked about, men flung here and there, and the crunching and munching of timber and breaking of iron led both contestants to believe that they would sink together. Strangely enough, the Webb, which was supposed to have by far the strongest bow, sustained all the damage. Her starboard bow was crushed in with such force that a horse could have been led through the breach. One of her guns was upset on its back, and the ram was held down until her crew thought she was sinking. Then, at the end of three or four minutes, the boats drew away from each other and the fight began.

While the gun-boat had sustained no damage from the shock, she now found herself in a perilous position. She was short-handed, entirely surrounded, and a furious fire was being rained upon her, while the two rams were determined to sink her.

While the Webb was recovering herself, the Queen backed off, and rushed upon the gun-boat from the other side, this time cutting through the other barge, as if it had been paper. Boards and splinters from this collision were hurled fifty feet high, and came down in a shower. The loss of the barges left the Federal vessel free to move, and Commander Brown strained every nerve to sink his opponents by ramming. Both were his superiors in speed and dexterity, and thus avoided his blows.

The night being dark, all the fighting was done by the flashes of the guns, or, rather, by the light of the sheet of flame, which was almost bright enough to read by. As each and every craft was continually moving, most of the shots were thrown away. The third blow was from the Webb, the fourth from the Queen, and the fifth and six from the Webb. The fight was now so close that the rams could not get full headway before striking, and their blows were glancing ones, though the collision in each case knocked men down and made every timber groan. One who fought on the Webb that

night told me that every time she rammed it seemed as if the boilers and machinery of the boat moved backwards a foot.

After the Queen had demolished the coal barges she made only one assault, her commander having discovered that he would soon sink his own boat instead of the enemy. She therefore backed out of the way, and while the three boats maintained a steady and terrific fire on the gun-boat, the Webb watched every opportunity to use her ram.

In delivering the sixth blow she took a run of an eighth of a mile, being driven with such vengeance that the flames blazed out of her smoke stacks and lit up the river for a mile around. She struck with a force which would have carried her through a brick wall five feet thick, crushing one of the gun-boat's wheels, breaking several plates, and starting a dozen leaks. The fate of the gun-boat was decided by that blow, but with the water rushing into her like a mill race, half her guns upset and her crew unable to hear an order on account of the terrible din, the Indianola continued the fight.

The Webb again backed off, this time pulling away for a quarter of a mile. When she rushed for her victim the sight was one never to be forgotten. With the powerful engines working at their best, her whistle screaming, her smoke stacks vomiting sheets of flame, and the craft herself seeming to rush upon the surface, she struck the gun-boat for the last time. The concussion would have shattered the sea wall of Fort Sumter. The stern of the Indianola was lifted high out of the water, a dozen plates were broken, and as she settled back on the river the water poured into her in torrents.

Both Grant and Sherman have officially complained that after certain Confederate forts were surrendered the officers winked at the destruction of public property. In this case the commander of the gun-boat officially says that he kept his vessel in deep water until her powder, stores, etc., would be useless to the Confederates, and then ran her bow on the bank. It was by no means a fair fight, and had it been broad day instead of night the Indianola might have been the victor. The loss on either side was trifling, and the damage by shot and shell not worth mentioning. The Indianola was struck at least one hundred and fifty times by the guns of the enemy, but rolled the shot away without breaking a plate. On the other hand, as before mentioned, nearly all her own shot were thrown away.

The shells from her eleven-inch guns missed their targets in the darkness and went screaming into the woods to shatter the trees.

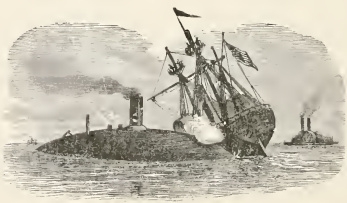
The fate of the Indianola was surrounded by both glory and ridicule. Knowing nothing of the conflict and surrender below Vicksburg, the fleet above rigged up a sham monitor out of barrels, beams and planks and sent it adrift to fool the Confederate batteries. It was under fire for hours without the deception being suspected, and the current finally carried it beyond the last gun. The Indianola was still on the bank, and believing that the sham was a real iron-clad coming down to recapture the gun-boat, the Confederate blew up their prize and hurried down the river at their best speed. A Confederate who examined her the day after the fight said that she had a mark of ball or bullet for every square foot of hull surface. The pilot house was struck by thirty-four cannon-balls, mostly from the field-pieces on the cotton-clads, and by over three hundred bullets from the rifle-men. Not one single missile from the Indianola struck the cotton-clads, though a well-planted shell would have been enough to sink either one.

In June, 1863, the Confederate iron-clad Atlanta was at Savannah and ready to run down and engage the Federal blockading fleet. She was an English-built steamer, provided with powerful engines, and had been altered from a blockade runner to an iron-clad. She had six of the best English guns, a crew of one hundred and seventy men, and was better equipped and provisioned than any other Confederate craft afloat during the war. Her armor was a mixture of wood and iron, and was full twelve inches thick. I talked with men at Savannah who helped build her, and in their opinion she was the stoutest craft built by the Confederates from first to last. Her officers had not the least doubt of being able to whip the Federal fleet and get to sea.

The Confederate iron-clad had been heard of almost daily through deserters, and when it was known that she was in the river, and ready to come out, the Federal iron-clads Weehawken and Nahant took their station at the mouth of that stream and waited. One morning, at the end of a week, the Atlanta was suddenly sighted. Before the Federals had cleared for action the Confederate was within a mile of them, being accompanied by two gun-boats, which were to tow the captured Federals to Savannah. Both iron-clads had to weigh anchor and run out into the Sound and turn around, and in making this move the Weehawken got the lead and kept it.

As the Weehawken turned about she steamed straight for the Atlanta, and the latter was coming down at the rate of ten miles an hour. Suddenly, and before a shot had been fired, she ran hard aground. In this position, while trying to work off, she opened fire on the advancing iron-clad. Such shooting was never done before in naval combat. She fired altogether six or seven times, the last shot when the Weehawken was only six hundred feet away, and yet none of her missiles even grazed the Federal.

The Weehawken fired only four times and every shot counted. Her second missile knocked the pilot house completely off the Atlanta, and the fourth knocked down nearly every man in the ship and wounded a full dozen. In fourteen minutes from the firing of the first gun the Atlanta surrendered, and that without the Nahant having taken any part in the action. Her going aground, of course placed her at a great disadvantage, but had this not occurred it is doubtful if she would have won the fight with such poor gunners as she had aboard. She might have brushed past and got to sea, and had this occurred she would have been a veritable terror to Federal commerce. It was a loss of a full million dollars to the Confederate government, and her capture upset the plan to raise the blockade at Charleston and dash into New York harbor.



The First Federal Attack on Fort Sumter.

IT is two o'clock in the afternoon of the seventh of April, 1863.

An April day in 1861 began one of the bloodiest wars of the century. This April day, two years later, is to witness a sight in war which no nation has ever seen before.

The Federal iron-clads are going to attack Fort Sumter!

That means more than you dream of. It means a revolution all over the world in the manner of building and arming ships of war, and it means that Fort Sumter will be the last brick fort erected on the American continent to withstand a bombardment from the water.

It is a great epoch in the history of war. When the sun goes down this evening the wooden navies of Europe will be worthless, and the brick and stone forts of England and France will be untenable.

We stand on the walls of Fort Sumter and look seaward. Off the bar are the blockaders — wooden vessels armed with from three to six and eight guns each. Inside the bar is the iron-clad fleet, named as follows: Weehawken, Patapsco, Nantucket, Passaic, Ironsides, Nahant, Montauk, Catskill, Keokuk.

These nine iron-clads have a reserve of five vessels which can throw their projectiles into the Confederate batteries on Morris and Sullivan's islands.

The channels have been obstructed by piles and rafts, and filled with nets and torpedoes, and the iron-clads will find themselves under the fire of Sumter, Moultrie, Beauregard, the Redan, and within long range of Castle Pinckney. Then there is the Wappoo Creek battery, Fort Johnson, Fort Ripley, Battery Bee, Fort Wagner, the Star and the Sand batteries. More than seventy heavy guns will be trained on the nine iron-clads.

It is known in Charleston that the Federals are about to bombard

Fort Sumter, and thousands of citizens have gathered at the sea-wall park as spectators. It is a bright, clear day, the air balmy, the sun warm, and the water is smooth enough to float a canoe.

It is two years since Major Anderson was bombarded out of Sumter. For two years the Confederates have been adding to its strength and armament, and England's whole wooden navy would be no match for it at this hour. Fort Moultrie has also been strengthened in many ways, and the newer forts and batteries are very strong and well provided.

Every commissioned officer but one in Fort Sumter is at dinner. That one is on the ramparts with a spy-glass to his eye. He sees the iron-clads fall into line and begin the advance, and he reports the movement to the post commandant. Not an officer leaves the dinner table. The meal is coolly and deliberately finished, and then the long-roll is beaten, and every human being within those walls moves to the place assigned him without excitement or confusion. It is the same in every other fort and battery — no demonstrations, no excitement In a fort every man is one of the pieces of a great machine. When the machine moves every piece knows its place and falls into it.

It was a strange sight to see those grim iron-clads fall into line and advance. War had never witnessed such a spectacle before. When it was seen that the long anticipated attack was about to be made, Fort Sumter threw out the flag of South Carolina and saluted it with thirteen guns, while the music of the band on the ramparts was heard in every Confederate fort and battery — aboard the iron-clads — beyond the bar where the blockaders were lying and rocking on the swells.

The iron-clads will be under the fire of the Star and Sand batteries and Fort Wagner before Moultrie or Sumter can fire a gun. After the salute of Sumter there is silence. In the Confederate works men whisper. On the esplanade in Charleston scarcely a foot moves on the gravelled walk. Aboard the iron-clads orders are given in low, stern tones full of terrible earnestness. The hundreds of men looking on from the reserve fleet and the blockaders fairly hold their breath.

The whole world might well look on and tremble with excitement. The mightiest problem of naval warfare is about to be solved.

Now the leading iron-clad is within range of the first Confederate work. Twenty thousand pairs of eyes look for a sudden puff of smoke and flame, but it does not come. The Weehawken steams

slowly on, and the others come up in turn, but that grim silence is unbroken.

Straight on, until within easy range of the next, and yet that same grim silence. What does it mean? Have the Confederates deserted their works on Morris Island?

And now the Weehawken is within range of a third Confederate work. Its flag is flying, but not a man is visible. That same profound silence — that stillness which tries a brave man's nerves far more than the confusion of battle. One by one the other eight creep up and creep past, and ten thousand men whisper to each other:

"What does it mean? Why don't they fire?"

As has been written before, the attack had been anticipated for days and provided for. Instructions had been sent to every Confederate work providing for the smallest details. The Confederates wanted a fair fight. They wanted to give the iron-clads a fair chance to test their strength. The building of these monsters had frightened the South. If they could whip the forts and batteries in a fair fight, the fears would be well founded. If they could be beaten off, they would no longer be a terror. The instructions were to let the iron-clads advance as near as they desired without seeking to obstruct them.

The head of the advancing line is full within the harbor of Charleston and within range of every work on Sullivan's Island before the silence is broken. Then a puff of smoke shoots straight out from the ramparts of Moultrie, followed by a second, third and fourth, and the mightiest fight of the century has opened. It is iron-clad and turret, and ironsides, against brick and stone and sand.

Let the whole world look on — there is a lesson to be learned.

Rumors had reached the Federals of obstructions in the channels, but, if credited, no one knew what they were nor how placed. The instructions from Du Pont arranged for at least half the fleet to pass Fort Sumter and fire upon it from the rear. It was only when the Weehawken steamed ahead for this purpose that the piles and nets and torpedoes were discovered. Indeed, the iron-clad had picked up a seine with her wheel and was deprived of all motive power before the character of the obstructions was fully known. Thus fouled and unmanageable, the iron monster drifts with the current, and the fire of her guns as she drifts seem like signals of distress.

The Ironsides comes up and tries the other channel, followed by two others, and in seeking to evade the obstructions there is a col-

lision and an entanglement, and for twenty minutes the whole three are under a hot fire, without opportunity to answer it. When disentangled and in position to open fire the real fight begins. Du Pont has discovered that it is to be a square fight and he accepts. Here, then, are the nine iron-clads within the circle of Confederate fire. They are supposed to be impregnable. They have ordnance warranted to knock a brick fort to pieces. Watch the fight — we shall see!

The heaviest old-fashioned ordnance of the world is mounted upon the Confederate forts and batteries. The most effective guns of modern date are in the turrets of the iron-clads. Nearly eighty Confederate cannon are belching their fire into the circle in which the nine iron-clads move slowly about like bewildered monsters of the deep—the iron-clads answer with thirty-two guns. It is a roar which sways the tree-tops in Charleston. It is an earthquake which raises bubbles of air along-side the blockaders seven miles away. It is a sound which rolls along the sea for fifty miles!

On the iron-clads they have coolly settled down to their work. Thirty-five pounds of powder are placed in one of the monster guns, a shot weighing four hundred and fifty pounds goes down after it, and the discharge seems to drive the vessel ten feet. Think of four hundred and fifty pounds of iron, tipped with steel, driven square against Sumter by such a weight of powder at a distance of one thousand yards! Such a bolt would pass through ten ordinary brick walls as easily as a stone flies through a sheet of paper. The force of that blow is at least fifteen thousand tons, and it is being repeated once in a hundred seconds from every one of those thirty-two guns.

Here in Fort Sumter, as in Moultrie, Beauregard and other works, they are using great bolts with the Brooke guns — solid shot and great shells with the eleven-inch cannon — rifled shot and bolts with the English guns which have run the blockade. As the action continues, Sumter brings seven ten-inch mortars into play, and Moultrie two, and now the crash is terrific beyond description.

The fire from the Confederates was at first by battery. At the end of ten minutes orders were given to fire at will, and then some of the closest shooting ever recorded was made. It seemed almost impossible for a Federal shot to miss the forts, but on the other hand the iron-clads sat low in the water, were kept moving, and appeared to offer no chance to the best artillerists. The Ironsides was under the guns of Sumter at close range about fifteen

minutes, and at long range for three-quarters of an hour, moving every minute, and yet she was hit ten or twelve times in five minutes. One of the iron shutters over a gun-port was struck and sent flying through the air, a part of her stern was shot away, and three shells entered her bows and tore her in a frightful manner. She divided her fire between Sumter and Moultrie, but owing to some disarrangement of machinery fired less than a dozen rounds. Had she remained ten minutes longer in the position first taken she would have been sent to the bottom. She was hit upwards of sixty times, or once for every fifty seconds of the engagement. The shot she fired would have disabled any two wooden ships afloat. One of her shot cracked the parapet wall of Fort Sumter for a distance of twenty-eight feet, and another struck and demolished a columbiad and its carriage.

The Nahant did not advance nearer than one thousand yards, and yet she was hit eighty times. She presented no more of a target to the big guns at that distance than a floating hogshead, and yet certain pieces trained upon her from Sumter and Moultrie did not miss more than one shot out of six. Her crew went into action believing her impregnable, but the second shot received cracked one of her plates wide open. In ten minutes three plates had been fractured, and she was leaking. In twenty minutes it was seen that she could be pounded to pieces even at that distance. One of the last shots received was an enormous solid bolt from a Brooke gun. This bolt struck the pilot house squarely and fairly, driving in a dozen bolts and cracking the iron plates as a stone cracks a pane of glass. She had six of her crew wounded — one fatally — by flying bolts alone. She went out of the fight half a wreck, having fired about two dozen shots.

The Passaic was hit over fifty times. One gun in Sumter struck her six times in succession. Had she been lying along-side of a three-decker she could have driven her shot completely through the craft every time, and every one would have made a hole as large as a barrel, but of the nine or ten shots she fired at Sumter only two struck, and those with no damage. There were a dozen places where the Confederate shot had plowed furrows in her iron plates as a plow leaves its mark on the soil. One plunging shot, which struck the top of her pilot house, left a cavity in the solid iron which would have held two quarts of water. She had nine plates cracked by one single shot, and such was the jar when the heavy shot struck her that men were knocked down. She showed three spots where

the iron plates were forced inwards until huge cones appeared on the inside, and she went out of the fight with her big gun disabled and her turret out of order.

The Nantucket fired fifteen shots, nine of which were well planted, and was hit over fifty times. Three of the guns in Sumter fired only at her port shutters, and for seven or eight minutes eighteen guns were trained upon her at fair range. At the end of thirty minutes her large guns could no longer be worked, her turret was out of order, and she had received such wounds as proved that her destruction would be only a question of time under that fire.

The Catskill fired twenty-five shots and was hit fifty-one times. Three of the best shots planted in Fort Sumter were fired from her guns. She was scarred and furrowed from end to end, her plates cracked and broken, and one bolt went squarely through the iron deck, leaving a hole as large as a man's head.

Despite her misfortune at the opening of the fight, the Weehawken fired twenty-six shots, twenty of which hit. In turn she was struck about sixty times, having several plates cracked, and limped out of the fight with her pumps going.

The Patapsco fired eighteen shots, and was hit forty-five times, but most of the shot glanced off. She had three or four plates cracked, was "bulged" in three or four spots, and one Confederate bolt peeled a furrow through solid iron three inches deep.

Until just before the signal to drop out of the fight, none of the iron-clads were much nearer than a mile to Sumter. Suddenly the Keokuk, provided with double turrets, steamed ahead until within rifle range. She was one of the stoutest, if not the very best of the fleet, and her guns were served in a manner to elicit the admiration of the Confederates. She was hit ninety times—sixty of the shot striking her in the space of ten minutes. When she steamed ahead, thirty-eight guns concentrated their fire upon her, and the sound of the projectiles striking the iron was plainly heard in Sumter and Moultrie. Here was the real test of the fight. Solid iron plating six inches thick had to give way before the Confederate shot. Before she could back out of the position in which she had voluntarily placed herself she had twelve men wounded, her turrets pierced in five or six places, and twenty holes in her iron hull. As she moved off down the bay the sea washed into her in a dozen places. Her pumps kept her afloat through the night, but at daylight she went down like a stone.

The belief was that none of the nine iron-clads could be pierced

by any projectile in the hands of the Confederates. They, therefore, went into action with perfect confidence. They were permitted to pass several batteries which could have at least greatly annoyed them, and to take up such positions as suited them best. After that it was give and take, and they were fairly whipped.

Federal history has asserted that the fleet was opposed by at least three hundred guns. The number was exactly seventy-six, and not one of them was the equal of the new ordnance on the iron-clads. Fort Sumter was struck about sixty times, and had four men wounded. The damages were repaired in a single day. Fort Moultrie had one man killed, and an hour's work would repair all damage. Wagner had three men killed and three wounded, but the loss of life was the result of an accident in the fort. None of the other Confederate works received damage or suffered loss among the garrison. The total number of shots fired by the Confederates was twenty-two hundred.

If Du Pont could have run a part of his fleet past Sumter and attacked its weak side, the result might have been different. The first lesson learned was that no wide-awake fort would permit such a maneuver. If again attacked, a square fight against its sea front must be expected.

The second lesson learned was that no iron-clad could be made impregnable. None of the European iron-clads said to be impervious to projectiles of any sort have ever been tested as Du Pont tested that fleet. All iron-clads must have port shutters. Make them as they will, and a shot striking squarely and fairly will jam them so as to render the gun behind useless. A turret can be jammed by a shot, and a projectile from a fifteen-inch gun striking the pilot house will crack the plates or start the bolts.

Sumter likewise learned a lesson. Though not severely damaged, it was easy to see that brick and stone could not resist shot and shell at such close range. Let such an attack be repeated often enough, and the fort must be knocked to pieces. The sand forts were undamaged. For years and years war had sought for the best material to construct forts, and lo! a conflict of two hours had proved that it was the despised sand over which massive stone had been laboriously hauled.

No other day in the world's history had taught the world so much of naval warfare.

The First Cavalry Battle.

WHILE there had been more or less conflicts between Federal and Confederate cavalry in small commands up to the spring of 1863, the fight at Kelly's Ford in March, was recorded as the first real contest between regiments severe enough to honor the struggle with a page of history.

The Confederacy encouraged the organization of cavalry from the very outset. The Federal government discouraged the idea during the first two years, and in the spring of 1862, actually disbanded several regiments in rendezvous.

Up to the fight at Kelly's Ford it was hardly disputed that the Confederate cavalry was superior. Most of the horses were blooded animals, owned by the men who rode them, and the troopers in most cases furnished their own weapons.

The Federal cavalryman was, nine cases out of ten, almost a stranger to a horse, and it took months for him to get accustomed to the saddle. He had to learn to ride, to shoot, and to handle the sabre, and all the while he was doing this the government was looking upon him as a useless appendage, except as a dispatch or mail-carrier.

In the month and year above named, General Averill cut loose from the Federal army opposite Fredericksburg, for a dash across the Rappahannock to strike the Confederate cavalry under Fitz-Hugh Lee and Colonel Jones. The Federal force consisted of two regiments of regulars, a battery of six guns, and the Sixth Ohio, Fourth New York, First Rhode Island, Third, Fourth and Sixteenth Pennsylvania. On the morning of the seventeenth this force reached the Ford in good order.

On the other side of the river the Confederate force consisted of the First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Virginia Calvary, but none of the regiments were half up to their complement, and the force aggregated only about thirteen hundred men.

The Ford was picketed by dismounted cavalry, and rifle-pits had been dug and rude breastworks thrown up, while an obstruction in the shape of an abattis, filled the road on the Virginia bank. The New York regiment made the first dash into the river, but as the water was deep and progress slow, they broke back under the fire. Twice more they tried it, to be twice repulsed, and it was only when the Rhode Islanders came to the rescue that a crossing was effected. The Virginia shore was held by less than sixty men, who had their horses in a safe place a quarter of a mile away. The firing alarmed the animals and stampeded a portion, so that when the pickets fell back they were overtaken and captured.

Lee's main body was a mile or more from the river, and before it was ready to move towards the Ford, Averill had advanced over half a mile. Lines of battle finally confronted each other across an open meadow. Almost simultaneously the two forces left the cover of the woods and reached this field, and hardly a moment was lost in beginning the fight.

The Confederates made their first dash at the three Pennsylvania regiments on the Federal right. Not one man out of twenty in those regiments had ever seen a sabre flash in the hands of an enemy before. The Second Virginia formed in the meadow, and at the peal of the bugle rode straight down upon the Pennsylvanians, every man uttering his war-cry and every horse at full gallop.

Near the middle of the meadow was a wide, deep ditch, full of water and mud. As the Virginians came to this they were thrown into disorder, and had to break their line and make a crossing at one place. Not half of them were yet over when the Pennsylvanians went down upon them like a hurricane, capturing and killing a score of men and driving the regiment back to the woods.

The next charge was made at the Federal left with a view of turning it. This wing consisted of the New York, Rhode Island and Ohio men, and was charged by the First and Fourth Virginia. The latter were not yet within striking distance when the Federals dashed at them, and for ten minutes it was the battle of a mob under a cloud of smoke — each man fighting on his own responsibility. The Virginians were outnumbered two to one, and soon had enough of the fight.

The entire Confederate line was now retired, none of Lee's artillery having yet come up, and Averill's battery proving itself a dangerous annoyance. The Federals steadily advanced for nearly a mile, and halted again on the edge of a broad field. Lee had

drawn up his cavalry in the center and was waiting. Averill had men enough to ride him down, and it was a glorious opportunity to see what the Federals could accomplish with the sabre, but he did not seize upon it. Instead of so doing, he dismounted a regiment as skirmishers, brought up his artillery, and for twenty minutes waited to be charged.

Lee endured the galling fire for that length of time, having a good defensive position and hoping to be attacked, but when no attack came, he sent the order down his lines for a charge. The brigade was formed in echelon, the lines dressing under a constant fire, and at sound of the bugle the whole command rode straight down upon the Federal front.

It is doubtful if there was a more reckless charge of cavalry during the whole war. Averill's position was a very strong one the fences along his front being the greatest protection, and three of his field-pieces having the highway almost under their muzzles. A terrible fire was opened on the brigade as soon as in motion.

It was a useless slaughter. It was scarcely ten minutes before the brigade was so knocked to pieces that retreat was its only salvation. Lee had failed on the front. He now ordered the Third and Fifth against the Federal right, and these regiments dashed down to find that flank protected by stone walls over which horses could not leap. In seeking an opening they galloped over half a mile under Federal fire, and were finally driven back suffering terrible loss.

This ended the active fighting of the day, although Averill held his position until night. He lost in killed and wounded about eighty men, and had about sixty taken prisoners. Nearly all the killed and wounded were struck with the sabre, and scores of horses were likewise wounded by this weapon.

Lee's loss was fully three hundred, but mostly from artillery and musketry. Those killed by the sabre were the first in the east who had fallen that way. While Averill repulsed the enemy he did not attack or pursue, and the most he could claim was that he held the ground until ready to leave. The moral effects were at once apparent. It had been the favorite boast of the Confederate cavalryman that the Federal trooper would not stand before him in a charge. The emptiness of that boast was here proven. Federal cavalry would not only stand a charge, but gallop forward to meet it, and the time was near at hand when the trooper in blue was to convince the military critics that he was a factor of importance in deciding battles.

Reminiscences of the Harriet Lane.

NO vessel launched from the government ship-yard during the last fifty years had a more adventurous career than the Harriet Lane. Launched as a revenue cutter during Buchanan's term, and named after his niece, the Lane was made use of at once when the war opened, and owing to her light draft and speed she executed several important commissions on the coast at great risk, and in a satisfactory manner. She was then more completely armed and strengthened, plated to protect certain localities, and handed over to the navy as a gun-boat and blockader.

Just before the President's blockading proclamation went into effect there was a great outcry over a "rebel attempt" to destroy the Lane with all on board, as she lay at the Washington navy yard. As a matter of fact, a man in Washington who was a thorough Confederate and acting as a spy for the Richmond government, was instructed to go aboard the Lane and note her armament and strength of crew. The spy accomplished a part of his mission by getting aboard with some Federal army officers, but instead of being provided with a torpedo or an infernal machine, he was armed with a note-book and pencil, and his use of them aroused suspicion and ended in his being arrested. He was held for a few weeks and then discharged. The story that he intended to blow up the cutter was probably set afloat to add fire to the Northern heart.

In January, 1863, Galveston, Texas, was garrisoned by about three hundred Federal infantry, and the naval force in the bay consisted of five or six gun-boats, among them the Harriet Lane. The Confederates had determined to repossess the place, and had planned a combined attack on both forces. Two hours before daylight two river steamers, armed with field-pieces and a large gun or two, and barricaded with cotton and filled with picked men, armed with rifles, suddenly appeared on the bay, and almost at the same moment

Confederate infantry and artillery began an attack on the weak force holding the town.

As soon as the Lane made out that the fleet was to be attacked, she at once took the initiative. She was armed with eight splendid guns and had a crew of one hundred and twenty-five men, and as she caught sight of the Confederate steamers bearing down upon her she ran for the nearest, calculating to cut her down and sink her. Her guns were being served at the same time, but owing to the targets being in motion and there being only moonlight to sight the guns by, her shot inflicted no damage. When the Lane struck, it was a glancing blow, and almost before she had slipped off, the other steamer was upon her with a shock which seemed to lift both out of the water. The Lane was not much injured, but the other started a leak which sent her to the bottom in seven feet of water, within the next fifteen minutes.

The steamer which the Lane first struck had taken a circle and came about, and with a full head of steam on she ran for the Federal and struck with a crash plainly heard on shore. Grapnels were ready and the two crafts were lashed together, and now the Confederates could use their riflemen to advantage.

For ten minutes there was such a conflict as has seldom occurred on the water. The crew of the Lane were greatly outnumbered, but they fought not only to save their own craft, but to capture the other. Both vessels were enveloped in such a cloud of smoke that men could not see ten feet away, but the fierce fight went on without abatement.

The other Confederate steamer, though in a sinking condition, kept pouring in her fire on the Lane, and when the Federal commander, lieutenant-commander and nearly every other officer on deck had been wounded, and the guns rendered useless by the concentrated fire of the Confederate riflemen, the Lane surrendered.

The fight may be said to have taken place in the dark, it being only moonlight, at best, and clouds scudding across that luminary now and then made it so dark on deck that men had to feel their way about. One of the Lane's big guns was loaded and fired five or six times during the darkness and smoke, and it was found afterwards that each shell had passed through the gangway of the steamer along-side.

The Court of Inquiry over the Galveston affair is glossed over by the Federal historians, and yet blunt old Farragut went down for bottom facts, and made a report which reflected anything but honor

on the affair as handled by the Federals. Both land and naval forces had thirty hours' warning of the attack, and yet no precautions were taken, and no one seemed solicitous. The Owasco was at anchor when the fight began, and the Westfield no sooner moved out of her berth than her pilot ran her hard aground on a shoal. Outside of the Harriet Lane, the Clifton was the only craft using her guns to any extent, and her firing was all directed at the Confederate force ashore. As the Westfield could not be got off, it was planned to blow her up rather than see her possessed by the enemy. Some bungling brought about a premature explosion, in which the commander and a large number of the crew perished.

While possessing the Clifton and Owasco, the one having seven and the other six guns, and each a crew full of fight, and while the Confederates had only the Lane, with which they would have dared cross the bar for a fight, lieutenant-commander Law, who was now senior officer, left three vessels in the hands of the enemy and ran to sea, abandoning the blockade altogether for thirty hours.

The Lane was a valuable prize to the Confederates. She was too good to aid in harbor defense, and yet not fitted for a privateer, and after awhile her guns were taken out, some alterations made, and she was changed to a blockade runner. The abandoned blockade of Galveston was resumed so soon and with such strength that the Lane was never outside the harbor as a Confederate armed vessel.

There was much indignation at the North over the loss of the Lane, and the government seemed determined to recapture or destroy her. So long as she remained in Galveston harbor she was pretty safe from capture, and various plans were set on foot to destroy her. One of these was for two men to make their way from the Federal fleet along-side of the Lane on a night favorable for the purpose, and explode a torpedo under her. The other was to set her on fire.

Late in the fall of 1863 a Federal scout said to have been sent from Washington for the purpose, landed on the coast within a few miles of Galveston and succeeded in entering that city in the guise of a Confederate purchasing agent. In the course of three or four nights he got aboard the Lane and set her on fire, but was detected almost in the act and fired upon as he went overboard. As he never afterwards reported to the Federal authorities the belief is that he was killed.

Not only were a skiff and crew and torpedoes sent into the bay to destroy the Lane, but the men approached within two hundred

feet of the vessel before the dangers of the mission caused them to turn back. There was talk of a steam launch with a spar torpedo, but after a while the startling events of war caused the subject to be forgotten, and nothing was done except to maintain a strict watch that she did not escape through the blockading fleet.

When it was found that the Lane as a gun-boat was sealed up in the bay she was disarmed, some alterations made, and she was converted into a blockade runner. This change was carried to the Federals by deserters, and the vigilance of the blockaders was increased instead of diminished.

For nearly a year the Lane was ready loaded to go out. Quite a few other blockade runners passed in and out, but for some reason she did not make the attempt. One of the fastest vessels in the Federal navy was on the station to give pursuit, and the bird was regarded as good as caged.

One April night the Lane determined to make the attempt. There were in port at the time three Confederate steamers and a schooner, which had come in a few weeks before, and it was arranged that all should go out together.

It was a dark, gusty night, and the Lane being the fastest of the steamers took the schooner in tow and crept down the south-west channel. It was not supposed that any vessel of her size could enter or leave Galveston except by the main channel, and the south-west had only one blockader on watch. Going at half-speed, with every light hidden, the Lane crept down the channel with the schooner at her heels, and at intervals of half a mile came the others.

The Federal blockader on the watch did not see the Lane as she crept past, and would have discovered nothing but for the noise and rattle made by a gust of wind in the schooner's rigging. A sail got loose, or something of the sort, and the blockader gave chase, under the idea that she was simply after a schooner. It was this defense which saved her commander's official head. Instructions had been issued to make certain signals in case the Lane was sighted, and as he had sighted only the schooner he went off in chase without even a rocket to the fleet. The hope of prize-money doubtless had something to do with it, and it was only when too late that the commander saw what a mistake he had made.

Off went the blockader after the schooner and the Lane, and behind her came the three other runners, and in this position all got to sea. The schooner was a heavy drag on the Lane, but she

hung to her even when under the fire of the blockader's guns, and did not let go until the sailing vessel was far enough off the coast to take care of herself and make her escape. Three shots passed over the Lane, but without damage. As soon as she cast off the schooner she ran rapidly out of range, and had no trouble in maintaining her distance.

All through the night the Federal pursuer hung on in the chase, and when daylight came he found himself in pursuit of four steamers, instead of a schooner. All but one could easily keep away from him. This one was hit once or twice by Federal shells, but by throwing off some of her deck load and securing a better trim, she managed to gain on the chase and keep out of range. All through the day the blockader continued the pursuit, gaining and losing and hoping for some turn of luck, and when night came she would not haul off. The Confederates no longer feared her, and being anxious to get ahead they carried their lights and gave the pursuer their course.

When morning came the schooner was out of sight, the Lane twenty miles away, and the other steamers had made a gain. Still, hour after hour, the chase went on, nor did the Federal slacken her speed until night and a storm set in and she realized that she was losing instead of gaining.

Thus the Lane not only escaped after the many plans to destroy her and the unceasing vigilance of months, but she had for company three noted blockade runners which the fleet had been anxious to get hold of, and a schooner which had half a million dollars' worth of cotton in her hold Each one of the runners reached Nassau in safety, and at least two of the steamers afterwards ran in and out of Wilmington and Georgetown.

The Fight at Grand Gulf.

A YEAR or two ago the great Father of Waters began eating its way into the bluffs at Grand Gulf, and there were those who predicted that the scene of one of the great naval fights of the war would soon be so transformed that no one could recognize it. But, as if the sight of the sinking and dilapidated earth-works on the bluffs had been an appeal to be spared, the current of the mighty river swerved away and left the relics to stand for a while longer. Every fort and wall and parapet and ditch can be traced to-day almost as easily as the day after the memorable fight, and there are hundreds of men yet living who took an active part that day on the gun-boats or in the fort.

Farragut had passed down, but when Grant was ready to follow with transports and troops Farragut could not return to assist him, or at least did not, it being known that the place had been greatly strengthened and was considered almost impregnable. To give Grant a clear passage down, this position must be silenced, and after it had been decided that a land attack was wholly impracticable, Admiral Porter collected his seven gun-boats and prepared for a fight.

Why a land attack was not made is something of a mystery. Confederate officers stationed there agree that there were no serious obstacles in the way, and they were looking forward to and dreading such a movement.

Grant had halted his transports three miles above the batteries, and there was nothing to prevent a brigade from picking its way down through the woods and making such a demonstration as would have given the fleet much less to do. The woods were thick, full of water here and there, and the movement would have called for extra exertion, but four thousand Federals could have walked into the back door of the Confederate position that day without more loss than was incurred by the fleet in partially silencing the guns.

The series of works on the bluffs mounted an aggregate of eighteen guns, some of them very heavy, and at least four pieces having a raking fire up and down the river. There could be no landing along the front for a mile, and in case the fleet silenced every gun it could not hope to drive the Confederates out.

Confederate scouts had brought news of the situation above the forts, and the assembling of the gun-boats could mean nothing but an attack. The orders at every battery were to use shell alone, and the men were instructed to fire coolly and slowly and only after taking careful aim. Ammunition was placed conveniently, the work of mounting a gun received a few days before hurriedly finished, and at daylight on the twenty-ninth of April, 1863, every Confederate was at his post and ready for what was to come. One of the scouts had mounted a tall tree on the bluffs to act as a lookout, and about half-past six o'clock he signalled that Porter's gun-boats were moving down.

The position of the works on the bluffs was known to the commander of every gun-boat, and a close estimate had been made of the number of guns and strength of troops within the forts. The boats must look out for swirls and eddies and a current running seven miles an hour. The advantage of position was with the Confederates—the advantage of guns with the fleet. While it was almost gun for gun in the count, one eleven-inch Dahlgren on board an iron-clad was more than an offset for two thirty-two-pounders in the forts.

When the first attack was made on Fort Sumter by the iron-clads not a gun was fired by the Confederates until every craft had reached its assigned position. So it was at Grand Gulf. The works extended for a mile or more, and there were seven vessels moving to the attack. There was front sufficient for all to maneuver, and orders were passed that not a shot should be fired until the last was in position. This order was strictly observed. Four of the fleet ran past the chain of forts and rounded to in front of the lower fort before a shot was fired, although all were fair targets as they passed down.

Men who were in the forts that morning saw a strange panorama. The stillness was most profound on shore and on the river. The boats moved slowly and grandly down, not a man in sight and with no sign of life, and a flock of ducks moved out of the path of the advance without being alarmed. The trees up the river were black

with Federal spectators, and the chirp of birds was all about the men who stood waiting beside the huge cannon.

Porter went at his work with a vim which made the forest tremble and the river bubble. That fight stands on record ahead of all for rapidity of firing by iron-clads, and the Confederates do not deny that for a few minutes they were appalled by its fierceness. When the forts had got down to work in earnest there was a roar so tremendous as to be painful to the Federal infantry three miles away. And there was a fierceness beneath this roar which at times made the blood chill. There were hate and spite in the whip-like crack of the nine-inch guns, and the scream of the monster shells from the forts seemed the roar of a lion sure of striking down his prey.

Admiral Porter's plan was to engage every Confederate gun at the same moment. He had counted on silencing the lower guns first, and gradually moving his vessels up stream. His plan worked as anticipated, but not from his line of reasoning. When the Confederates found that there was to be no attack by land, and that, in case they were lucky enough to disable a gun-boat, she would either float out of their reach or be towed above, they ceased to expose themselves so recklessly, and as a consequence their fire slackened. Porter attributed this to the execution of his own guns, which was far from being the case.

One may stand to-day and look from the sinking parapets straight down upon the spots where the Louisville, Carondelet, Pittsburgh, and Mound City took positions and opened one of the hottest fires earth-works had ever been subjected to. Tons of screaming shells rushed at the isolated forts as if walls of earth were dust to be scattered, and tons of shell went screaming across the muddy waters to rend oak and break iron and splinter planks and beams in a manner gun-boats had never stood before.

It was by direct orders that the Confederate fire slackened at the close of the first hour, and that during the second the guns were fired only at long intervals. Believing that the Confederates had been demoralized and driven to cover, the gun-boats moved on up the river to assist in the reduction of the other forts.

For two hours and more four Federal gun-boats pounded away with rifled Parrotts and eleven and nine-inch Dahlgrens at close range, and yet, Confederate official reports and the assertions of men who were inside the works show that but little was accomplished. The parapets were from sixteen to twenty-two feet thick, the dirt

well packed down, and though the explosions of the great shells moved tons of earth at once, the men were not even driven to the bomb-proofs. Shell after shell tore away at the walls, but it would have taken three days to beat them down. Not a gun was dismounted, and only two or three men wounded.

Owing to the swift current and the numerous swirls and eddies, none of the boats had any such positions as were taken before Forts Sumter, or Fisher, or Wagner. There they dropped an anchor or rode placidly upon the smooth sea. Here, it was bow down stream, or up stream — one moment broadside on — the next whirled around or carried away in a half-circle. Under such circumstances the fire could not approach accuracy, but as an offset the moving targets offered the Confederates a poor chance for home shots. Many of the shells from the gun-boats passed over the fort and created havoc in the timber half a mile away, and plenty of the missiles from the forts plunged into the water along-side of the target aimed at.

The four gun-boats engaging the lower works were repeatedly struck before moving up, the Pittsburgh losing three men by a single shell, but none of them had received any damage to machinery or guns, and had plenty of pluck for what was to come.

It has been claimed that the Benton, Tuscumbia and Lafayette— the three gun-boats detailed to engage the upper batteries — fired more rounds per hour than was ever accomplished before or equaled after. They were closer to the works and in a better current, and they went into the fight to win. If the Grand Gulf forts could have been battered down by iron, nothing but their clean-swept sites would have been left when that fight closed. There were three and four minutes at a time when the smoke hid the boats and the river completely from view, and the Confederate artillerists took the red flash of guns as their targets. It was a square "stand-up-and-take-it and hurt-him-all-you-can" affair between the three boats and the forts, but the white heat was to come when the whole fleet got to work.

In all that five hours' fighting not a shot entered an embrasure or struck a gun, although scores of them barely missed it. An artillerist who was at one of the big guns said of the fight:

"There was not one single minute in all that five hours in which I did not expect death. We all worked away as if in a nightmare, and we all felt that any moment might be our last. The Benton fired repeatedly at my gun, and as many as twenty of her shells struck the opening, tearing holes in the parapet ten feet back.

Twenty times we were almost buried out of sight under the clouds of dirt, and the loose earth was knee-deep around our gun when the fight closed. Not one of us was hit hard enough to draw blood, and yet we all felt ten years older for that five hours' work. I sighted the gun, and I saw fourteen of my shot hit the Benton, and six plunge into another."

When the gun-boats changed from shell to grape and canister, which they did now and then in hopes of driving the Confederates from their guns, the screeching and screaming of these missiles, as they cut their way over the forts, was enough to send a brave man to grass until he could rally his nerves.

Porter's own ship might have been expected to take the lead, with General Grant at hand as a spectator, and the way the ship was handled, and her guns worked, were subjects long talked about in army and navy circles. She fired upwards of five hundred rounds, and not more than ten of them went wild. In return, she counted sixty shot-holes in her hull after that fight, and at least thirty other shots created more or less damage above her deck. Her loss in killed was under ten, and her wounded not over twenty, but every man aboard narrowly escaped death a dozen times over. It was a wonder to those who inspected the Benton after the fight that she brought a single man of her crew out alive. The Confederates fully expected to see her go to the bottom, and that there were good reasons for these anticipations becomes plain when it is stated that the Benton was leaking in thirty different places when she dropped out of the fight.

The fact that all the fighting was being done at rifle range, did not satisfy the Mound City. Having been repeatedly struck by a particular gun, she ran in so close to the shore that her bow actually stirred up the mud, and lying in this position she opened with grape and canister until the Confederates at three different guns were driven to cover. The gun-boat fired so fast that after the first few rounds she could not be seen by friend or foe, but she had the range and kept hammering away until there was no longer a reply. A perfect shower of bullets was rained down upon her by the infantry without avail. She had a man or two wounded, but suffered no great damage.

At one time in the fight as many as ten of the guns in the forts were trained upon the Pittsburgh alone, and she was hit twenty-eight times in thirteen minutes, but her fire never slackened nor

would she be driven from her position. She lost three more men killed at the upper forts, and had in all about twenty men wounded.

The reply to the first gun fired by the Lafayette was a shell which crashed through her side and exploded in a ward-room, knocking everything into kindlings, and when she left the fight she counted up over fifty scars. Three different times she was reported to be sinking, and each time the reply of her commander was:

"Very well, sir; keep right on firing until the guns are under water!"

Two shells from the Lafayette which cleared the parapets struck the same tree half a mile away, but again she buried five or six shell on top of each other in the wall and nearly breached it.

The Tuscumbia was hit fifteen times below the rail and more than a score of times above, but got off with only three or four wounded men. One shell passed completely through her before exploding, and the fragments of one exploding in her hold dashed a package from the hands of its carrier without wounding him.

As a fight, it was a drawn affair. Both sides had pounded away as hard as they could, and neither had been whipped. Porter had realized that if he succeeded in silencing the forts, Grant would not send his infantry to take possession, and the Confederates had discovered that if the transports could not pass down the river, Grant would land his troops and march them across the neck to a point below the forts.

As soon as the fight closed the forts began to make repairs, and in no instance had they been driven out of their works. Porter said of them:

"The enemy fought with a desperation I have never yet witnessed, for, though we engaged him at a distance of fifty yards, we never fairly succeeded in stopping his fire but for a short time. It was remarkable that we did not disable his guns, but, though we knocked his parapets pretty much to pieces, his guns were apparently uninjured."

At dark the gun-boats formed in line, the transports on the far side, and as the flotilla passed down, there was more or less firing, but without serious results. Porter had put his fleet where no other fleet had ever been tested, and the fact that the Confederates fought as they did gave him an opportunity to compliment each commander for his courage and staying qualities under such a baptism of shot and shell.

Raising the Blockade at Charleston.

ONE of the boldest ventures by the Confederate navy, and one which led to the most serious complications, was the attempt to raise the blockade at Charleston in January, 1863. Owing to the interests at stake the Federal government suppressed many facts and threw discredit on others, and there is little reason to doubt that the affair might have been made a serious one for the North if foreign governments had cared to follow it up.

According to the laws of blockade, if the blockading fleet is driven out of sight of the harbor by force of arms, even only for an hour, the blockade is declared raised. In this case there was a direct conflict of testimony between Federal and Confederate, and had not this been the case the Northern government would still have paid no attention to the proclamation issued by the Confederate Secretary of War. Had every Federal vessel been sunk or driven off the coast, and Charleston left unblockaded for three days, it would have made no difference. A new fleet would have been sent to that station, and if Europe protested the matter would have gone to the State Department, to be dragged along and worn out. I make this assertion on the authority of men who were high in official circles at Washington at the time, and who knew the decisions arrived at by cabinet meetings called to consider this case.

There were on the blockading station at the time six Federal vessels, while three or four more had just left for Port Royal to coal up. The Confederate "fleet" consisted of only two iron-clads—the Chicora and Palmetto State. They were iron-clads only to a certain extent, neither claiming to be proof against the rifled guns of the blockaders. While the Chicora could show fair speed, the Palmetto State was very slow, and neither carried as large a crew as any one of the vessels on the blockade.

The design of a dash at the Federal fleet was objected to by those high in authority on the grounds of its risk, and when finally con-

sented to it was more to encourage the fleet and forts than from any anticipation of success. The project was kept a profound secret while all preparations were making, and when Charleston was turned out of bed by the firing off the bar there was intense excitement in the city.

Both Confederate vessels crossed the bar shortly before five o'clock in the morning, this being the period of high water. It was a damp, nasty morning, with a fog circling over the waters, and the lookouts could not see any great distance from the vessels.

As the Palmetto State stood out from the bar she found the Federal steamer Mercedita in her path and ran down for her, hoping to make a complete surprise. In this she was disappointed, as she had been observed and her identity suspected before she was near enough to fire. As she came up she found the Mercedita beating to quarters and thoroughly alarmed. The ram was hailed several times, but, without replying, she rushed at the ship and fired a shell into her at the moment of striking. This shell wrought fearful destruction, passing clean through the vessel and exploding a steam-chest in its passage. The prow of the ram had cut the Mercedita down to the water's edge, and what with the steam blinding and scalding and enveloping everybody, and the water rushing in like a mill-race, it was no wonder that discipline gave way to confusion.

The Palmetto State was so low in the water that not a gun on the Federal could be depressed sufficiently to reach her, and when she backed off it was speedily realized that she had the larger craft at her mercy. In this emergency the only thing that could be done was to surrender. But mark what followed it. An officer was sent aboard the Confederate to make the surrender, which he did in the name of his commander. He also stated the condition of the Mercedita, and his fears that she was sinking, and proposed the transfer of her crew to the ram to save them from going down with the sinking ship. This could not be done, as the ram had no room for them, and the result was that all officers and men were paroled on the spot and the ram steamed away to engage others of the fleet. When she had disappeared the crew of the Mercedita set to work and repaired damages sufficiently to enable the surrendered ship to steal away and save herself to the Federal government. The paroles were considered as invalid, and were not in the least honored or observed. The single shell carried death to three men and injuries to three or four others.

Day had fully dawned when the ram left the Mercedita and

turned her attention to the rest of the fleet. Every vessel had got under way and made an offing, and most of them were engaged with the Chicora at long range. The Palmetto State had less speed than any Federal on the station, and finding that none of them would engage her at close quarters, she ran back to the bar and came to anchor to wait for the tide to serve. She had captured one steamer, sent three shots into another, and followed two for a mile or more out to sea, and had not been struck by a single missile or received the slightest damage.

When the Chicora crossed the bar and parted from the ram she came close upon a nest of blockaders and fired right and left as she stood on. Two or three of the vessels were struck, and all made haste to secure an offing where there was room to maneuver. When the Chicora sighted the Keystone State it was just after she had driven off the Quaker City, and the State was bearing gallantly down to come to close quarters. When the Federal was within easy range she fired one broadside at the Chicora, and then rounded to and gave her the other, but every shot went over the Confederate and plunged into the water beyond.

The Chicora then opened fire in turn, and at her third shot the State was set on fire in the hold and she hauled off and out of the fight. As soon as she could subdue the flames aboard she turned and came back for the Chicora, determined to run her down. She was stopped by a shell which reached her boiler, and in a moment she was enveloped in a cloud of steam and the screams of the scalded men could be heard for a mile over the water. As the Chicora approached, the Keystone State hauled down her flag in token of surrender. The Chicora would have sent a boat aboard or run along-side herself, but the State kept one wheel working and drew out of the fight while the Chicora had her attention distracted by other vessels. When a mile or more away, the State hoisted her flag and re-opened fire. Both the Mercedita and Keystone State were fairly captured, both hauled down their flags in token of surrender, and yet both took advantage of circumstances to make their escape. The Chicora also engaged the Augusta, the Quaker City, and the Memphis, striking them all at least once, and after an action lasting more than an hour she was signalled to join the ram in Beach Channel.

It was claimed by the commanders of both Confederate craft that every single Federal vessel was driven off the blockading station and so far out to sea that nothing of them could be discerned

with a glass. Then followed a proclamation signed by Gen. Beauregard and Flag Officer Ingram, declaring the blockade raised by superior force. Secretary of State Benjamin then issued a circular to foreign consuls in the South, more especially directed to the French Consul at Wilmington, officially declaring the blockade raised and inviting commerce with the open port of Charleston.

In reply to these proclamations Admiral Du Pont secured the statements of commanders and others to the effect that only two of the fleet were seriously injured, and that not a single vessel was driven off the blockade. It always has been and always will be a disputed question. One fails to see where the Confederates could hope to gain anything by issuing a proclamation based on falsehood and one which could easily be shown to be false, and one can hardly credit the fact that the two or three blockaders which did not come into action at all, being too distant from the bar, would have cowardly put to sea after the fight was over.

However, as previously stated, had the blockade been raised, even by the sinking of every Federal on the station, the Confederate government would have reaped no benefit, nor would a foreign vessel have been permitted to enter that port. So far as the Federal government had might, it was fully determined to make that power answer for right.

The fate of the Atlanta has been recorded in a previous article. She was one of the strongest and fastest iron-clads built by the Confederates during the war, and it was intended that she should proceed to Charleston and attack the blockading fleet. On her trip out she got aground and was captured, after a contest of fifteen minutes. She was a match for any three vessels on the blockade, and had she got among the fleet the result might have justified Confederate expectations.

The Albemarle, the Confederate ram, built at Plymouth, N. C., and having her first fight near the mouth of the Roanoke River, would also have made an attempt to raise the blockade at Charleston had she succeeded in getting out. She was fast, invulnerable, and with a proper crew to fight her she would have been a match for any three Federal iron-clads.

In February, 1864, after the attempt of the Confederate iron-clads to raise the blockade at Charleston, the Confederates brought out a steam-launch torpedo which proved the wickedest thing of the war. The craft was about twenty-five feet long, shaped like a cigar, built of boiler plate, and provided with a screw wheel. She

had no smoke stack, and her deck was flush with the water. Running out from her bow fifteen feet was a stout spar with an electric torpedo, containing a charge of two hundred pounds of powder.

Just before nine o'clock in the evening this torpedo was discovered approaching the Housatonic, one of the finest vessels in the Federal navy. It was a bright night, with no sea on, and for a time the launch was supposed to be a large fish sporting around. When suspicion was aroused as to its true nature it was so close aboard that none of the guns could be depressed to reach it. The Housatonic slipped her anchor and started her engines, while everybody on deck who had a weapon to fire began shooting at the launch. The big ship was not yet off her anchorage when the launch dashed in and exploded the torpedo, and in the excitement got away without being seen.

The explosion was something awful. A hole was made in the big ship through which one could have led a horse, and men on her decks were in some cases hurled fifty feet, and in others lifted fifteen feet high. The largest guns on board were thrown on their backs, and beams twelve inches thick were broken off as clean as a man can break a pipe stem. In five minutes the Housatonic was at the bottom and the launch out of sight. The loss of life was not great, only five of the crew being missing at the next muster, but nearly every man was more or less badly bruised and injured.

The success of the torpedo-launch solved the problem of how to raise a blockade, but the Confederates were not in position to reap the fruits. The war was near its close, the people greatly discouraged, and the government not in condition to build other launches. And to this must be added the fact that orders were at once issued that no blockader should thereafter anchor at night without being protected by a floating boom or rope-netting, and each vessel so anchored was ordered to keep out a patrol of boats.

There is good authority for the statement that the model of this launch has been carefully preserved by the United States Navy Department, and that in case it becomes necessary to protect our harbors a hundred of them can be turned out at short notice. The boast of certain European powers that one of their iron-clads could lay any American port under tribute might be carried out despite our navy, but Europe has never built a craft which could guard herself from one of these launches, nor one which could float ten minutes after being struck.

Morgan the Raider.

OF all the cavalry raiders, Federal or Confederate, John H. Morgan was doubtless the chief. He made raiding into Union territory a business and a success.

One of his first raids had for its objective point Elizabethtown, Kentucky, and the destruction of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. He crossed the Cumberland at Gainesville, and first entered Glasgow, where his command helped themselves to horses, mules, clothing, and whatever struck their fancy. It made no difference to the raiders whether a citizen sympathized with the Federal or Confederate cause. If he had anything the raiders wanted it was taken, and if the owner protested he was told to go and see General Morgan. In two or three instances people who had been despoiled did go and see the general. He listened patiently to their reports, and then kindly replied:

"Is it possible that one of Morgan's men would do such a thing as that! Well, well—but I must have the matter investigated, and if he is found guilty he shall be shot."

A laughable incident occurred as Morgan closed in on Elizabethtown. The only Federal force there to oppose him consisted of a single company belonging to the Ninety-first Illinois. These men at once began to throw up works, and just as Morgan's advance came in sight were reinforced by about five hundred men from their own regiment who had been posted at various points. The men at once made preparations for a fight, but in order to prevent any unnecessary waste of blood, Colonel Smith, commanding the six hundred Federals, sent a flag of truce into Morgan's lines to deliver the following communication:

To the Commander of the Rebel Forces:

SIR: I demand of you an immediate and unconditional surrender of yourself and forces under your command. I have you completely surrounded, and will open my batteries upon you in twenty minutes, and compel you to surrender.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. S. SMITH,
Commanding U. S. Forces.

Morgan had about seven thousand men with him, and a full battery of artillery, while Smith did not have over six hundred men, and was entirely without artillery. Morgan knew the exact Federal strength and situation, and it is said by one of his staff that he had a hearty laugh over the bombastic communication. He answered it by demanding Smith's surrender, but the latter had made up his mind to fight.

Soon after one o'clock in the afternoon Morgan had the town completely encircled, and the battle opened. The Illinois troops were driven from one position to another, and finally took refuge in the brick buildings in the center of the town. Common humanity, if not the usages of civilized warfare, should have compelled Morgan to again demand a surrender before opening with artillery on a town filled with women and children. He neither did this nor gave non-combatants an opportunity to get beyond danger. Such as attempted to leave were fired upon and driven back.

From a distance of hardly more than rifle-range Morgan's artillery opened on the center of the town, and every shot and shell created havoc. The Federals could only reply with musketry, and with but little show for damaging the enemy, but Smith was planning to collect his men and make a determined effort to cut his way out of the town when a portion of his forces, without waiting to consult him, hung out the white flag of surrender. This ended the fight and Morgan at once took possession of the town and the work of destruction began.

When the railroad property had been burned, all the store-houses were given up to the torch, and a Kentuckian who had two sons in the Confederate army, and was himself an outspoken Confederate, lost wheat and oats to the value of five thousand dollars. While private houses were respected, Morgan himself led the pillaging of stores and shops. Dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes and jewelry to the amount of twenty thousand dollars were taken, and the country for five miles around robbed of every horse in condition to travel.

The prisoners taken were paroled and told to look out for themselves, so far as provisions were concerned. Every man in Smith's command who had a good overcoat or a pair of boots was obliged to hand them over to whomever fancied the articles. The raider carried away with him horses, mules, arms, vehicles and goods worth many thousands of dollars, and in and around Elizabethtown destroyed an immense amount of property worth as much more.

One of the contemptible things perpetrated with Morgan's full knowledge was the invasion and robbery of the hospital. Blankets were pulled from under sick men, their clothing and personal property taken, and the doctors robbed of their medicine cases and the surgeons of their instruments.

Again, Morgan left Knoxville, Tennessee, for a raid into Kentucky, having under his command a force of about nine hundred, cavalry and artillery. Of his cavalry, two hundred or more were armed only with revolvers and sabres, and were promised carbines when they could be captured from the Federals.

The first blow fell upon Glasgow. The place was garrisoned by a few dozen Federals, who did not stay to see what business had called the great Confederate raider from his Tennessee retreat. From the fourth to the twenty-eighth of the month named, Morgan was raiding through Kentucky, fighting, plundering, burning and destroying. He carried a telegraph operator with him, and through this source was kept constantly posted of all movements against him. The operator sent fictitious dispatches countermanding orders to Federals, and kept things so mixed up that only the mail could be depended on. It was from Somerset that Morgan sent the following dispatch to Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal:*

SOMERSET, July 22, 1862.

George D. Prentice, Louisville:

Good morning George D. I am quietly watching the complete destruction of all of Uncle Sam's property in this little burg. I regret exceedingly that this is the last that comes under my supervision on this route. I expect in a short time to pay you a visit, and wish to know if you will be at home.

All well in Dixie.

JOHN H. MORGAN,
Commanding Brigade.

During the twenty-four days of the raid Morgan recruited four hundred men, traveled eleven hundred miles, captured seventeen towns, had twenty-two skirmishes, captured and paroled sixteen hundred Federals, and possessed himself of one thousand horses and mules, new arms and equipments for all, and destroyed several million dollars' worth of public and government property.

Taking but a week to rest after the raid through Kentucky above detailed, Morgan suddenly re-appeared at Columbia, and from thence pushed on to Green River and attacked a Federal force of about one thousand men in a good defensive position. Morgan had over two thousand men and four pieces of artillery, but after a

fight lasting upwards of an hour he was obliged to draw off, having lost over one hundred men and inflicted but little damage. In that fight he had twenty commissioned officers killed or wounded.

At Lebanon the Federal force had received warning and was prepared for defense. It was only after a fight lasting four or five hours that the garrison was overpowered. Morgan paroled nearly five hundred prisoners, destroyed seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of stores, and sent back to the Confederacy a large supply of arms, ammunition, and medical stores. His brother Tom was killed in this fight, having been shot by a Federal who was posted in the second story of a house. Over seventy-five horses and mules were gathered up at Lebanon.

At Bradensburg two steamers were captured and the whole command crossed into Indiana, and during this transaction there was continual skirmishing with home guards. Near Corydon, Morgan encountered about three thousand home guards, and a fight lasting about half an hour took place. A charge by a single squadron of his command started a panic among the Federals, and about two thousand were captured and paroled, and nearly as many muskets destroyed.

Knowing that the country must be aroused, Morgan again brought his telegraph operator into play, and in a few hours was able to locate every force organizing for pursuit. At Salem he destroyed a railroad bridge and depot and a mile of track. At Seymour two more bridges, another depot, and two or three miles of track. At Vienna another depot was burned, and the track again destroyed. At Lexington about fifty thousand dollars' worth of stores were burned, and the command had by this time secured enough fresh horses to give every man a remount. In addition, many stores had been plundered, and nearly every person encountered on the highway had been robbed.

At Vernon the railroads were destroyed for miles, all depots and banks, and many public and private buildings burned. Between Vernon and Versailles the march was one of arson and plunder, and at the latter place Morgan got rid of his prisoners by the process of paroling.

The state of Ohio was entered at Harrison, all important railroad bridges being burned as fast as met with. The command passed Cincinnati seven or eight miles to the north, tearing up railroad tracks wherever crossed. The night march, as the raiders left Harrison, was nearly fifty miles, bringing them to Camp Denison in the

morning. Here a train of cars was captured and burned, and more prisoners taken and paroled.

During the next four days and nights the raiders rested only for an hour at a time, and were continually skirmishing. The entire state of Ohio had been aroused, and squirrel-hunters were offering their services by the thousand. By the free use of the telegraph, bodies of home guards were placed in Morgan's front at every cross-road, and farmers turned out and delayed his progress by felling trees across the roads and removing the planks from highway bridges.

Morgan finally reached the Ohio river above Pomeroy. He found a large force there to receive him, and in the course of an hour was routed and left nearly three hundred of his men behind as prisoners. He then made for the ford at Belleville, where about three hundred men got over and the remainder were killed, captured or scattered. With the remnant Morgan again moved on, but at West Point was surrounded and had to surrender. Of his entire command only about two hundred and fifty returned to the Confederacy.

The results of the raid, so far as directly benefiting the Confederacy, was the capture of about one hundred and fifty army wagons, six hundred horses and mules, and some three thousand stands of arms. This plunder reached Dixie in safety. During the raid Morgan burned forty bridges, about twenty depots, and tore up railroad tracks in over fifty places. In his official report he claimed to have inflicted damage to the amount of ten million dollars, while he captured and paroled over six thousand prisoners. So far as these prisoners and paroles went the Federal government refused to recognize any such action as binding.

Morgan's raid, after leaving Kentucky, was simply the march of a band of thieves. No opportunity to commit robbery was lost, and when driven to bay and the plunder overhauled, the collection would have been described by an auctioneer as: "And so forth." The men had loaded themselves down with dry goods, groceries, hardware, tinware, jewelry, clothing, boots and shoes, and odds and ends of everything. The government decided to treat the band as maraunders, and while the rank and file were sent to prison-pens, Morgan, Basil Duke, and other of the higher officers were sent to the penitentiary at Columbus.

From his capture in July to the following November, Morgan was confined in prison. In his ward were Hohersmith, Bennett,

Hines, Taylor, Shelton and McGee, all officers in his command. As soon as it was realized that the Federal government would not exchange them, the men began casting about for a way to escape. It was charged that outside sympathizers furnished the men with tools to dig their way out, and money to carry them away after regaining their liberty. They went through two feet of brick and cement into the air-chamber below the cells, and thence through six feet of granite to the yard. The escape was made one dark night by means of scaling and descending two walls, but that there was connivance on the part of some of the prison officials has never been doubted. Morgan and Hines took the train for Cincinnati, crossed the Ohio in a skiff, and after having many narrow escapes from recapture, and being several weeks on the way, arrived safely within the Confederate lines.

Chancellorsville.

HOOKER was a military enigma. At one time impetuous—at another lethargic. As a corps commander, he was a hard fighter; as the head of an army, he exhibited incompetency and irresolution. Vain-glorious in some things—in others modest as a woman. Seemingly frank and open in military matters, Burnside charged him with plotting and conspiring against his superiors, and resigned because the President would not remove him and others from the army of the Potomac.

Why Lincoln should have appointed Hooker to the command of that army, with that grave charge hanging over him, was the greatest enigma of all.

If he believed Burnside's charges, Hooker should have been dismissed. If he did not believe them, Burnside should have been court-martialed for making the allegations he did.

Hooker went to work like a good general to improve the *personnel* of the army which had been hurled back from Fredericksburg and then worn out in the Maryland mud by marching and counter-marching to no purpose. A less energetic man would have been appalled at the ontset. Many thousand men had openly deserted, and subordinate officers exhibited a mutinous spirit. There was need of arms and clothing, and the men must be drilled, and Hooker had such a task before him as no man except McClellan had ever undertaken.

When the spring of 1883 opened he had an army of one hundred and twenty thousand men—well drilled, enthusiastic—anxious to move against Lee; and this army was supplied with artillery to the number of four hundred pieces.

Lee, who still held possession of Fredericksburg, had, according to his own official reports, sixty thousand men and one hundred and ninety pieces of artillery. What could be easier than for one hundred and twenty thousand men to crush sixty thousand, if the

latter could be flanked out of their intrenchments? And what could be easier than a flank movement at Fredericksburg?

It was for Hooker to plan and for Lee to wait. Hooker planned to move by his right flank, cross the Rappahannock at fords far above Fredericksburg, and march in behind Lee. The fords were defended only against raiding parties. When the heads of corps reached them in that grand march the Confederate defenders were swept away in a breath. The march of that mighty army was a pageant never to be forgotten, and the men of the Army of the Potomac were never so certain of success. How could they fail? All the roads led to Chancellorsville, twelve or fourteen miles to the south of and in rear of Fredericksburg. With the Federal army at Chancellorsville, Lee must march out and meet it and be defeated. Sedgwick's corps was left at Fredericksburg, with orders to cross and attack if Lee began withdrawing, and when the grand army reached Chancellorsville Lee was between two fires. Hooker's plan was simple, sensible, and certain of success; and when the last of his army corps swung into the wilderness around Chancellorsville he felt no egotism in saying in his dispatch:

"The rebel army is now the legitimate property of the Army of the Potomac!"

So it looked to even the dullest private soldier.

It is a singularly wild and picturesque ride from Fredericksburg to the battle field over the old plank road. There is no town—no hamlet—not even a four-roads. At the brick house where the Chancellors lived the road from Ely's Ford empties into the plank road, making a three-corners. The change since the battle was fought is but slight. That part of the house destroyed has been rebuilt, and the old walls have been allowed to retain the round shot and shell fired into them from the Confederate lines. Directly opposite the house fifty acres of the forest have been cleared away and yet, between the Ely Road and the spot where Stonewall Jackson fell, there is not enough cleared field to maneuver one army corps. When Hooker massed his magnificent army there twenty-one years ago, seven-eighths of them were hidden in the woods and thickets. There was not even room enough in the clearings to mass all his cannon.

The Army of the Potomac now being in the rear of Lee, the men expected to be marched towards Fredericksburg. Between Chancellorsville and the city are half a dozen splendid battle grounds, the poorest of which would give an army of one hundred and fifty

thousand men opportunity to come into action. If Lee had hurried out on the plank-road to meet Hooker, they would have fought at Salem Church, and had they fought there Lee would have been crushed in two hours. He *had* hurried out on that road—he had reached Salem Church—he had passed beyond it—he was within two miles of Chancellorsville before he saw a Federal. Hooker had started two corps on the march to Fredericksburg, and others were waiting to follow, when a dark shadow suddenly flitted across wood and thicket, and Hooker's exultation changed to fear. The two corps were instantly ordered back.

Then followed orders which mystified everybody. The army which was facing up the plank-road towards Fredericksburg suddenly received orders to face down the road, with their backs to Lee, and with feverish haste breastworks were thrown up, trees felled, and preparations made to meet a foe which no one had expected.

The army, which had marched by the flank, to force Lee out into the fields to give battle, was now at bay, cooped up in the thicket and forest, hiding behind earth-works and abattis, and everybody mystified by the commander's strange orders. Mystify a soldier and you demoralize him. When the grand army crossed the Rappahannock every man knew Hooker's plan. It was to swing in behind Lee and fight him. That army was never in better condition for marching and fighting. When suddenly recalled from the march, ordered to change front, and pushed into forests and thickets so dense that a captain at the head of his company could not see the thirtieth man in the line, a tremor of coming disaster swept over every division. Four hour's walk from the brick house will take you over every point of the battle field. The felled trees are rotting on the ground — the earth-works are there — the spot where Hooker massed thirteen guns—another spot where he massed sixty-three—you can pick up every detail and find the head-quarters of every division. Aye! you can do more. You can stand in the swamps and thickets and see slimy serpents dragging themselves through the black water—hear the lonesome cries of the whip-poor-will—feel that it is midnight in there forever. Strange place to hide away an army which had marched from the sunshine of Falmouth Heights to crush a foe of only half its strength!

The shadow which had thrown its chill over the thickets of Chancellorsville was that of Stonewall Jackson. Resting on Lee's right flank at Fredericksburg, he had waited until the Federal army

had reached Chancellorsville. Then he had let go his grip on the hills overlooking the muddy Rappahannock, and moved by the Telegraph road and across the fields, not to strike Hooker where that commander was waiting to be struck, but to pass his right flank and reach his rear. Lee left six thousand men to hold Fredericksburg against Sedgwick, and advanced towards Chancellorsville by way of Salem Church. When Hooker saw the plan to strike his flank and rear, he changed front again on a part of his lines and threw up further breastworks. He had come to attack Lee, but without seeing a Confederate or firing a musket, he suddenly assumed the defensive. He had forced Lee out of his intrenchments and then sought cover himself. He had had his pick of the best battle grounds in Virginia, and had rejected all of them for the swamps and the thickets of the dark wilderness. Joe Hooker was a soldier and a fighter, but neither soldier nor historian has ever been able to satisfactorily explain his Chancellorsville campaign. Had his army moved up to Salem Church, Sedgwick's corps could have crossed at Banks' Ford and joined it, instead of fighting its way over the hills of Fredericksburg. He could have picked his positions and intrenched, and Lee could not have carried one of them.

All night Friday night Jackson was moving through the dark thickets across the Federal front, and in some places within a mile of it. Neither swamp nor slough nor darkness of midnight halted the march. Daylight found his thousands still in motion—noon found them on the Brock road—four o'clock in the afternoon saw them debouching into that same Chancellorsville plank-road, not a mile from Hooker's line of battle.

In making this march to reach Hooker's rear, or what had been his rear until he faced about, Jackson came so near the Federal lines at a spot called the Furnace that a smart fight ensued and about seven hundred Confederates were captured. It was plain to all that Jackson was on the move. For what? Some of the prisoners said that it was a move to reach Hooker's rear but Hooker begged to differ with them. He insisted that Jackson was retreating towards Richmond, and he sent off a dispatch that "the enemy are flying." While he was writing it Stonewall Jackson was forming a line of battle within a mile of him.

In front of Jackson was the Eleventh corps. The shadows of evening were drawing down, and twenty thousand men were busy cooking their suppers, when the Confederates came dashing at them through the woods. There was something appalling in the sudden-

ness of the attack — something terrifying in the vigor with which it was made. The muskets were stacked, the batteries unprepared, and not a dozen shots were fired before that great army corps, surprised, terrified, and panic-stricken, rolled out of the woods and back upon the cleared fields around the brick house in one mighty mass of blue. Thousands saw the sight, and it was a sight never to be forgotten. With one rush the Confederates had doubled a whole corps back on the center and captured its intrenchments, muskets, ammunition and provisions. The attack fell like a thunderbolt — destroyed like a tornado. It ceased almost as suddenly as it began. Berry's brigade rushed into the gap, other brigades followed, and Jackson was checked. Then night fell, the moon rose, and but for groans and wails and straggling musket-shots, men could hardly have believed what their eyes saw half an hour before.

Perhaps the last Federal to exchange words with Jackson was Colonel William D. Wilkins, of Detroit, who was then assistant adjutant-general of the Twelfth army corps. In the dusk of evening he was riding to the head-quarters of different divisions with orders, and as he rode for the flag of the Third division he rode straight into the ranks of the Confederates. Recognized as an officer of distinction, he was at once conducted along the plank road to the spot where Jackson had his head-quarters in the saddle. At this time the Federal cannon were throwing showers of shot, shell and grape into the woods, and one of the colonel's escort was killed at his side. At this time the dry ditches on each side of the highway were full of Confederate infantry, lying close to escape the Federal artillery fire. General Jackson asked Colonel Wilkins his name, rank, etc., speaking in a quiet voice and a kindly manner, and the last words he ever spoke to a Federal were:

"Sorry for you, colonel. Take Colonel Wilkins to the rear, and see that he is well used."

Ten minutes later he was lying under the pines mortally wounded.

Had Jackson lived one hour longer, Hooker would have been cut off from the roads to the river. Then what? It would have been tame surrender or a fierce and bloody wrestle to cut a way out. It is there to-day — the blind road leading from the plank in a half-circle around to the Ely road. It winds around thickets, crosses, swales, ascends hills and makes sharp turns to avoid quagmires, but twenty thousand men could be passed over it between dusk and midnight. Jackson's men were following it when death came

to the great leader. Men have called it the hand of fate. To Hooker's army it was the hand of Providence.

It was Stuart, of cavalry fame, who led the Confederates after Jackson had been stricken. At dawn of Sunday, twenty thousand men in gray moved forward as one, and five thousand voices sang together :

"Old Joe Hooker come out of the wilderness."

Stuart's guns were hardly heard before Lee's opened. Hooker's army was between two fires. Then there was desperate fighting. From wood and thicket and swamp and field arose the shouts of men as they grappled with the foe — the screams and groans of the wounded as they fell to earth. Stuart was gradually forcing the center back, and the center was the key of the position. As the Federals fell back foot by foot, the woods blazed up in a hundred places, and serpents of fire chased each other from thicket to thicket. Under a smoke-cloud so dense that men could not see a foe thirty feet away, the center fell back, the wing gave ground, and a retreat was made to a new battle line. Women living a mile away from the battle ground turn pale even now when they recall the horrors of that day — the smoke — the red tongues of flame — the awful roar of cannon and the crash of musketry, and in the intervals a sound to make the heart stand still — the cries and shrieks of the wounded, burning to death in the thickets. Hooker must have lost his head. With both wings driven, his center crushed, and that grand army driven back to a new line in the woods, he dispatched Sedgwick to hurry up and "complete" Lee's destruction! Lee had not lost one man to his eight. Lee had driven him over a mile, and Stuart had driven a part of his lines two miles, and yet he said in that same dispatch, "I have driven the enemy!"

It is long years since war's alarms filled the land. The South asks no man to excuse her defeats or exaggerate her victories. What she won she won, what she lost she lost; and that partisan historian who excuses Hooker, Burnside, Grant, Pope or any other commander from his blunders, wrongs the generation which came too late to fight but not too late to read.

On Sunday Sedgwick crossed at Fredericksburg and drove the Confederates out. Then, obeying orders, he marched by the plank-road for Chancellorsville to strike Lee in the rear. He had scarcely left Fredericksburg when the defeated Confederates re-occupied it. This, then, was the situation, and a stranger one was never heard of in war. Beginning at the river, there were Early and Barksdale

holding Fredericksburg. Out on the plank-road was Sedgwick. Beyond him was Lee. Beyond Lee was Hooker. Beyond Hooker were Jackson's men. Again, beyond these was Stoneman with ten thousand Federal cavalry, raiding and destroying to prevent Lee's retreat to Richmond. Who, before or since, ever saw foe and friend so strangely sandwiched? It could not have been done by one blunder, but it was accomplished by half a dozen. The coming of Sedgwick delayed Lee's attack, and that delay again saved Hooker.

Lee wheeled at the foe in his rear and fought him around Salem Church and drove him across Banks' Ford. That was Monday night. On Tuesday, Lee returned to Hooker, but there was no desperate fighting. There was marching and countermarching, and taking up positions for an attack which should destroy Lee or rout Hooker. Over ninety thousand Federals were waiting—less than forty thousand Confederates were watching.

In the darkness of Tuesday night Hooker ordered that grand army to skulk away, and at daylight Wednesday morning that serpentine earth-work stretching over three miles of country hadn't a Federal left behind it. Pontoon bridges had been laid in the darkness, and in the darkness Hooker had run away from an army not half the size of his own. Swinton has pricked him—Headly has staggered him; but one must ride over that field to fully realize that a campaign was sacrificed and an army converted into a mob little better than skulkers through one man's stupid blundering. The retreat was not enough to humble the soldiers. It needed Hooker's address, delivered when safe beyond cannon-shot, saying:

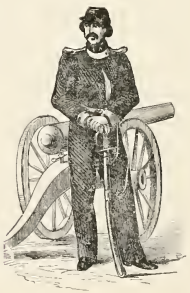
"The events of the last week may well cause the heart of every officer and soldier of the army to swell with pride! We have added new laurels to our former renown!"

There is the old brick house, the half-burned thickets, every foot of breastworks—every spot on which blood was shed in that strange battle. Look over the ground for yourself, and furnish one single excuse for the Federal commander if you can. Patriotism requires no man to excuse the blunders, or ignorance, or drunkenness of a Federal, nor to demean the gallantry which made Confederate soldiers known the world over.

In the dark thickets—in the shot plowed glades—in the denser woods—in the fields and on the highways Hooker left bloody proofs of his stupidity. Aside from the wounded removed as the army retreated, sixteen thousand dead and wounded were left

behind. From Salem Church to the Wilderness Meeting-House the wounded crawled along the roads — hid away in the thickets — cried out in their agony of thirst from the barren fields and stony ravines. From Salem Church to the Wilderness Meeting-House the Federal dead turned their faces to the morning sun as it rose on the columns of Lee marching down to take possession of the field.

Hooker had captured four thousand prisoners, four or five pieces of artillery, half a dozen standards, and inflicted a loss on Lee of about eight thousand killed and wounded. In his vain-glorious address he forgot his own fearful loss of dead and wounded — the five thousand prisoners — the thirteen pieces of artillery — the seventeen battle flags — the twenty thousand stands of arms — scores of wagon-loads of forage, provisions and ammunition which Lee had taken from him! And add to this the demoralizing effects of defeat on an army, and to this again the fact that the result at Chancellorsville determined Lee on invading the North!



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
B L

DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

Stonewall Jackson.

AN eccentric citizen—a Christian soldier—a general of strange tactics! We found him at Kernstown fighting one to four—fighting, falling back—grimly giving way to fight again. We saw him strike the Federal armies right and left in the valley and fill Washington with white faces.

It was the hammer in his grasp which shattered the Federal position at Gaines' Mill. Without him Longstreet and Hill would have been crushed back and annihilated. We saw him at Manassas—Groveton—Chantilly—Antietam—Fredericksburg—and for the last time in the dark pine thickets of Chancellorsville.

A Christian in his faith—a child in his sympathies—a general who cared not for the world's admiration so much as for the comfort of any single man who followed him in his wonderful marches! He had the courage of a lion and the heart of a woman. The pomp and glitter of war were not for him. His banners grew old and faded and shot-torn. His legions grew ragged and foot-sore and weary. No matter who faltered—Jackson had faith. Fierce in the heat of battle, because it was his duty to kill—when the roar of cannon had died away the groans of the wounded reached a heart which had a throb for every wail.

Partisans may keep their bitterness of heart, but the world has spoken. The man whom they hate died forgiving all. Struck down at Chancellorsville amidst the roar of battle, he was removed to die amidst the sweetest peace. Friends wept as they saw the dews of death gather upon his forehead. If foes exulted they were unworthy to be classed with brave men.

With malice towards none—with forgiveness for all, his life went out as his pale lips whispered:

"Let us cross over and rest under the shade of the trees!"

And may he ever rest!

Brandy Station.

A FEW weeks after Hooker had recrossed the Rappahannock he became suspicious that Lee intended a new movement in Maryland. In order to uncover this plan, if such a one were forming, Pleasanton was sent on a reconnoissance in force. He had with him nearly six thousand cavalry, several batteries of artillery, and about three thousand picked infantry. Among the cavalry leaders were Buford, Kilpatrick, Gregg and Wyndham, all of whom had won more or less renown in that arm of the service.

Before reaching the Rappahannock the Federal force was pretty evenly divided, Gregg taking one column and Pleasanton the other, and while one crossed at Beverly's Ford the other entered Virginia at Kelly's Ford, six miles away. The respective highways leading south from these fords followed the lines of the letter "V" and met at Brandy Station.

Pleasanton's column, under the direct command of Buford, made the crossing at Beverly's just as day was breaking. Owing to the heavy mist hanging over the country, and the quiet manner in which the advance effected a crossing, the pickets on the further shore were completely surprised and many of them captured. Those who escaped fell back to the timber a hundred rods away and opened a hot fire to check the advance.

While the Federal force was getting into line after the crossing, the alarm reached Jones' brigade of Virginians encamped half a mile away. The men were still asleep, but the Federals had not yet cleared their front of the skirmishers when a portion of the cavalry came dashing up. The Eighth New York had the Federal advance, and on this regiment fell the first blow. Under cover of the mist the Virginians formed for the charge and struck the New Yorkers a sudden and paralyzing blow. As the Eighth was disorganized and flung back, Colonel Harris, its commander, was shot from his horse and lived only a short time.

The loss of this brave leader at that date, when the cavalry service was making itself such an important factor in war, was considered almost a national calamity. It was this Colonel who led a large body of cavalry out of Harper's Ferry when he found that Miles was talking of surrender, and on the route to the Federal lines he captured a full wagon train of ammunition on the way to Longstreet's corps. Had this ammunition reached Lee at Antietam, as it must have done but for Harris, the Confederate army would have held its position after the first day's battle, instead of crossing the Potomac. Colonel Harris had made his mark as a cavalry leader, and another year would have made him a general.

As the New Yorkers were driven back, the Eighth Illinois came up in fine style, and, in turn, charged over and through the Virginians, driving all who escaped the sabre and revolver back to the line which Jones was forming behind his camps. The fight had been in progress scarcely fifteen minutes, and nearly a hundred men had been killed or wounded.

There were only three regiments of Confederate cavalry in all, aggregating about fifteen hundred men, but instead of making it a fight between cavalry, Pleasanton brought up his infantry and formed a new battle line. While his artillery and infantry more than overlapped the Confederate line, he ordered the Sixth Pennsylvania, supported by two regiments of the regular cavalry, to charge Jones' left flank, which then rested on a meadow and had no defense whatever.

The Pennsylvanians had been recruited as a regiment of "Lancers," and had come down to the army to be unmercifully ridiculed by the other troops. Their lances had been replaced by carbines and sabres, but they were still known as the "Mexican cavaliers." Here was the first opportunity to show their mettle. The regiment left the cover of the woods in a solid body and dashed straight at two pieces of artillery near the Confederate flank. The guns were at once turned upon them, and they received a hot fire from dismounted cavalry, but the advance was not checked. The regiment had reached the guns when a re-inforcement of about six hundred cavalry which had reached the ground came rushing down upon the flank of the Pennsylvanians. The two regiments of regulars now charged, and for ten minutes the meadow was covered by a wild and excited mob of two thousand men — shooting — cutting — hacking, riding at and over each other in the smoke. As if by mutual consent, the respective forces finally separated, but in returning to

cover the Federals were followed by a fire which created sad loss. From this hour until after noon, Pleasanton had plenty of work to hold the ground he had gained and to foil the several attempts to cut him off from the ford by which he had crossed. Pleasanton must hold his ground and wait for Gregg to be heard from. In his official report he claimed the enemy far outnumbered him. Stuart's official report showed that Pleasanton had fifteen hundred more men than fought him there, with the benefit of six more pieces of artillery.

Gregg, who had crossed at Kelly's Ford, found the Confederates ready for him, and every foot of ground he gained had to be paid for. He divided his column into three commands, and all headed for Brandy Station by parallel routes. At Stevensburg a force of four hundred Confederates, supplied with two pieces of artillery, gave battle to the entire force, but as Gregg's infantry moved against their front his cavalry charged both flanks at the same moment and routed the force and captured one hundred and sixty-five prisoners and a battle flag.

No force of any account opposed the Federals between Stevensburg and Brandy Station, but, as they approached the latter place they found a strong force of cavalry, infantry and artillery blocking the way. The alarm had reached Culpepper, and trains were bringing down re-inforcements.

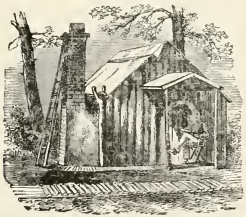
In and around the railroad station there was desperate cavalry fighting for the next two hours. On the hill where Stuart had his head-quarters a charge by a portion of Wyndham's brigade enveloped two pieces of artillery. In the *mêlée* every man and horse belonging to the guns were killed or disabled, and the guns were drawn off by hand. They had not yet been loaded when a Confederate regiment recaptured them, but could not take them away. Re-inforcements were hurried up from both sides, and for twenty minutes there was a battle between three thousand men in which only sabre and revolver were used. More than one hundred and fifty men were killed by cold steel, and as many more grievously wounded in that short time.

The Confederates held the ground and recaptured their guns, but the bodies of men and horses lay so thickly on the earth as to almost hide the pieces from sight.

The Federal line was at once reorganized, and the Second and Tenth New York and First Maine charged the Confederate flank in the order named, and one at a time. They went in with cheers,

but in each case were repulsed by the fire of artillery and dismounted men and lost heavily.

It was the presence and pressure of this force which finally drew the Confederates from Pleasanton's front and permitted him to come up and make the junction as planned. During the afternoon the fighting was entirely confined to the artillery and the infantry skirmishers, and before dark the Federal command fell back to and recrossed the river. The loss on either side in killed, wounded and prisoners was about eight hundred, and it was hard to see how either side could claim a victory. Pleasanton had lost a regiment of men in discovering just what any scout could have ascertained without much danger, and Stuart had lost as many more in defending a position which the Federals really did not care to take.



Capture of Raiders.

IN the spring of 1863, when the water in the Ohio River was at an unusually low stage, a band of about eighty men, under command of Captain Hind, of Morgan's regular force, crossed the stream into Indiana, a few miles below New Albany. They had with them a citizen who had formerly been a tin peddler, and knew all about the country into which they were raiding. Indeed, he had a list of the names of all the prominent stock-raisers in three or four river counties.

Vallini was the first village reached after crossing the river, and here the band picked up sixteen horses, stole about three thousand dollars' worth of goods from the stores, and set the town on fire because the citizens were slow in serving up a banquet for them. A Mrs. Scott, a farmer's wife, was in the village with a horse and buggy. One of the raiders began unhitching the animal preparatory to a change of ownership, when Mrs. Scott rushed up and smashed an umbrella over his head and gave the band so much "jaw" that her horse was left unmolested.

Pushing on to Paoli, the band entered the town before a warning had been sounded, and while a squad of twenty or more rode up and down the streets to keep citizens in awe, the remainder scattered over the place in search of plunder. Twenty-five horses were secured here, and not a store in the town escaped robbery. If a door was locked against them they broke it open, and if a storekeeper attempted to argue the question he had the muzzle of a revolver thrust into his face.

From Paoli the band headed for Orleans, but farmers and home guards met and drove them towards Salem. Between Salem and Hardinsburg they encountered an old gentleman riding a fine horse, and when he refused to give up the animal he was shot dead from his saddle. This was the only occasion where human life was taken

during the raid, and the act was nothing less than cold-blooded murder.

At Hardinsburg about twenty more horses were obtained, and the stores were robbed of whatever the raiders fancied. By this time some of the men had as many as seven or eight watches apiece, and every one had a big roll of plunder strapped to his saddle. Hind learned that the country was aroused and parties in pursuit of him, and he headed for King's Mills. The stores there were plundered and three or four citizens roughly handled, and by the time the band left every man was mounted on an Indiana horse. A straight path was made for the Ohio River, near Leavenworth, but before the band reached it the home guards began to be heard from in an emphatic manner. A portion of them secured a steamboat and a piece of artillery and held the ford, and when the raiders attempted the crossing in deep water they were demoralized by the fire of musketry. Seven or eight were killed, and the remainder returned to the Ohio shore and surrendered. Not one single man of the band escaped, and nearly all the stolen property was recovered and returned to the owners.

The enraged citizen-soldiery were at first determined to hang every raider, and before calmer counsels prevailed ropes had been passed over the heads of a score of badly frightened men. It was finally decided to turn them over as prisoners, but many of them were roughly handled during the interval.

When it came to restoring the property taken from the raiders, the authorities found themselves in trouble. There was not one single instance where one of the despoiled came forward and made a correct report of his loss. If he had lost one horse he swore to two or three, and if it was a watch or revolver he swore to half a dozen. One farmer's wife, who had been robbed of some washed-jewelry, laid claim to six hundred dollars' worth of diamonds, and the merchant who had lost a bolt of cotton wanted a package of silk in place of it. So much trouble was found in returning the goods that the attempt was abandoned before half of it had been called for.

Aldie and Middleburg.

FROM the last days of May to the middle of June, General Hooker's cavalry were scouting on his front to develop Lee's plan. That the Confederate army had some serious movement in view there was no room to doubt, and the Federal government was suspicious of invasion.

When Lee moved out of Fredericksburg to attack Hooker in the thickets, the Army of Northern Virginia was at its best, both in equipment and discipline. The losses in that battle were made good within a fortnight, and for the next four weeks Lee was making his preparations for a second invasion. This time he would cross the State of Maryland.

On the seventeenth of June, when the head of Lee's Army had already entered Pennsylvania, a large body of Confederate cavalry under Stuart appeared at Aldie, having advanced through Ashby's and Snicker's Gaps on their way to Maryland and the North. Gregg's division of Federal cavalry was scouting in this direction to feel for Lee, and as it reached Aldie it found the place in possession of Stuart's advance, which consisted of the First, Third, Fourth and Fifth Virginia Cavalry.

Gregg had with him the Sixth Ohio, First Massachusetts, and Second and Fourth New York, these making up Kilpatrick's brigade, and the First Maine and a battery of flying artillery.

The Confederates had been in the place three hours before their pickets caught sight of Gregg's advance. Equipments and accoutrements were being overhauled, horses reshod, and preparations made for the long ride into Pennsylvania.

They were by no means prepared for the movement which Kilpatrick at once initiated. He no sooner found their pickets than he followed them up with a charge through the town which swept everything back to the hills in rear. Here the Confederates rallied in good order, planted four guns to command the roads, and

a portion of two regiments were dismounted and stationed behind the stone walls and other cover.

The right of the Confederate position rested in a field in which were several stacks of hay and broken ground which formed natural rifle-pits. This flank was held by dismounted men. Kilpatrick determined to turn this flank as a beginning, and the Second New York was ordered forward by squadrons. To reach the stacks they had to charge down the open highway under fire of the artillery, halt and throw down a stout fence, and then advance over the open field under a hot fire from the dismounted men. The first two squadrons were badly cut up and considerably demoralized, but were promptly supported by others, and when the whole regiment was up the fight around the stacks was a bitter one. The dismounted Confederates had cover and a great advantage, and the New Yorkers were being hard pressed when the Sixth Ohio came to their relief.

In five minutes the Confederate wing was crushed back on the center, but as it retreated, a portion of the Third Virginia charged down the Middleburg highway and drove the Second New York clear back to its supports. This diversion enabled Stuart to get his guns in position and form new lines, and he was preparing to assume the offensive when Kilpatrick ordered up the First Maine, First Massachusetts and a portion of the Fourth New York and formed for a charge up the road.

The men were under a hot fire, and became demoralized. Kilpatrick rode to the front, but they would not follow. Colonel Douty of the Maine regiment rode out beside him, but still the lines hesitated. Custer, then a captain, and serving on Pleasanton's staff, pushed his way to the front, and as he drew sabre and pointed up the road the troopers cheered and pushed after him. Kilpatrick, Douty and Custer rode side by side into the storm of death. Douty went down, struck by two bullets—Kilpatrick's horse was killed before he had taken a hundred leaps—Custer alone led the charge.

The highway for half a mile was full of Confederate cavalry, and into this mass of men dashed the Federals—shooting—cutting—hacking—determined to drive them at any cost. The gray troopers were pushed back and routed, the artillery driven off—Aldie was won and held by the Federals.

During the advance to Aldie, Colonel Duffie's First Rhode Island Regiment was ordered to pass through Thoroughfare Gap to Middleburg, and from thence make a circuit and rejoin the command

at Nolan's Ferry. The Rhode Islanders reached Middleburg just in time to cut Stuart's marching column in twain. Although Duffie had less than three hundred men with him he cleared the town of Confederates and determined to hold it until he could learn more of Stuart's movements. He dismounted his regiment, barricaded the streets with wagons, carts, planks and whatever the men could bring into use, and had not yet made himself secure when the troopers of Stuart surrounded the town and made desperate attempts to recapture it. Each assault was repulsed, and at sundown the Colonel could count more dead and wounded Confederates on his fronts than he had in his whole command.

An hour before daybreak on the morning of the eighteenth, Colonel Duffie gathered his force together to cut his way out. He had then lost about forty men, and was completely surrounded. On the highway between him and Aldie were three thousand Confederates with artillery, but this route offered him the only hope of success. He had scarcely moved out when he was attacked. The order was to ride down any force in front, and while this was done it resulted in a running fight lasting more than an hour, with Stuart's men ahead, in rear and on both flanks.

Duffie cut his way through, but he brought with him only thirty-one men out of his whole command. Of the remainder scarcely one was taken prisoner, but nearly all of them were killed with sabre or bullet.

The fight at Aldie was a square battle with the sabre, and the Confederates were again forced to acknowledge that the Federal cavalry could not only stand a charge, but make one in turn which carried something more than cheers with it.

CUSTER'S CHARGE AT ALDIE.

Dahlgren's Dash.

COLONEL ULRIC DAHLGREN'S cavalry dash into Fredericksburg, Va., has been recorded as one of the most brilliant affairs ever accomplished by a small force. Sigel's corps, to which Dahlgren was attached, was encamped around Gainesville. Burnside wanted information as to the strength of the enemy in Fredericksburg, and Sigel detailed Dahlgren to secure it. The brave young officer was tendered Sigel's body-guard—fifty-five men belonging to the First Indiana Cavalry—and on his way to Fredericksburg he picked up seventy-five or eighty men belonging to the Sixth Ohio Cavalry.

Dahlgren could count on the town being occupied by at least twenty times his own force, and when, after an all night's ride, he reached Falmouth in the full light of morning and found the tide in and the regular ford too deep to cross, his men looked to see him order a retreat. Instead of this he at once took the upper ford—a crossing so dangerous that the citizens never used it, and with five hundred Confederates looking down upon him he crossed with his body-guard, leaving orders for the Sixth Ohio to follow and guard the Fredericksburg side of the ford. A few shots were fired at the crossing column, but no one was injured. Confederates who were in the town at the time assert that the column was supposed to be Confederate cavalry returning from a raid. The crossing at the upper ford seemed to bear out this idea, and many of those who would have fired at the column were restrained by orders.

There were nearly five hundred Confederate soldiers in the town, most of them cavalry, and as Dahlgren reached the shore at the upper end his identity was no longer doubted. A part of the force mounted to receive him, and the remainder took such positions as promised a good defense. Dahlgren waited only long enough to form his men in squadrons and then rode straight down into the town, having given orders to use nothing but the sabre. Just below where the main street turns to the left to strike Mayre's Hill a

force of two hundred Confederates had gathered to receive the advance. The half a hundred men fell upon them in a furious charge, troopers shouting and sabres whirling, and in three minutes the street was clear. Again and again did the Confederates rally at street corners, knowing their own strength and believing that it was but a dash, but each time they were furiously charged and quickly dispersed. The panic felt by everybody when it was first realized that the Federals were at hand was felt whenever a stand was made, and many of the Confederates hid themselves in barns and cellars and took no part in the action. When the town had been cleared the Confederate officers made one more appeal and succeeded in rallying about one hundred and fifty men, who returned to the defense, but were charged upon and scattered.

Captain Sharra was the company commander of the body-guard, aided by a lieutenant named Carr. In the hour's fight Sharra killed five men and the lieutenant four—men who were struck with the sabre and inspected after death. One of those killed by Carr was a captain, and his first stroke cut the brim off the lieutenant's hat. In half a dozen instances the charging squadrons were stuck fast and surrounded by a mob, who punched with the bayonet or clubbed their guns, and nearly all the wounds received by the Federals were inflicted in this way. One Confederate had his nose sliced off, another was scalped by a blow, and a third had his chin shaved away.

Through some misunderstanding the Sixth did not cross. They were supposed to be over, and as fast as prisoners were captured they were sent to the river to be taken care of. As there was nobody to receive them, the greater share made their escape. The Confederates twice succeeded in passing to Dahlgren's rear in force, and, having his command divided by the river, should have been able to capture the portion in the town. That they did not do so was probably owing to the hot fire maintained by the Buckeyes from the northern bank, and the lingering suspicion that this was but the advance of a large force.

Dahlgren paroled a dozen prisoners, brought away a score or more, captured about forty horses, a Confederate flag, a quantity of arms, and lost in killed only one man. He inflicted a loss of thirty-one killed and wounded, held the town over two hours, and secured all the information desired at head-quarters.

The Gettysburg Campaign.

THE Gettysburg campaign was fraught with such tremendous issues that the historian and the reader should follow it step by step.

Hooker's defeat at Chancellorsville, following as it did Burnside's repulse at Fredericksburg, put the Confederacy in good spirits. During the thirty days following the battle of Chancellorsville the South received more encouragement from England than had been shown for a year before. Semi-official hints were dropped that it needed but another success to secure official espousal of the cause.

There was, too, a large and growing Peace Party in the North to be affected by another Confederate victory. If this victory was won on Northern soil, the effect must be greater.

Hundreds of the patriots who cheered themselves hoarse over the result at Appomattox in 1865 were engaged during the spring of 1863 in assuring Jefferson Davis that the feeling in the North was for compromise and peace. The fallen leader of the Confederacy has kept his secrets well. At any hour since his arrest by the Federal government he had but to take up his pen to tear the hypocritical masks from the faces of scores of public men in the North who once gave his cause aid and consolation.

After Chancellorsville—what?

The press was crying out over Hooker's blunder. Would the Army of the Potomac have a new commander?

Burnside had struck at Lee's front and suffered a terrible repulse. Hooker had struck at his flank, and the list of Federal dead had shocked the country.

What would be the next move? So long as Lee rested in his defenses at Fredericksburg, the Federal forces must remain idle in front of him or chance the perils of a movement to draw him out. Hooker was impatient—disgusted—desperate.

But the Confederate army could not afford to rest there

while the Confederacy was being invaded at half a dozen other points. It was in the field to fight—not to rest and watch. In the course of time Hooker or his successor would move, and another battle would result. Lee must either fight that army in Virginia or north of the Potomac.

There was an element in the South which cried for retaliation, but General Lee did not consult that element in laying his plans. By a move northward he would threaten Washington. That alone would move the Federal army concentrating at Fredericksburg. Lee could penetrate Pennsylvania before the Federal army could halt him. If it attacked him, he could choose his own battle ground. The sight of the Confederate flags in the North would cause intense excitement at home, and perhaps give the Southern government the European recognition it was longing for. The movement was canvassed and discussed for long weeks before a step was taken. Lee could not hope that his progress northward would be unopposed; but he could hope to postpone the great blow which the Federal government was preparing to strike—to upset the plans of the Federal commanders. He would be attacked in force sooner or later. If he won, so much the better. If he lost, he could fall back, and would be no worse off than losing a battle in Virginia.

When invasion had been decided on, the Confederate government went to work to equip the army. No matter what the sacrifice, arms, munitions, and subsistence were collected and sent to Lee. It was almost the last time in the history of the Army of Northern Virginia when its soldiers had full suits, decent equipments, and rations to spare. Longstreet was called in from his useless pounding away at Suffolk, companies and regiments were filled up as far as possible with recruits, and when Lee was finally ready to move he must have been filled with hopes of success. Cavalry and artillery were never so well equipped—infantry never in such good spirits—the South never so enthusiastic in supporting a military movement.

Milroy, at Winchester, was first to feel the advance. Ewell rushed through Chester Gap into the Shenandoah, and was upon the Federals at Winchester almost before a bugle sounded. His advance was taken for a raid by a flying column, and Milroy prepared for battle. But as brigade after brigade came tramping up, he saw defeat staring him in the face. The Confederates scarcely made a halt before striking him. Columns obliqued to the right or left to form battle lines as they marched, and when they attacked

they were assured of victory. Milroy has been charged with many ugly things, one of which was in knowing more about browbeating non-combatants than handling soldiers, but it will always be remembered by friend and foe alike that he did not leave Winchester that day without a fight. He was in the same situation that Banks was at Strasburg the year before, but, unlike Banks, he did not show his heels until obliged to. He had five to one opposed to him, and yet he did not give way until pushed with the bayonet. When he did go it was a helter-skelter to avoid a force already on his flank, and Milroy and staff were first at the Potomac, leaving over three thousand prisoners and nearly all his artillery in the hands of the Confederates. Lee had planned this very move among a dozen others. He did not want the prisoners, but he wanted the six thousand muskets and the four batteries of artillery, and the train-load of ammunition and supplies which fell into his hands and were used against the Federals all through that campaign.

It was when Ewell had defeated Milroy and was pushing for Maryland that the news reached Washington. Lincoln realized what it meant. Taking down the map he saw that Lee's army was scattered over a front of more than seventy-five miles, and in position to pass Hooker's flanks. He also saw that an attack would break that front at any point and cut Lee in two, and it was this that caused his famous dispatch to Hooker, asking him if he could not break the long, slim animal somewhere. Hooker could have done it, but the hue and cry about protecting Washington brought him orders to fall back.

Ewell had not yet reached the Potomac when the head of Longstreet's corps appeared in Winchester. With a long and steady tramp they pushed on, scarcely halting to prepare their meals. The invasion once begun there must be no lagging. Hooker was already falling back from Fredericksburg, and ere long Ewell would need support. Longstreet was barely out of the way when A. P. Hill swung in behind him from Fredericksburg, and then the grand movement was unfolded to all. A thousand Federal cavalry could have passed from the Rappahannock to Richmond, but the Federal government no longer cared for the capture of that city. Washington, Baltimore and other great Northern cities were of more consequence and in more danger.

Ewell's cavalry had already reached Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, before Hooker would credit Lee with the intention of invading the North. While he had invaded—while one corps was already in

the Keystone State, a second hastening through Maryland, and the head of a third tramping down the Shenandoah and headed for the Potomac, Hooker sent his cavalry south and struck the Confederates at Aldie and Upperville. Stuart was there with his troopers to protect the flanks of the infantry filing through the passes of the Blue Ridge. Even after the cavalry had sighted and reported the long gray columns, Hooker could not believe that Lee's whole army was moving.

He had all along flattered himself that Lee was making a feint at Maryland to cover some move on the Federal flank. He had once tried the plan of getting behind Lee to draw him out, but Jackson had got behind him, with serious results. Lee was now retaliating. This much for Hooker: He was hampered and handicapped in a dozen ways. Each day brought him suggestions and instructions from the citizens at the head of the government, who knew so little of war that they could not have put a squad of men through the simplest maneuver. Everything must be sacrificed to protect Washington. When McClellan followed Lee in 1862 he had no control over the force at Harper's Ferry, and Jackson swept it away. When Hooker started to follow Lee in 1863, he found the same queer state of affairs. The two full brigades there were ordered to join his force. Halleck countermanded the order. Hooker moved when he realized Lee's plans—moved with amazing celerity, but he had offended Halleck. The Federal army was massed in Maryland, everything in hand and in the best shape to follow Lee, when Hooker discouraged and disgusted with the policy at Washington, asked to be relieved of his command. His request was granted, and Meade was called to fill the place.

As the commander of a grand army Hooker had met with ill-luck at every move, but who can say how much of this was the fault of the well-meaning but unmilitary President, and the jealous-minded, overbearing and block-headed citizens who had influence?

One of the first acts of the President was to give Meade control of the garrison at Harper's Ferry, and to assure him that the entire Federal forces should be placed absolutely under his personal control.

One of the first acts of Halleck was to arrest the deposed Hooker for being in Washington without leave, although he had no instructions to report elsewhere.

The world has asked why the Federal government had to raise three million men to conquer six hundred thousand, and why it was

four years in bringing about that end. The conduct of the administration towards McClellan, Burnside, and Hooker will throw some light on the subject.

When Lee's intentions had been fully developed, the President issued the following proclamation:

"WHEREAS, the armed insurrectionary combinations now existing in several of the states are threatening to make inroads into the states of Maryland, Western Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, requiring immediately an additional military force for the service of the United States.

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, and commander of the army and navy thereof, and of the militia of the several states when called into the actual service, do hereby call into the service of the United States one hundred thousand militia from the states following, namely:

From the state of Maryland, ten thousand.

From the state of Pennsylvania, fifty thousand.

From the state of Ohio, thirty thousand.

From the state of West Virginia, ten thousand.

To be mustered into the service of the United States forthwith, and to serve for the period of six months from the date of such muster into said service, unless sooner discharged, to be mustered in as infantry, artillery, and cavalry, in proportions which will be made known through the War Department, which department will also designate the several places of rendezvous.

These militia are to be organized according to the rules and regulations of the volunteer service, and such orders as may hereafter be issued.

The states aforesaid will be respectively credited under the enrollment act for the militia service rendered under this proclamation.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

Before entering Pennsylvania, General Lee issued the following address to his army:

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
June 21, 1863.

WHILE in the enemy's country the following regulations for procuring supplies will be strictly observed, and any violation of them promptly and rigorously punished:

1. No private property shall be injured or destroyed by any person belonging to or connected with the army, or taken, except by the officers hereinafter designated.

2. The chiefs of the commissary, quartermaster, ordnance, and medical departments of the army will make requisitions upon the local authorities or inhabitants for the necessary supplies for their respective departments, designating the places and times of delivery. All persons complying with such requisitions shall be paid the market price for the articles furnished, if they so desire; and the officer making such payments shall take duplicate receipts for the same, specifying the name of the person paid, and the quantity, kind, and price of the property: one of which receipts shall be at once forwarded to the chief of the department to which such officer is attached.

3. Should the authorities or inhabitants neglect or refuse to comply to such requisitions, the supplies required will be taken from the nearest inhabitants so refusing, by the order and under the directions of the respective chiefs of the departments named.

4. When any command is detached from the main body the chiefs of the several departments of such command will procure supplies for the same, and such other stores as they may be ordered to provide, in the manner and subject to the provisions herein prescribed, reporting their action to the heads of their respective departments, to which they will forward duplicates of all vouchers given or received.

5. All persons who shall decline to receive payment for property furnished on requisitions, and all from whom it shall be necessary to take stores or supplies, shall be furnished by the officer receiving or taking the same with a receipt specifying the kind and quantity of the property received or taken, as the case may be, the name of the person from whom it was received or taken, the command for the use of which it was intended, and the market price. A duplicate of said receipt shall be at once forwarded to the chief of the department to which the officer by whom it is executed is attached.

6. If any person shall remove or conceal property necessary for the use of the army, or attempt to do so, the officers hereinbefore mentioned will cause such property and all other property belonging to such person that may be required by the army, to be seized, and the officer seizing the same will forthwith report to the chief of this department the kind, quantity, and market price of the property so seized, and the name of the owner. By command of

GENERAL R. E. LEE.

R. H. CHILTON, *A. A. and I. G.*
Lieutenant-General R. S. EWELL, *Commanding Second Army Corps.*

After reaching Pennsylvania, complaints were made to him by farmers and others that his soldiers were foraging. Although these were comparatively isolated instances, General Lee issued the following supplementary address:

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
CHAMBERSBURG, PA., June 27.

THE Commanding General has observed with marked satisfaction the conduct of the troops on the march, and confidently anticipates results commensurate with the high spirit they have manifested. No troops could have displayed greater fortitude or better performed the arduous marches of the past ten days. Their conduct in other respects has, with few exceptions, been in keeping with their character as soldiers, and entitles them to approbation and praise.

There have, however, been instances of forgetfulness on the part of some that they have in keeping the yet unsullied reputation of the army, and that the duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own. The commanding general considers that no greater disgrace could befall the army, and through it our whole people, than the perpetration of the barbarous outrages upon the innocent and defenseless, and the wanton destruction of private property, that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country. Such proceedings not only disgrace the perpetrators and all connected with them, but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency

of the army, and destructive of the ends of our present movement It must be remembered that we make war only upon armed men, and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemy, and offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth, and without whose favor and support our efforts must all prove in vain.

The commanding general therefore earnestly exhorts the troops to abstain with most scrupulous care from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property; and he enjoins upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who shall in any way offend against the orders on this subject.

R. E. LEE,
General.

Governor Curtin issued a proclamation, as also did the governor of Maryland, calling for the people to rally and repel the invaders, and the mayor of Philadelphia issued this, his second appeal;

MAYOR'S OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA, June 29, 1863.

Citizens of Philadelphia:

One more appeal is made to you in the name of duty and of manhood. You can close your eyes no longer to the startling danger and disgrace which hang over your state and city. The foot of the rebel is already at the gates of your capital, and unless you arouse to instant action it may in a few days hence cross your own thresholds. There is yet time to prepare for defense. You number more than fifty thousand able-bodied men; the means to arm and equip yourselves are at hand. Close your manufactories, work-shops, and stores before the stern necessity for common safety makes it obligatory. Assemble yourselves forthwith for organization and drill. Come ready to devote yourselves to the protection of your homes until your services shall be no longer needed.

Spurn from you those who would delude you to inactivity or disaffection. Their tongues and hearts are more false and hateful than even the invaders of your soil. Let no one refuse to arm who will not be able to justify himself before man and God in sight of a desolated hearth or of a dishonored family.

ALEXANDER HENRY,
Mayor of Philadelphia.

General Schenck, then in command at Baltimore, proclaimed martial law, adding to the general excitement; and proclamations were issued in Ohio, New York, New Jersey, and other states, calling upon the militia to turn out and help drive Lee from Pennsylvania.

When Early reached York he made a requisition on the city for socks, shoes, hats and provisions, and demanded one hundred thousand dollars in cash. The goods demanded were furnished him, but only about twenty thousand dollars of the money was raised. Before leaving he put forth the following:

YORK, PA., June 30, 1863.

To the Citizens of York:

I have abstained from burning the railroad buildings and car-shops in your town, because after examination, I am satisfied that the safety of the town would be endangered, and, acting in the spirit of humanity which has ever characterized my government and its military authorities, I do not desire to involve the innocent with the same punishment of the guilty. Had I applied the torch without regard to consequences, I would have pursued a course that would have been fully vindicated as an act of just retaliation for the unparalleled acts of brutality perpetrated by your own army on our soil. But we do not war upon women and children, and I trust the treatment you have met with at the hands of my soldiers will open your eyes to the odious tyranny under which it is apparent to all you are groaning.

J. A. EARLY, *Major-General C. S.*

While Longstreet and Hill halted at Chambersburg to see what steps the Federal army now under Meade would take, Ewell pushed on for the Susquehanna river. He had long passed Carlisle — he would have been in the suburbs of Harrisburg in another day, when he was recalled. Meade was moving. Lee was to be attacked. When the order was sent to Ewell to fall back no man knew where the battle was to be fought, but a battle was to come somewhere, and all realized it. Meade was coming up — Lee was planning. If Hooker had been puzzled when Lee began his movement, Lee was now puzzled to know what Meade intended. The intention was to cut his line of communication and then fall upon him with all force, and his moving to checkmate this plan brought both armies face to face at Gettysburg. Prisoners captured by the Federal cavalry reported that Lee had ordered his three corps to concentrate east of the mountains, and Meade at once hastened his advance in the direction of Gettysburg. Buford was first in with his cavalry, and he found Hill's infantry already on the ground. The First Corps hastened up as the roar of battle reached them afar down the dusty road, and an hour before noon the hills of Gettysburg were shaking under the steady crash of musketry and the bellowing of artillery.

Gettysburg—the First Day.

NO one battle of the war has been the subject of so much acrimonious debate and stubborn dispute, and yet friend and foe have ever agreed on one thing—that Gettysburg was not willingly chosen by either side as a great battle-ground. Meade moved to cut Lee's communications—Lee pushed Hill forward to prevent. As Hill's men poured through the mountain gap on the Cashtown road Buford's cavalry were coming up. Federal and Confederate had found each other—a fight was the natural result. The First Corps came up—Hill re-inforced his lines. The Eleventh Corps came up—Hill brought his last man into action. A single shot from a Federal trooper's carbine had brought on a conflict which was to involve two hundred thousand men in a whirlwind of flame, and smoke and death. From noon until two o'clock Hill's corps stood up against the two Federal Corps, giving ground here—gaining ground there, and at one point having three entire regiments captured at a dash. Ewell was coming—he was there before three o'clock. He sent two divisions into the fight, and Howard was flanked both right and left. There was nothing to do but fall back, and right gallantly did his men contest every foot of ground. Howard's heaviest artillery had been left on Cemetery Ridge as he passed through the town to attack Hill. This precaution saved it, and his command as well. So fierce was the Confederate attack when Ewell got into position that the guns would doubtless have been captured. As Howard was pushed back through the town this artillery was let loose upon the Confederate pursuit, and that pursuit was checked. Howard fell back behind his guns and would not yield another inch. He thus, almost by accident selected the Federal position for the fighting to come. When night fell Howard and Hill confronted each other—both waiting. They were but two cards in the great game being played. The hand of destiny was to deal them out—no one could say who would win.

Meade and Lee were separated by the mountains, but they moved as if one voice had issued orders to both. Each knew what had occurred at Gettysburg—each pushed forward to be there on the morrow. They were marching under the hot afternoon sun—when night fell—when the stars came out—when midnight cast its grim shadows upon mountain and valley. The Federal position had been selected by accident; Lee must search for his. Through the gloom the lines in gray hurried on—through the gloom the lines in blue pressed forward. Gettysburg had been sprinkled with blood. Fate had waved its gory hand, and the shadow had been seen against the summer sky twenty-five miles away.

No man could have been persuaded on the first of July that Ewell's failure to drive Howard beyond Cemetery Ridge was to defeat Lee two days after, yet such was the case. He had orders from Lee to be cautious. Repulsing Howard's attack and driving him beyond Gettysburg was as far as he dared go under orders received. A part of his corps had not fired a gun to accomplish this. Had he brought up his whole command and hurled it upon Howard at sundown he must have carried the Federal position. With Lee on Cemetery Ridge, and holding the key-hills, Meade would not have attacked him. Had Ewell gone beyond his orders Gettysburg would have scarcely been mentioned in history, but he obeyed the letter and the spirit, and waited.

The first day's fight decided nothing. The gallant Reynolds had been killed and Howard had been driven. Each side had captured about the same number of prisoners, and the loss in killed and wounded was an offset. Howard had taken a strong position—Ewell was satisfied to leave him there for the night. The camp fires of Federal and Confederate twinkled in the summer evening, and the wounded men who could crawl, dragged themselves to Willoughby Run in search of water. At ten o'clock there was scarcely a sound to tell men that war had raged across those fields. In the ripening wheat where the pickets lay hidden the crickets chirped without fear, and in the tall grass ready for the scythe one heard the whir of insects as they sailed about. What would the morrow bring?

Meade had sent Hancock forward to inspect the Federal position and pronounce upon it. Hancock's report as to its strength brought orders to mass the army there. One of the Federal corps was thirty miles away, but when the order came the march was begun, and no man rested until the lines swung into position at Gettysburg. Lee

had sent forward to learn of the fight, and Ewell's report hurried up Longstreet. The choice of positions had gone to the Federals. Lee must take the poorer one and make the best of it. He has been censured for not retreating. During the night of the first of July, Ewell and Hill could have fallen back without molestation, and before noon next day the whole Confederate army could have been massed. But he did not know until the morning of the second the real strength of Meade's position. He could not know that Meade would be able to bring his whole army up before the Confederate attack. There had been no close inspection of the ground by Ewell or Hill, and their reports go to show that they deemed the Confederate position the more advantageous.

So the night wore on, and the women and children of Gettysburg heard no sounds to break their slumbers. Half a regiment of Confederates could have crept out in the darkness and seized Round Top and intrenched themselves there. The other half could have taken possession of Culp's Hill without firing a shot. Those were the keys of the Federal position, and yet they were unguarded. Next morning it was too late. When the eyes of the Confederates turned that way Federal bayonets glittered among the thickets.

Gettysburg—The Second Day.

IT is daybreak of the second of July, 1863. On the hills—in the valleys—spread over fields—hidden in the woods around Gettysburg, are two hundred thousand men making ready for a terrible battle.

In the gray of morning one can hear the chirp of birds in the orchards, and the lowing of cattle in the pastures. It is a glorious morning. The sky is without a cloud, and a slight breeze rifles across the wheat fields and rustles the leaves of the apple trees. A hundred thousand men are awake and moving before there is a flush in the east. When the sun shows his face to the world he looks down upon two armies ready to begin their bloody work.

Mark every point well, for this is to be the grapple of the war—a field to live forever in history.

The life of a nation is at stake. Defeat here will tear a hundred leaves from the histories of republics.

Hill and Ewell were here the day before—Longstreet and Lee have come up after midnight—Howard is here—Doubleday is ready for another battle—Hancock is ordering more artillery to the defense of Cemetery Ridge. The Second, Fifth, and Sixth Corps are coming up, some of the brigades in the first on the double-quick, and the music of bands and the tap of drums are heard everywhere. Sedgwick and his Sixth must march thirty miles to reach the field, but they are hurrying up, determined to be counted in when the fight is hottest.

From daybreak to eight o'clock, one standing on Round Top can see regiments, brigades, and divisions moving in every direction. Guns are slowly brought into position, gaps filled, ammunition brought up. The Federal lines are slowly pushed out until they reach a front of five miles, and Lee must push out his lines to cover the same front. Following the hills and key-points, the Federal lines bend almost in the shape of a horseshoe. Lee cannot conform

to this, but his lines describe a crescent, with his choicest troops and best guns at points most exposed. Slocum's Twelfth Corps is opposite Ewell—Howard is opposite Hill—Sickles is opposite Longstreet. Meade reported to the committee on the conduct of the war, that he had between ninety-five thousand and one hundred thousand men on the field of Gettysburg. Lee's report placed his fighting force at sixty-two thousand men. Davis says those figures were exact. Confederate reports now in the archives of the government give the force at sixty thousand. Confederate reports say Lee left Virginia with less than seventy thousand men, and deducting for cavalry off on raids, guards, details, and stragglers, they insist that he could not have had over sixty-five thousand men on the field that day.

At nine o'clock in the morning the whole of the Federal army is in position except Sedgwick's Corps, the head of which is yet fifteen miles away, and the Fifth Corps, which has a march of ten. Then the rumble of cannon wheels and the tramp of men is hushed.

Ten o'clock comes and silence continues.

At eleven o'clock most of the men are lying down in line. Aides and orderlies rush here and there, but not a musket breaks the stillness.

It is noon by the clocks in the houses of Gettysburg, and yet there has been no advance.

That waiting means much. Lee has seen that the Federal position is well-nigh impregnable. Meade has seen that the Confederate position is scarcely inferior. If Meade moves out to attack, Lee has the advantage. If Lee moves out, he must be defeated. Stand to-day where Howard held the center that morning, and you will affirm that assertion. Meade was waiting for Lee to attack— Lee was waiting for Meade. That was why the hours slipped past, and the clocks struck again and again. Every hour was a loss to Lee. Two Federal corps had swung into position since sunrise. Every hour was a gain to Meade. Sedgwick and Sykes were coming up, and every regiment in both corps was a stone wall.

Confederate military writers say that Lee intended to attack at sunrise. Indeed, his orders for such a movement are on record. He had realized that Round Top was the key of the whole field, and Longstreet was ordered to mass and attack. The rising sun was to be his signal, and had he hurled his corps against that hill at that early hour he must have captured it. But somebody blun-

dered—orders miscarried, or were not understood, and instead of attacking at sunrise Longstreet was not ready at noon.

The clocks have struck one, two, three, yet Meade is not anxious to leave his strong position and dash his troops across the open fields against Lee. It is a wise decision. If there is anything humane in war, it is a humane decision. Lee must attack. It is too late now to retreat. He planned for a battle in Pennsylvania, and it is ready for him. At half-past three o'clock, just as the first regiment of Sykes' Corps comes limping up, a move is seen on the Confederate front, and every Federal springs to his feet. There is to be an attack all along the Federal front, but the real movement is against Sickles, who has thrown a part of his force out in front of Round Top as a further precaution against a sudden surprise.

Boom! The voice of that single cannon has scarcely echoed across the fields, when there comes a crash of artillery which makes the hill-tops shake. One can count the explosions at first, but after three or four minutes individual sounds merge into one tremendous crash which heaven's thunderbolts never equalled. Hill thunders—Ewell thunders—Longstreet makes the earth rock under the wheels of his cannon as he paves the way for a dash at Sickles, and over Sickles to Round Top. Under cover of the smoke his lines are forming. Hood places himself at the head of one division—McLaws at the head of the other. At four o'clock the fire of artillery ceases and the columns move out.

Meade knows what is coming. He knows where the heaviest blow will fall, and he is conferring personally with Sickles when the cannonading begins. He had thirty minutes to prepare for the infantry attack, and he loses not a moment. The artillery fire is appalling, and from the Confederate position it seems as if the ground in front of Round Top must be swept clear. But it is not. The Federals also take cover in the ravines and behind the ridges and are neither demoralized nor badly cut up. They are ready in line when the gray masses move out.

The instant the Confederates move out, every Federal gun which can be brought to bear is turned upon them, and Sickles braces himself for the shock. There is no halting by the Confederates—no giving way by the Federals; twenty thousand men move as one—a mighty battering-ram faced with steel. A living wall of twenty thousand men stands firm to receive the blow. A rush, a cheer, and the shock comes. For the next ten minutes on that mile and a half of front men use the bayonet. Lines are broken, and blue and gray

are mixed in a mob. Then the impetus of the Confederate wave begins to tell, and Sickles is pressed slowly back. He will not retreat, but he can be pushed off his feet by the greater force.

As Sickles' lines are gradually pushed back over the broken ground, three or four brigades cut loose from Sykes and come to his assistance. The new lines form across a meadow—over a highway—under the peach trees, and stretch out toward the pines at the base of Round Top. They are going to stop the advance of McLaws right there, but it will require some terrible fighting to do it. Every man in Longstreet's corps knows to gain that hill is to gain a victory over Meade's whole army, and they cheer as they rush upon the Federal bayonets. Every Federal likewise realizes the importance of the position, and men die in their tracks sooner than yield the ground. Again and again McLaws gathers his Texans in hand and throws them at this or that point, but he meets a firm line everywhere. In the peach orchard the fight is a struggle between savages. The Texans charge there as many as five times before they get a foothold. How anyone remains alive under that terrible Federal fire is one of the mysteries of war. It is one continuous crash of musketry, so coolly delivered that every man is a target. Peach trees as large as a man's leg are cut down by bullets, and rocks in the line of that fire are marked hundreds of times.

Five o'clock finds the struggle growing fiercer. At six o'clock it is terrific. At sundown the Confederates have slowly pushed Sickles back until he has to be again re-inforced to hold his ground.

Two thousand dead men are lying between Seminary Ridge and Sickles' lines when the stars come out and the clash of war dies away in sullen growls. Sickles has been wounded, and the soil has drank deeply of some of the best blood in his corps.

Hood and his Texans have charged directly at Round Top, and the first rush almost carries it. He has no skirmishers to lead the way, but charges in solid lines with cheers which are heard above the roar of artillery. There should have been a Federal division on that hill. There is not a full regiment there. The Federal line should have rested its flank on the slope as it stretched away across the peach orchard. That flank is a hundred rods away, leaving a gap through which whole brigades rush without meeting a foe. The gray wave is at the base of Round Top when the few Federals at the summit open fire, and re-inforcements are hurried forward. Artillery can be used up there, but men must drag the guns up by hand. In a wild, frenzied mob, lines broken and officers and men

mingled, the Texans swarm up the slope and rally at its crest. They are too late! They have reached the crest of Round Top, but can they hold it?

As the Confederates rush up one side the Federals are climbing the other. They meet at the crest, and that is the hell-spot of Gettysburg. Lines do not advance, but mobs of men sway back and forth over the rocks and through the thickets, howling, screaming and shedding blood. No prisoners are taken here. When these mobs sway upon and into each other, muskets blaze, steel flashes, and the frenzied living trampled over the gory dead. Men who are pierced with the bayonet draw the stock of the musket from the enemy's grasp and die trying to pull the horrible weapon from the gaping wound. There are dead here who have their skulls beaten in—there are wounded here who have been knocked senseless by stones and rocks.

For forty minutes this bloody struggle surges to and fro over the crest, and then the Confederates begin to give way. The Federals advance with renewed enthusiasm, and Hood's division is soon hurled into the fields below, shattered and broken, but stubbornly sticking to the advance position. Fate has scored another march against Lee. Hill could have taken Round Top on the first day without seeing a blue coat. Longstreet could have carried it on the morning of the second day without the loss of a hundred men. Hood wins it in the evening at a fearful cost, but he cannot hold it.

The Confederate center, under Hill, has moved up slowly and cautiously. It is a grand advance of regiments and brigades, which moved with flying banners, flashing steel and peals of artillery. The First, Eleventh and Twelfth Corps are to feel the shock of the assault, but the great blow is to be struck at the Eleventh. From the moment Hill leaves his position he is under the Federal artillery fire. Shot and shell tear through brigades until all order is lost in a wild rush to get out of line of the fire, but the advance cannot be checked. If he can prevent the center from re-inforcing Sickles, Longstreet may win. This is his object, and he did not mean a hot fight; but, once the troops get under fire they cannot be held back. All along the center is a steady sheet of flame and a continuous thunder, but Hill batters in vain. Where one portion of his lines gain ground, another portion loses, and as night falls he has secured no advantage, and has lost a thousand men.

Ewell, holding the Confederate left opposite the Federal right, has more cover for his assaulting columns, and has attacked with

a grim determination to win. He means all the fight he can get, and he gets plenty. For the first hour every advance receives a bloody check. From five to six he gains ground. From six to seven the breastworks hastily thrown up by the Federals are captured and recaptured three or four times, and regiments stand up and deliver volleys at each other with less than three hundred feet between them. They are fighting as the sun goes down—as darkness comes on—as the harvest moon throws its white light over field, highway, and forest. Ewell cannot gain another rod of ground, but he will not let go of a foot of the line he has won. The Texans have won and lost Round Top. Hill has won nothing, but his attack was a diversion.

Is this sufficient to encourage the sixty thousand to renew the attack next day against the ninety-five thousand? Each corps commander thinks it is, and Lee is of the same opinion. He can fall back, or he can move by the flank, but he will do neither. On the morrow he will carry his banners over Cemetery Ridge.

Sickles has lost ground on the left, and the Federal right has been driven, but Meade has saved Round Top, and Sykes and Sedgwick are up and in position. Longstreet has done his best—Ewell has done his best, and Hill has battered at the center in vain. Meade is encouraged—even enthusiastic.

Few men will sleep to-night. The pickets thrown forward are in some places not over two hundred feet apart. Meade must shorten his line to remove the salient or horseshoe. Lee must shorten his for the work of the morrow. On either side brigades are changing position and artillery moving. Ewell must be driven back. Under cover of darkness the Federal commander masses a corps in position to strike him as soon as daylight comes.

And under this harvest moon, with the night breeze singing ten thousand requiems in the pines—with Heaven looking pityingly down on the blood-stained meadows—with the torn and trampled wheat fields burdened with the dead and the dying, we pass the pickets and move down into the slaughter-pen.

And this is war!

Fences leveled—walls battered down—orchards swept as by a cyclone! Blue and gray intermingled—dead—dying! Gray and blue intermingled—dismembered—shattered—each one the center of a horrible pool of blood!

For each one of these dead some one will grieve—some home be desolated—some other life desolated.

Cannon and musket are heard no more—the rush of living lines has been stayed by the darkness. But, with hands held up in pity—with eyes full of terror—with voices which no longer seem human, ten thousand wounded men cry out in anguish.

On the right—in the center—on the left—everywhere on that front is heard the groan of despair—the call for aid—the shriek of pain, as the poor victim seeks to turn, or to drag himself within the lines.

Let the night wind whisper softly—the moon be with them through the awful night. War is not yet satisfied. To-morrow is to add to their number—to the list of the dead.

Gettysburg—The Third Day.

DAY is breaking again. At the close of the second day's fight Ewell had secured a position on the Federal right, from which Meade determined to drive him at any cost. While he had a lodgment among the Federal breastworks and rifle-pits he had a base from which to drive a further wedge. He knew what would come with daylight, and he had reformed his lines and made all preparations.

It is not yet light in the woods when Ewell pushes forward to assault the Federals. His lines have advanced but a few hundred feet when they find the Federals pushing forward to attack them.

Neither Hill nor Longstreet are advancing, but Ewell has not been engaged five minutes before the crash of musketry and the roar of cannon sounds all along the line, and the awful work of the third day had begun. But the real fight is between Slocum and Ewell. The one is determined to crush the other, and the bravery exhibited by blue and gray on that flank was never excelled in war's history. Lines of gray rush forward through the smoke to find lines of blue standing as firm as the hills under them, and whole companies fire into each other at such close range that the flames burn the clothing of the dead and wounded. When the gray lines roll back the blue lines follow, and there is another shock and another hand to hand struggle.

Ewell's first advance drove the Federal lines. In the rebound he loses more than he has won. Then Ewell is pushed a quarter of a mile, but he rallies and crushes Slocum back. So it is for hours—a wave of war rolling back and forth in its efforts to beat down the living walls which imprison it. At nine in the morning Ewell puts forward fresh troops, and then the climax comes. Above the steady crash of musketry and the roar of artillery the shouts of the advancing Confederates can plainly be heard as they advance to the last grapple.

On come the gray lines, massed for assault, some singing, some

cheering—all ready to die. The blue answers cheer for cheer, and then comes the shock. Slocum said it was the coolest, fiercest fighting he ever saw. Birney said he never saw such reckless fear of death. Geary said the Confederates charged into his lines again and again, and no fire could push them back. Ewell said, as his men closed in for the climax: "Such fighting must soon decide the day or leave no one alive to fight."

Slocum stands firm for half an hour. Then, as the fire of several regiments begins to slacken for want of ammunition, the Confederates begin to push him. Reinforcements are sent from the Sixth Corps, artillery advances, and then Ewell has to give way in turn. He had done his best. Slowly the gray lines are pushed back over the windrows of dead and wounded — fighting grimly — dying sullenly, and an hour before noon Slocum has recovered all the ground lost the day before, and Lee has played another card and lost. He has only one more left.

From eleven until two o'clock there is a treacherous armistice, broken now on the right by the boom of a cannon — in the center by the fire of sharpshooters — on the left by a ripple of musketry. Ewell has lost. Lee has in turn attacked both wings, and both attacks have been repulsed. He is now to attack the center. Every man in both armies knows where the blow is to fall, and one has but to cast his eyes over that center to realize at what cost Lee will attack. Every exposed situation has been fortified, hundreds of rifle-pits excavated, and every ravine will be packed with Federal infantry. There are stone walls, hills and ridges as natural covers for the defenders, and no field of war has offered better positions for artillery. The Federal artillery on Cemetery Ridge can pour in its fire over the heads of the infantry on the slopes, and the grim cannon in position on Cemetery Hill will enfilade all the front at grape and canister range.

Meade is ready at noon—Lee not until two o'clock. One by one his guns are massed in the center, his choicest troops put forward as a wedge, and when he takes a last survey of his lines he feels that the climax of three days of terrific fighting is at hand. Every order has been carried out—every suggestion considered. If he can penetrate the Federal center Meade is beaten. If he fails to do it, he must fall back to the Potomac.

At two o'clock while there is almost perfect silence over that great battlefield, the sudden boom of a gun is heard from Lee's center. Its echoes are yet rolling back and forth from hill to hill

when there comes a crash as if the heavens and the earth had met. Lee has opened with nearly a hundred and fifty pieces of artillery. Meade has massed eighty or more guns in the center to reply, and now two hundred and fifty cannon began their awful din.

An officer standing within thirty feet of three six-pounders which are being rapidly fired must shout his orders. One standing as near as that to a full battery can not hear a thunder-clap in the sky above. The roar of twenty pieces of artillery will drown ordinary voices half a mile away. McClellan had sixty or seventy guns massed at Malvern Hill, and dishes were shaken down in houses six miles away. The cannonade at the first Bull Run was as nothing compared to subsequent battles, and yet the reverberations were distinctly heard in Washington, twenty miles away. The cannonade at Fredericksburg toppled down farm-house chimneys eight miles distant, and was heard twenty-five miles. Think, then, of two hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, many of them Parrott guns, massed on the crest of hills and all firing as fast as men can serve them! Men become giddy and stagger, and houses seem to lift off their foundations. In ten minutes after the first gun is fired, one can no longer distinguish single reports. All reports are consolidated into one terrible roar, which alarms cattle in the fields twenty miles away, and is plainly heard by human ears forty miles distant. Regiments on the flanks of that awful artillery fire cannot believe that a single Federal regiment can hold its position half an hour.

Solid shot of all weights — shells of every make and form — whir and whistle and shriek through the air. The earth is plowed and furrowed and torn as if ice-bergs had grounded there. The rocks are rent and riven. Some of the stone walls are battered down and crushed in fragments.

In talking with Confederates who were in the center that day, I have many times asked for the particulars of the damage done by the Federal fire. All answered alike. Its effect was terribly demoralizing, but not so destructive as one would imagine. Hundreds of shot and shell flew over their heads and hurt no one. Others struck into bodies of men getting into position for assault, and opened lanes through whole brigades. Here and there a shell mutilated a dozen men, killed three or four horses, or dismounted a cannon, but Lee's entire loss by the whole cannonade did not amount to five hundred men.

On the Federal side the loss was no greater — the demoralization

about the same. The best troops in the world will not stand in line under artillery fire. If they are moving it is different, and the whir of shot and scream of shell are part of the programme. The Confederates planted almost every shot into the Federal position, and for a time every living thing sought cover. Showers of dirt, flung high in air by the shells, descended upon men lying in the ravines, and it is a singular fact that two of the artillerists in Thomas' battery were killed by stones flung out by shot or shell. A Confederate shot which struck a breastwork flung a jagged splinter more than two hundred feet at right angles and killed one man and broke the arm of a second. The Federal guns were short of ammunition on the start, and throughout the cannonade the fire was slower and more regular than the Confederates. Thomas alone had four caissons hit and blown up, and some of the batteries lost half their horses and a fourth of their men.

About four, as if by mutual consent, the firing on both sides began to slacken, and in ten minutes more every gun was silent. Then Federal regiments sprang from cover, and in a moment Cemetery Ridge was again dotted with blue. Lee was going to assault.

It is close upon four o'clock, when a long line of Confederate skirmishers moves out of the woods beyond the Emmetsburg road. Not far in rear is Pickett's division of Virginians in double line of battle, flags rippling and bayonets gleaming. Kemper, Garnett, Armistead, Wilcox — all but one brigade are there, and a brigade of Hetti's division of North Carolinians are on the left flank. Look carefully now, for never again on this continent will such an advance be seen. It is the third day of the fiercest battle in our history. Lee has assaulted the right — the left — the center. The mettle of every man has been tried, and there is not a coward among them. This is the last assault, and it will be made on the Federal left center, where Hancock is watching and waiting. Here come the skirmish lines, creeping nearer and nearer and undulating like a serpent. Behind them are the solid columns of Virginians— swinging out of the woods are the best brigades in Lee's army — a column of assault fifteen thousand strong. There is deep silence as a hundred thousand pairs of eyes look at the picture. Every line in that column is perfectly dressed — every officer at his post. They do not come with the rush of Hood or the frenzy of Ewell. It is march! march! march! with a steady step and a front of gleaming steel. Even an enemy waiting with loaded musket can cheer such bravery — such firm discipline.

It has been officially asserted that many of the men in Pettigrew's command had never before seen a battle, but had they been veterans of a hundred fights they must have been broken by their terrible reception at the hands of the Federals. Their assault is aimed at Hays. He has four thousand men down behind the stone walls in his front, and on his right a battery fully provided with grape-shot and canister. "Steady, men — steady!" is the command all along Hays' front, and scarcely a musket is fired until the Confederates are within pistol-shot. Then the battery opens with canister, and the infantry pour in their volleys, and in ten minutes hardly a Confederate is left on his feet. At such close range the canister wipes out men by the dozen, and it seems as if almost every bullet finds a living target. When the smoke lifts Pettigrew has fallen, and with him three-fifths of his commissioned officers. Companies are wiped out, regiments reduced one-half, and those not in retreat are lying flat down to escape the bullets. But Woodruff, whose battery has rendered victory so decisive, is mortally wounded, and the dusty road and trodden fields are drinking the blood of many a Federal hero.

The advance of Armistead first strikes against the First Corps, but obliques to escape the fire and strikes Gibbons' division. Here is also a stone wall, and here Gibbons has thrown two regiments out in advance of his main line. The rush of the Confederates meet with a feeble fire, and they surge over the defenses and send the Federals flying up the hill. For a moment it seems as if the main line will be swept back, but the firmness of two or three regiments allays the panic and prevents disaster. Armistead presses on, encouraged by what he has accomplished, and although the fire of musketry is terribly hot, his rush is not checked until blue and gray are fighting breast to breast with the bayonet. For a quarter of an hour he clings there, unable to advance and determined not to retreat, but re-inforcements come to the Federals and the assaulting column is broken and pushed back.

It is the same with Kemper — with Garnett — with every column of assault. In their first rush they swarm over Federal breastworks, capture rifle-pits and leap through the flames to bayonet gunners, but when the rebound comes they are swept away. Six, eight and ten men return to Seminary Ridge to represent a company. A hundred return to represent a regiment. Out of brigades scarcely a full regiment can be found. Pettigrew, Armistead, Kemper, and Garnett are dead or wounded — field officers are

among every heap of dead — regiments with scarcely a captain left. The picture of fifteen thousand men marching forward with waving flags and steady step had been framed in blood and veiled with death.

Lee had played his last card, and lost!

Again night falls upon hill and ridge and field and valley, and the roar of cannon and the crack of musketry sink into silence.

The wind blows in fitful temper — the pure, white face of the harvest moon seeks to veil itself behind the driving clouds. The dead and wounded lay thickly here last night, but on this night even the greed of War is appeased. Sixteen thousand Federal dead and wounded, and nineteen thousand Confederate rest on this field! God in His pity for the living brings night to shut the awful sight from view.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
L

Gettysburg—Results.

WITHIN an hour after the repulse of that grand and desperate effort it was known to the entire Confederate army that trains were already moving southward, and that the army would soon follow.

Sixty-five thousand men had failed to drive ninety-five thousand from one of the strongest positions ever seen on a battle field. That fact, and that alone, constituted the Federal victory at Gettysburg.

But would the ninety-five thousand attack the sixty-five thousand in turn? All night, Friday night, Lee's shattered commands were being consolidated and his lines strengthened. He was there and ready at daybreak, but Meade would not attack. He was there and ready at high-noon, but not a man was moved to disturb him. Night found him there, and then he realized that he had so shattered and demoralized Meade that the Federal army dared not attack him. Meade confirmed this before the committee on the conduct of the war.

Lee had failed to carry Meade's position, but still held half the battle field and was ready to be attacked.

Not a gun is fired at him as he finally moves off to the South, and it is not until Meade is re-inforced, and then only on Sunday morning, that he ordered a division of troops in pursuit. There is no proof that Meade would have attacked had Lee remained on Seminary Ridge for a week, but Lee could not remain. His supplies were becoming exhausted, his ammunition had run short, and the Federal cavalry were cutting his line of communication.

Retreat was the word, but he took his time about it, sending off his sick, a great share of his wounded, and many prisoners. He took with him across the Potomac several thousand head of live-stock, and large quantities of flour, meal, sugar, coffee, tea and clothing.

Lee left Gettysburg on the fifth by way of the Cumberland Valley, and it was not until the seventh that Meade moved by way of the lower passes of South Mountain to strike him in flank.

But for the heavy rains which had swollen the Potomac, Lee would have been across before Meade came up, but finding the river unfordable and his pontoons destroyed he sat down to build more and wait for the river to fall. Meade found him in battle line all the way from Williamsport to Falling Waters, but instead of a vigorous attack he ordered his army to intrench against Lee! For two days the armies confronted each other, but on the morning of the third Lee had crossed the Potomac.

General Meade reported the capture of the following battle-flags:

First Virginia Infantry—captured by Eighty-second New York volunteers.

Third Virginia Infantry—no statement of capture.

Seventh Virginia Infantry—captured by Eighty-second New York volunteers.

Eighth Virginia Infantry—captured by private Piam Haines, Co. E, Sixteenth Vermont volunteers.

Ninth Virginia Infantry—statement of capture not legible.

Fourteenth Virginia Infantry—statement of capture not legible.

Eighteenth Virginia Infantry—no statement of capture.

Twenty-eighth Virginia Infantry—no statement of capture.

Thirty-eighth Virginia Infantry—captured by Co. G, Eighth Ohio volunteers, First Brigade, Third Division, Second Corps.

Fifty-third Virginia Infantry—no statement of capture.

Fifty-sixth Virginia Infantry—no statement of capture.

Fifty-seventh Virginia Infantry—statement of capture not legible.

Battle-flag, Virginia Infantry—no statement of capture.

Seventh North Carolina—no statement of capture.

Twenty-second North Carolina—captured by Forty-second —— volunteers, Second Division, Second Corps.

Twenty-third North Carolina—captured by Second Division, First Corps.

Thirty-fourth North Carolina—captured by Co. G, Eighth Ohio volunteers, First Brigade, Third Division, Second Army Corps.

Fifteenth Georgia—captured by Sergeant J. B. Thompson, Co. G, First rifles, Pennsylvania Reserve Corps.

Forty-eighth Georgia—no statement of capture.

Thirteenth Alabama—captured by Co. C, First Delaware volunteers.

Second Florida Regiment—captured by Sergeant Charles D. Brink, color-bearer, Co. K, Sixteenth Vermont volunteers.

Second Mississippi Regiment—captured, with the entire regiment,

by the Sixth Wisconsin, kept for two days by Sergeant Evans, while a prisoner in the hands of the enemy.

Battle-flag, (State number not given) — captured by Corporal Naveris, Thirty-ninth Regiment, New York volunteers.

Battle-flag, (State number not given) — captured by —— Dore, Co. D.

Battle-flag, (State number not given)—captured by Twelfth New Jersey volunteers.

Battle-flag, (State number not given)—on blue field the words "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori;*" reverse side, a female, with wreath, and the words, "A crown for the brave." Captured by Sixtieth Regiment New York volunteers, Colonel Abel Goddard, Third Brigade, Second Division, Twelfth Army Corps.

Battle-flag, (State number not given)—captured by First Sergeant Maggi, Thirty-eighth New York volunteers.

Battle-flag, (State number not given)—captured by Captain M. Brown Jr., Co. A, One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York volunteers.

Battle-flag, (State number not given)—captured by Sixtieth New York volunteers.

Battle-flag, (State number not given)—captured by Twelfth New Jersey volunteers.

To this number must be added five others captured by the cavalry.

The Federals gathered from the battle field large quantities of spoils, among them being twenty-seven thousand, five hundred and fifty-four muskets. It has been placed on record that twenty-four thousand of these guns were loaded; eleven thousand contained two loads; ten thousand contained four loads; fifteen hundred contained five loads, and many of the guns were filled to the muzzle with bullets.

Looked upon in a purely military aspect, Lee's campaign can scarcely be matched in war. It properly began at Fredericksburg, where he inflicted a terrible defeat on Burnside. The next step was to defeat Hooker at Chancellorsville, and the next to baffle Hooker's curiosity for a whole month and finally get a week's start of him in the race for the North. It was a great military feat to penetrate as far as Gettysburg, with the entire North apprized of the movement and hastening to oppose it, and a still greater one to retire across the Potomac after such terrible fighting without suffering more loss than he did, and being able to remove the spoils he did.

The Gettysburg Campaign and the Cavalry.

THE fights at Aldie, Middleburg and Upperville were the result of Hooker's seeking information as to Lee's movements northward, and while the three conflicts resulted favorably to the Federal troopers, Stuart was not prevented from continuing his march into Pennsylvania.

On the twenty-sixth of June the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac rendezvoused at Frederick City, and were organized into three divisions. Hitherto this arm of the service had been at loose ends, commanded by everybody, and the drudge for everybody, and it is not to be wondered at that victories over the thoroughly organized Confederate cavalry were so few and far between.

Buford was assigned to the First Division, Gregg to the Second, and Kilpatrick to the Third. All these men had shown themselves fitted to command, and were full of pluck and enthusiasm.

Kilpatrick's division included all loose detachments and new recruits, and Custer was then promoted to a Brigadier-General and given the command of the Michigan Cavalry Brigade.

On the twenty-seventh the entire Federal cavalry set out for Gettysburg, or in that direction. Stuart was protecting Lee's long column, and the Federals did not have to ride far for a fight. As they reached Hanover, Pennsylvania, and while strung out on the march through the town, Wade Hampton suddenly charged down on the flank and rear. It was but a single brigade of Hampton's division, and the Federal force consisted of Farnsworth's brigade of Kilpatrick's division. Stuart was there in person to direct operations on the one side, and Kilpatrick was there to match him.

The first assault threw the Federals into confusion and resulted in the capture of thirty men, but without loss of time Kilpatrick threw the Fifth New York against the advancing brigade, and although it was repulsed with considerable loss, time was gained to dispose of the other three regiments to make a good defense.

Back and forth through the quaint old town, Federal and Confederate charged by companies and squadrons, and finally, as if both desired room for a fair fight, the struggle was taken from the village to the suburbs. There, fighting dismounted and in the saddle, three long hours went by without any great advantage to either.

Custer had taken his Michigan brigade and rode towards Abbottsville. Hearing the guns of Kilpatrick and Stuart he halted, hoping to receive word that he was wanted. As this did not come, and as the fight continued so long, he took the responsibility of returning with his command. He was needed. Stuart was bringing up re-inforcements.

As the Michigan brigade reached the scene of conflict it was sent to position, regiment by regiment, and in half an hour Stuart was driven out of sight. His mission was to protect Lee's flanks and trains, and while defeated at Hanover he nevertheless fully carried out his orders. Kilpatrick lost fifty or sixty men, and Stuart about the same number. The Tenth Virginia suffered the most, losing over forty prisoners, in addition to the killed and wounded.

On the second of July, Kilpatrick had reached Hunterstown, and Stuart again confronted him. After clearing the town Kilpatrick found the Confederate cavalry along the Gettysburg road. He formed his battle-line with Farnsworth on the right and Custer on the left. In front of Custer was a force of cavalry which seemed to be forming for a charge. He determined to charge and break up the formation, if no more. Dismounting two companies of the Sixth Michigan, they were placed in the fields on each side of the highway with orders to cover the retreat in case the charge was repulsed.

Company A, of the Sixth, numbering not more than fifty men, was then ordered to form in the road for a charge. When this had been done Custer rode up and took his place with the captain at the front. The brigadier was about to lead a single company in the charge. There was a yell of delight from the company, cheers from the entire command, and away went the little band at a furious gallop, Custer holding the reins in his left hand and carrying his naked sabre in his right, and charging straight down the middle of the road.

What was supposed to be a force of perhaps two hundred men turned out to be infantry and cavalry to the number of six hundred

or more. They filled the road for a quarter of a mile in an almost solid mass, and they were prepared for the charge. Company A rode straight at the mass, entered it like a wedge driven into sand, and in another moment six hundred men were shouting and slashing at fifty. Custer pressed on, and was closely followed until he found two lines of dismounted men drawn across the road. Then the bugle sounded the recall. Company A did not return alone. It had the presence of at least three hundred cavalry, and every inch of the way was a running fight and a desperate one. Men slashed and cut and shot and yelled, and those waiting down the road towards Hunterstown saw a mob bearing down upon them. Sabres flashed, streams of fire darted through the smoke, and horses fell and obstructed the way. When the mob reached the troops stationed in the fields Company A shook itself out of the mêlée and a fire was opened which drove the Confederates back.

The Federal loss in killed and wounded was about thirty men — one-half the command. The Confederate loss was more than double. Some of the wounded on either side were slashed twice and three times with sabres, and there was not a man in Company A who could not show a close call from a bullet. It was in this charge that young Churchill, of the First Michigan, detailed himself from his command and charged with the company. Custer had his horse shot under him, and in the confusion a Confederate leveled a carbine within six feet of his head and was on the point of firing when young Churchill shot him dead. The captain was wounded and his horse received three bullets, but both got back to the Federal lines. Probably there was never another instance in modern warfare of a brigadier-general leading a single company into action, and the incident serves to show the make-up of the man. He shared in the personal danger of his command, and his men came to believe that he bore a charmed life.

There was no further fighting by the Third Division until the next day. Kilpatriek was spying around to locate Lee's ammunition trains. When he found them he also discovered that they were protected by a heavy force of cavalry, and hardly had skirmishing begun when a brigade or more of infantry was sent down to strengthen the cavalry. The Confederate position was terribly strong. Along the front was a "Quaker" fence—a stone wall three feet high with a strong rail fence about the same height running along the top. Forty rods in rear of this was a second. The occupied ground being a farm, and all the fields divided off, the

Confederates had both flanks covered by other walls, and a look over the ground was enough to convince one that any ordinary attack would meet with repulse. But Kilpatrick was playing for a big stake. Nothing would cripple Lee so much as the loss of his ammunition train.

The troops detailed to charge the walls in front were composed of the First Vermont, First Virginia, a part of the Eighteenth Pennsylvania, and a few squadrons of Wisconsin cavalry. General Farnsworth put himself at the head of the Pennsylvanians, who were instructed to dismount at the wall and tear the fence down, and away the entire body went. Up to the moment the fence was down the Confederates stood firm, and killed man after man with their muskets resting on the wall. When the cavalry began to leap into the field the gray lines fell back or broke up into squads, and the fight continued.

In charging at the second wall the Federals received a fire from front as well as on both flanks, and for five minutes ranks were broken and veteran troopers were confused and bewildered. Then, suddenly a blast of the bugle restored order and sent the whole body at and over the fence. Here men were hacked with sabres and prodded with bayonets, and the fight meant kill.

Farnsworth lost his horse but not his cool spirit. A mile and a half away he could see the white covers of the train he was after. To retreat was to run the gauntlet of that terrible cross-fire. To advance was to meet the Confederate army, but the bugles blew "Forward!" Squadron and company and regiment pushed for the train. A fire of musketry followed, and musketry and artillery opened from right and left and ahead. The rush from the second fence to the train was one of the most desperate things ever attempted by cavalry. It was too desperate to be successful. The concentrated fire broke up all formations, and the command separated into small bodies, each one to look out for itself. Some of these squads pushed through the train and beyond the rear of Lee's army, while others bore to the right or left and circled back. Farnsworth was killed—his body fairly riddled, and the loss in men and horses, considering numerical strength, was appalling. The First Vermont lost about one man out of five, and out of the whole command not more than twenty horses came out without a wound. Some of the men had five bullet-holes in their clothing, and one had four in his hat alone.

While Kilpatrick was holding one position, Custer was holding

another on his left, which covered the York and Oxford highways. Soon after noon the Confederates began pushing forward on both roads, driving in Custer's pickets, and at one o'clock the advancing lines were in sight. Colonel Alger's Fifth Michigan was dismounted, pushed to the front, and, having the shelter of stone walls and natural rifle-pits, this one depleted regiment held at least three thousand Confederates in check until the men had fired their last cartridge and were obliged to fall back. Being armed with the Spencer seven-shot carbine, the firing of this regiment was so rapid and well sustained as to create the belief that a large force of infantry was posted behind the walls.

When Alger fell back he was followed by both infantry and cavalry, and now Colonel Mann's Seventh Michigan was ordered to form and charge. With a yell and a hurrah, the Seventh rode down upon four times their number. The highway was the only clear route. Those advancing over the fields were obstructed by ditches, fences, hedges, and walls, and the line was sometimes almost a triangle. Mann pushed on until a heavy stone wall, flanked by "stake and rider" fences, barred his way, and here his regiment halted and fought the Confederates on the other side. It was a conflict at such close range that almost every man shot was burned by the flame of the powder. The Seventh had to fall back from the position upon the support of the Fifth, and while these two had their hands full an officer in the First, which regiment was then in reserve, suddenly cried out:

"Great Heavens! we will all be swallowed up!"

Just coming over the ridge in their front was a whole brigade of cavalry, formed in column of regiments. To meet this new force Custer had a single battery and the one regiment. The Old First did not number over five hundred men, and when ordered up for the charge and formed in column of battalions it seemed as if every man was riding to his death.

As the First advanced at a trot, with drawn sabres, they were greeted with shouts of derision. Then the little command closed up, the horses passed from a trot to a gallop, and as it hurled itself against five to one it opened a wide lane through the entire force. There were five minutes of smoke and flash and fury, and lo! when the smoke lifted the Old First held the field and the Confederates had been driven. Custer said of this charge in his official report:

"I cannot find language to express my high appreciation of the

gallantry and daring displayed by the officers and men of the First Michigan. They advanced to the charge of a vastly superior force with as much order and precision as if going upon a parade, and I challenge the annals of warfare to produce a more brilliant or successful charge of cavalry."

Many writers upon military affairs have scouted the idea of sabre-cuts and cavalry charges. Let such men hunt up the reports of company commanders after the Gettysburg fight and see how they read. Over seventy men in the Michigan regiments engaged during a single day are reported: "Sabre cut on the head." In the cavalry fights of that eventful week the sabre killed and wounded at least one thousand men, and the troopers' pistols may be credited with as many more. Custer's loss in one brigade in this action was five hundred and forty-two, being as great a number as any single regiment contained. The Sixth was supporting the flanks and the battery, and though making no charge its loss was severe, and Colonel Gray received especial mention in official reports.

The fight at Gettysburg had scarcely closed when Kilpatrick was ordered to move and intercept Lee's trains. He at once marched for Emmetsburg, passed on to the little hamlet of Fountaindale at the foot of the mountain, and there began the ascent at Monterey Gap. It had rained steadily all day long, and it was raining as the column of cavalry pushed up the dark and narrow defile towards the crest.

The Confederates had expected a movement in this direction, and at the crest of the mountain had planted artillery and supported it with infantry, to command the Gap. Kilpatrick rode almost upon this force in the darkness, and as the artillery blazed up in his front and a shell screamed over the heads of his men there was confusion. The Fifth Michigan, in the advance, sought for the rear, but there was no rear. The road was only wide enough for four horsemen to ride abreast, and the first move to the rear created a jam.

Orders were at once issued to dismount a company, and the men felt their way forward in the darkness, some crawling on hands and knees, and in ten minutes had driven the Confederate force away. The Confederate officer in command should have been court-martialed. A hundred men and his artillery could have held that narrow and rocky defile against a division of infantry until daylight.

Not half a mile away was the pike running from Gettysburg to Hagerstown, and over this a Confederate wagon-train was passing. The cowardly abandonment of the defense of the Monterey road let

the Federal cavalry down on this train. It was unguarded, except by sick and wounded men, and the van of the Federal advance dashed along the train for a distance of seven or eight miles, or until the head was reached. This train belonged to Ewell, and scarcely a wagon escaped. Of the prisoners captured many made their escape in the darkness.

From Williamsport, Kilpatrick ordered ten regiments to Falling Waters, but, through some blunder never yet made clear, Custer and his four skeleton regiments alone obeyed the order. A part of Lee's force was crossing here, and to protect them the Confederates had thrown up strong earth-works and manned them with three brigades of A. P. Hill's corps. The force of the Confederates was not known, and believing that a sudden attack would throw them into confusion, companies D and C of the Sixth Michigan dismounted and ran forward as skirmishers. In ten minutes they had (apparently) driven the Confederates behind their works, and now companies B and F formed for a charge and rode straight down upon the earth-works. The charge was made with such speed that the horses were over the breastworks before a man was hit. Cries of "We surrender!" were heard on every hand, and the squadron passed towards the river, leaving the prisoners to be cared for by the expected reserve. No reserve came up, and seeing the smallness of the Federal force, the Confederates rallied and nearly annihilated it, killing, wounding, and capturing seventy-four out of one hundred and two. A Federal captain, major and lieutenant were among the killed.

A. P. Hill was here in person, and the charge was so sudden that he could have been captured had he been known. While he was making ready to mount his horse, a Federal cavalryman rode on either side of him, and one looked back and ordered him to report at the front with the other prisoners. The general reported on the bank of the Potomac instead, and as he crossed the river the balls splashed him with water until he seemed to have had an accidental bath. He afterwards referred to it as the closest call he had ever had.

CAVALRY FIGHT AT GETTYSBURG

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

From July to December.

BECAUSE Lee was given opportunity to withdraw his army at Antietam, McClellan was criticised and insulted on all sides. Lee had twenty-four hours in which to cross the Potomac.

Meade not only permitted Lee to withdraw from Gettysburg without serious menace, but gave him eight or nine days in which to reach the river and recross. The critic who drew comparisons was silenced by the cry of "traitor!"

At Antietam McClellan was forced to attack; at Gettysburg Meade stood on the defensive. For every Confederate whom McClellan killed at Antietam, Meade should have killed four at Gettysburg, to make a fair comparison. McClellan's army was shattered by having to attack; Meade's army was well covered, and should not have been demoralized.

All things considered, the campaign of Antietam reflects more credit on the Federal generalship than does Gettysburg.

As Lee crossed the Potomac after Gettysburg he pursued his way to the Shenandoah Valley. Spurred to exertion by orders from Washington and by the criticisms of the public press, Meade followed after, taking the east side of the Blue Ridge. Lee marched in a leisurely manner, knowing exactly what Meade was striving for, and encountered no Federals until he reached Manassas Gap. Buford had come through this Gap from the eastern side, and finding a brigade of Confederate infantry holding the western end he at once reported that Lee was pushing his column through the Gap. This was false news, and it cost Meade thirty hours of valuable time, and fifteen thousand of his men many miles of marching, before correct information was obtained. The brigade had been posted there to prevent an attack upon the flank of the Confederate army as it marched past.

Lee passed on to Chesters' Gap, swung around to the Rappahannock, and finally settled down near Culpepper, where Meade finally

confronted him. From the last of July to the middle of September the armies faced each other with no movements of account. Recruits were coming in very slowly to the Confederate army, and to keep Lee further embarrassed Longstreet's corps was detached and sent to help Bragg strike a blow in the West.

On the sixteenth of September Meade crossed the Rappahannock with an army three times as large as Lee's, and without much effort pushed him to the Rapid Anna and across it. Here the armies rested again for a month, and Meade was obliged to part with two corps for the western campaign.

About the tenth of October a curious thing occurred. Meade had determined to cross above Lee's left flank and turn it. Lee, who knew that the Federal army had been reduced by two corps, determined to cross above Meade's right flank and turn it. Lee moved one day before Meade was ready, and the first intimation of his presence came when he struck the Federal flank. Before midnight Meade had recrossed the Rappahannock and blown up the bridges, but as he was not followed he took heart next morning and threw three corps to the southern side.

Lee at once began another flank movement, making for the upper Rappahannock. The Federal cavalry blocked his path, but he brushed them aside and crossed the stream, and headed for the North.

Meade could only retreat, and for one whole day both armies marched north by parallel roads. Lee hoped to cut Meade off at Bristow Station, and both armies used every exertion to reach that point first. Meade won the race, passed through Bristow and gathered his army together on the hills about Centreville. Lee did not advance further, but after tearing up many miles of the railroad track fell back to his old position on the Rappahannock. Three weeks later Meade moved up to his old position.

In the first week of November, Lee's official report gave him less than forty thousand men present for duty. Meade's gave him over seventy thousand. Winter was close at hand, but smarting under the feeling that he had been outgeneraled and disgraced, Meade was determined to restore his lost prestige by striking a vigorous blow.

Meade moved on the seventh, and on the next day Sedgwick reached Rappahannock Station and found two Confederate brigades to defend it. Sedgwick threw the Fifth and Sixth Corps against this small force, but it took him four hours to carry the defenses.

His battle line overlapped the Confederates so as to touch the river on each flank, and when the direct attack was made the result was surrender. Sedgwick captured about fifteen hundred prisoners, several pieces of artillery, seven or eight battle flags and a pontoon bridge, but met with a loss of about five hundred in killed and wounded.

The left of the army likewise drove everything before it, and Lee at once fell back to his old position beyond the Rapid Anna. Both armies were now in exactly the same positions as when Lee first moved, and nothing of importance had been effected by either.

It was Meade who now got the start of Lee in a flank movement. If he could cross the Rapid Anna and reach Orange Court House before Lee knew of the movement there was every prospect of his having the Confederate army at a great disadvantage. A portion of it was in winter quarters, and the whole strung out on a front of many miles.

But Lee was watchful. The movement had scarcely begun when he made preparations to meet it. He rapidly concentrated on the hills at Mine Run, threw up fortifications on a line seven miles long, and the dense thickets made his rear and wings safe.

On the twenty-eighth Meade was ready, and Warren and Sedgwick were ordered to attack Lee's flanks and seek to crush them back on the center. The attacks were to be made at the same hour, and then Meade would open on the center. Warren was to attack Lee's right, but when he got into position he saw that an attack must result in repulse and slaughter. Everywhere on the Confederate front were rifle-pits, breastworks, redoubts and abattis, and Warren waited for Meade to come up and make a personal inspection. The result was the withdrawal of the Federal army without a fight, and three days later it went into winter quarters near the Rappahannock.

From July fourth to December first, the Army of the Potomac had marched back and forth without gaining one important advantage. It had been forced into retreat by two thirds its strength, and its seventy thousand men had been dared to battle by forty thousand and the challenge refused.

Truly, the critics who had used up McClellan, Pope, Burnside and Hooker had hard work to wreathe a crown for Meade. He had been given the grandest opportunities of all, but his sole achievement was to mass ninety-five thousand men at Gettysburg and beat off the attacks of sixty-five thousand.

The Fight in Stono River.

ONE of the most embarrassing situations possible for an armed vessel to find herself in occurred to the Federal gun-boat Marblehead, in Stono River, South Carolina, in December, 1863.

The Marblehead was at anchor near the little hamlet of Legreeville, three or four miles from the mouth of the river, and had kept that locality clear of Confederates for many days past. She lay within pistol-shot of the bank, and on the morning of the attack no one had a suspicion that there was an armed Confederate within five miles of the spot. During the night a command numbering about one hundred and fifty men, having a battery of five pieces, made a march of sixteen miles to strike the river where the gun-boat lay. One of the guns broke down on the march and was abandoned, and the Confederates were thus left with only four field-pieces to match the six heavy guns on board the Federal.

The Confederates took up their position in the woods near the hamlet, their guns being in battery and everything ready for the attack two hours before daylight. The entire body were so close to the gun-boat that the lookouts could be heard talking. The apparently careless watch being maintained on board the vessel led to a plan to capture her as she lay. Two Confederates, one of whom was named York, and the other Williams, threw off their clothes on the bank above the gun-boat and swam out to her, each carrying a knife in his teeth. The idea was to board her and kill the men on watch and then quietly signal for additional help to come off.

Williams was the first off, and had almost reached the vessel when he felt a cold nose touch his leg. He thought of alligators, sharks, and a dozen other things like a flash, and was so unnerved that he scarcely had strength to turn and reach the shore. Whether it was a piece of drift-wood or some reptile which touched

him he had no means of knowing, but the incident so cooled his ardor that he would not take to the water again.

York reached the gun-boat without adventure, and while hanging to the rudder he heard the lookouts walking and talking and realized that they were too wide awake to enable him to carry out his plan. One of them saw his ripple in the water as he swam away, but thought it was caused by a fish. The Confederates could have easily affixed a torpedo to the Marblehead's stern, but the party had not come provided with anything of the kind.

Soon after six o'clock the darkness began to thin out, and by a quarter past the gunners could plainly make out the gun-boat before them. Two or three men were seen moving about her decks, but it was evident that the attack would be a grand surprise party to all on board. As soon as daylight was strong enough to enable the gunners to sight their pieces the fight began, the first shell passing over the hull, and so near the head of the officer of the watch that he dodged and fell flat.

The gun-boat had an anchor down and was without steam enough to move her. While the crew were tumbling up and rushing to their stations, the majority of them only half-dressed and some without hats or shoes, the Confederate battery had everything its own way. Shell after shell struck the gun-boat, and for ten minutes she was perfectly helpless, having no steam to move and none of her guns bearing on the battery.

It seemed as if the gun-boat must surrender or go to the bottom, when she raised steam enough to move her slowly. The cable was slipped, and as the vessel swung round she opened with her broadside on the battery. As she did so she had two men killed at one of the guns, and almost the next shot took the top of a man's head off and carried it clear off the ship.

Each moment gave the Federal more steam and more speed, and when she had a full head on she ran as close to the bank as possible and worked every gun which would bear. The Confederates stood square up to the fight, their guns being in plain sight and without protection, and for nearly an hour it was give and take, without flinching. In this time, at least twenty shot and shell were lodged in the hull of the gun-boat, knocking down bulk-heads and smashing state-rooms, and she had three or four killed and half a dozen wounded.

After the Marblehead got up steam and was able to move she kept up a steady fire with her heavy guns, and it seems wonderful

that every Confederate on shore was not annihilated. The shells from the eleven-inch guns shivered trees, cut off limbs, and in one instance threw a cloud of dirt over one of the guns with such force as to drive every man from it. Between the Confederate guns and the river was a strip of marsh, and where a shell fell short and exploded in the soft ground black mud and dirty water were thrown clear over the tree-tops.

There was a detachment of Federal infantry at Legreeville, but any movement which they might have made was checkmated at the start by the position of the Confederates. Had the Marblehead fought less valiantly, the Federal infantry would have been gobbled up. Indeed, had she not fought as she did she would have been captured herself.

For more than an hour the fight continued with the greatest spirit on both sides, but then another gun-boat was seen approaching from the inlet, and the best gun in the shore battery was at the same time dismounted by a shot from the Marblehead. Fearing that a Federal force would be landed to cut off their retreat, the Confederates gave up the fight and left in such haste that the entire battery was abandoned, it being impossible to bring a horse up under such a fire.

It was not only a lucky escape and plucky fight for the gun-boat, but the bravery of the Confederates in planting a battery as they did and maintaining a fight for an hour and a half against big odds could not be overlooked. Their loss was only one killed and three wounded.

The Federal Attacks on Fort Wagner.

GILMORE never believed that the iron-clads would be able to take Fort Sumter, and for this reason he early set about securing a foothold on Morris Island. When he had accomplished this he had secured a solid foundation for cannon which could throw shot into Charleston and keep Fort Sumter under a constant pounding. It has ever seemed strange that the Confederates were not on the watch for and fully prepared for such a move, but it was doubtless believed that Fort Wagner was the key to the situation, and that the Federals could not maintain themselves anywhere within reach of the guns. On the other hand, Gilmore looked upon Wagner as a work which might be taken by a dash, and the erroneous impression by friend and foe resulted in some terrible blunders and bloody butcheries.

The first attack on Wagner was made on the night of the tenth of July, 1863. On the previous day and night a command consisting of the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania, the Ninth Maine and two companies of the Seventh Connecticut had by a sudden attack in boats captured several detached batteries within easy range of the fort, and had won such an easy victory that General Strong, who was in command, determined to make a push for the fort itself, believing the Confederates to be disorganized and panic-stricken by what had occurred. Instead of being in this condition they were preparing to move out at daylight and attack. General Strong looked upon Wagner as a sand-heap which could offer but feeble resistance to a rush, while in truth it was one of the strongest forts around Charleston.

An hour before daylight the Federal troops moved out, the companies from the Seventh Connecticut leading. The only way to take the fort was to go over the parapet, and General Strong must have counted on the garrison being sound asleep to permit such a rush to be successful. The garrison was not only awake, but under arms, and had at least ten minutes' warning. The Federals came

with a gallant rush, and unchecked by a volley which killed thirty men outright, dashed through the moat and up the parapet and lay down just below its crest. Had there been a thousand men instead of one hundred and seventy-five, the force would have leaped the parapet and attacked the garrison, but such a small body of men had no alternative but to wait until the other troops came up to reinforce them.

The two Federal regiments moved up so slowly that the Confederates had time to get every man in line and posted to the best advantage. The fight was short, sharp, and bloody. The two regiments had more than they could do to hold the first position taken, saying nothing of going to the aid of the Connecticut men on the parapet, who were bravely holding the line and popping away at the garrison. At the end of fifteen minutes fighting the two regiments began to waver. Then a dozen voices cried out, "We are in a trap!" and a hundred more cried, "retreat!" Every soldier must have realized from the first that there was no show to carry the fort, and it was a wonder that the men held the position as long as they did. When they started to retreat it was a helter-skelter, and no one seemed to remember the brave little command waiting on the parapet to be re-inforced or rescued.

The action of that small command from the Seventh Connecticut was one of the bravest things of war. To gain the parapet it dashed through a fire which would have thrown a full regiment into confusion, and as the men crouched on the sand each one began fighting on his own hook. There was no confusion until it was discovered that the supporting regiments had been driven back. Then the Confederates devoted their whole attention to the handful of men clinging to the parapet, and in three or four minutes their position was made untenable. Lighted shells were tossed over by hand, hand grenades used without stint, and a flank fire opened with musketry, and it was either retreat or be slaughtered in line. Word was passed to retreat, and those who ran the gauntlet in safety looked upon their escape as miraculous. A fire of shot, shell, grape, canister, and musketry followed them for half a mile, and the sandy beach offered no protection. The loss was frightful. Only a fraction over half the Connecticut men came out alive, while the other regiments were terribly cut up without having inflicted the least loss on the enemy. The Confederate loss did not exceed twenty-eight killed and a dozen wounded. But for Strong's rash move at the time, an attack three or four nights later, by a

heavier force, might have been successful. This attack called for a large increase of the garrison and other steps which contributed to a still greater slaughter when next attacked.

Between the eleventh and the eighteenth of July, the Confederates strengthened Fort Wagner as far as was possible, and largely increased the garrison, having discovered that Gilmore desired to go to Charleston by way of Morris Island. Up to the eleventh, Wagner had given no thought to the iron-clads which had sent her a shot now and then as they poured destruction into Sumter. After the fight of the eleventh, a Federal deserter gave the exact number of Gilmore's forces and information of what works he had thrown up. He had made a permanent lodgment on the island, was heavily intrenching, and there was reason to believe that the iron-clads would be called upon to bear a hand in the next assault. Fully five hundred men were employed during the next five days in making Fort Wagner ready for bombardment as well as assault, and it was perfectly prepared when the time came.

At this time the Federals held a good share of Morris Island, and had put about fifty guns and mortars into position, each one able to hurl its missile into the fort. These guns were backed by more than a division of infantry, and there lay Admiral Dahlgren's fleet of six iron-clads with their terrible guns.

The garrison of Fort Wagner consisted of one thousand four hundred men, with heavy guns, a battery of light artillery, and bomb-proofs enough to shelter the entire garrison.

Soon after noon on the eighteenth, the sea being smooth and the day perfect, the iron-clads moved forward and took positions about seven-eighths of a mile from the beach and opened on Wagner. It was believed by both Dahlgren and Gilmore that the iron-clads could knock Wagner to pieces before sundown, and that nothing would be left for the Federal infantry except to bury the dead. This was the Admiral's first wrestle with a sand fort. He was to gain some valuable experience.

Each iron-clad went right to business as soon as getting into position, using shell alone. Wagner was a fair target at easy range, and before the fleet had been engaged half an hour predictions were made that the fort would surrender within two hours. The firing was steady and regular, one great shell after another screaming over the water to bury itself in the parapet and fill the air with clouds of dust.

Gilmore's fifty guns opened fire as soon as the fleet was stationed,

and three of the four faces of Wagner were swept by a fiercer fire than was bestowed upon any other fort during the war. The screaming and shrieking of missiles was deafening, and every foot of Morris Island kept up a constant tremble under the concussions.

It was well understood in the fort that the bombardment would be followed by an assault. It was a wise policy, therefore, that sent all the infantry and most of the gunners into the bomb-proofs within five minutes after the fight opened. Only three guns were manned, and these were ordered to fire only at intervals of four or five minutes, more to prove that the fort was not deserted than from any expectation of inflicting any harm on the enemy.

Fort Wagner would not have been built of sand had other material been at hand. It was not surveyed for anything more than a battery to mount three or four guns which should have the range of vessels coming into the harbor. It received half a dozen shots during the first Federal bombardment of Sumter, and the Confederates were quite pleased to find that it was not plowed down on a level with the island. When it was found that Gilmore wanted to get nearer Sumter and Charleston by occupying Morris Island, Wagner had to be strengthened to oppose him, and again there was no material at hand save sand and a few timbers. These were used as a matter of dire necessity, and without a thought that the events of the next fortnight would upset the theories of a thousand years of war.

There is not to-day a sea-coast fort in the world, no matter how massive nor what its cost, which can stand a bombardment with a sand fort thrown up in twenty-four hours by a regiment of soldiers. The American war tried forts as they had never been tried before, and while the big guns of the iron-clads could pulverize brick and stone to powder, they could scarcely deface the walls of sand.

When the bombardment had lasted four hours it was believed, both by the fleet and land forces, that Fort Wagner had been dismantled and deserted, and that its garrison had been driven to take refuge behind the sand-heaps outside. From the moment the first shell had struck, the spot had been half-hidden by a cloud of dust, and the only sign of life was the occasional firing of a gun which seemed more like a signal of distress than a token of defiance. At four o'clock in the afternoon, had the iron-clads hauled off, Gilmore would have moved to the assault.

While men who were among the garrison of Fort Wagner that day agree that it was the most terrible fire they ever experienced,

human life inside the works was as safe as on board one of the monitors. The bomb-proofs were crowded, but there was no danger. The sand walls could have been leveled down and yet the men in the dark holes under ground would have been perfectly safe. Great shells from the mortars descended inside the fort with a thud which jarred the ground for yards around, and exploded with a sound which made one think that the sandy island was being riven, but it was a waste of powder. During the worst of the bombardment not more than a dozen men were left outside the bomb-proofs. These sheltered themselves to watch and note proceedings, and they witnessed the full terrors of a concentrated fire from seventy-five guns and mortars.

Gilmore's land artillery could not have inflicted a scar on the fort, and his fire would not have necessarily driven a single man to shelter, but the shells from the big fifteen-inch guns on the iron-clads were filled with destruction. They were driven with a force which sent them into the parapet a distance of eight or ten feet, and when they exploded it seemed as if the whole island lifted itself up a foot or two. One who has not seen the awful work of these great shells can form no idea of their power for destruction. In one spot, where the fire seemed to be concentrated for half an hour, at least a thousand tons of sand were moved a distance of fifty feet. The bursting of a single shell would lift three or four tons of sand and hurl the cloud all over the fort. There were a dozen places where the moat was filled up until on a level with the crest of the parapet.

More or less timber had been used with the sand. In one spot a shell penetrated five feet of sand and passed directly through a pine beam twelve inches square. Another shell cut six feet off the end of a still larger beam and hurled the missile so high in the air that hundreds of Federals saw it. After the bombardment fairly opened, the fort was struck ten times a minute for eight hours, and as the sun went down the Federals were justified in believing that a body of infantry could occupy the works without resistance.

As the boom of the last gun from the fleet died away orders were given in Fort Wagner which brought over one thousand two hundred men from their graves, as it were. Cooped up for seven or eight hours in the foul-smelling bomb-proofs, the men were only too glad to get out and face the coming danger. Only two of the guns had been dismounted, and the others were speedily manned, the garrison posted, and then they waited. That bombardment

meant an assault by infantry, but Gilmore was to gain another painful experience.

It was growing dark when the Federal column of assault formed on the beach in plain sight of Wagner, Sumter and other Confederate works. It consisted of the Ninth Maine, Third New Hampshire, Sixth Connecticut, Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania, Forty-eighth New York and Fifty-fourth Massachusetts. This last was a colored regiment led by Col. Shaw. It had heard the whistle of bullets only once. Indeed, there was not a single regiment in the column which could be depended on, as only a few men had been under fire. Why the colored troops should have led, when it might be fairly doubted if they would follow, is a question to be settled along with Burnside's blunder at the Petersburg crater. The moment the column moved out it was under fire from Cummings' Point, Fort Sumter, Wagner and the Redan, and before it had marched fifty yards it was known that Wagner was alive to the situation and prepared to receive them.

As soon as within musket range of Wagner the assaulting column made a rush which carried it fairly up to the works. Had there been no bombardment they would have stood a better chance of success. They found themselves tumbling into deep pits, falling over sand ridges, and utterly confused by the work of the shells. The moat was full of water at one point and filled with sand at another, and the parapets were simply banks full of caverns. The lines of formation were broken up, the darkness was confusing, and in ten minutes those able to withdraw made a hasty retreat. It was the most foolhardy assault of the war. There was no show whatever, no matter what bravery was exhibited, and the confusion was added to by the action of the colored troops. They no sooner saw what sort of a trap they were in than dozens of them shouted out: "Hold on! Don't shoot—I surrender!" Twelve hundred Confederates, cool and fresh, and safely protected, had only to fire away at a brigade of Federals—broken, confused, and tumbling over each other. That brigade did not stand there "for nearly half an hour," as stated by Federal historians. It did not stay there twelve minutes. Ten minutes more of the murderous fire would not have left a man alive.

Gilmore had excuses for his first assault, but in the face of the terrible repulse and the statements of survivors that the fort was intact and full of men, the second assault was a slaughtering blunder for which history should hold him responsible.

The second column was composed of the Sixty-second Ohio, Seventh New Hampshire, Sixty-seventh Ohio and One Hundredth New York. This column began to stumble over the dead bodies of Federals before it had traversed half the distance to the fort, and was likewise subject to such a front and enfilading fire as to almost disorganize it. Sheer pluck carried it through to the fort, and desperation held it there twenty-five minutes to be decimated. It stood no more show to capture Wagner than one barge load of men would have stood to capture Sumter, but even though every man fully realized this, every company stood square up to its work and every man died like a hero. At one moment, desperate and determined, over half of that brigade swept into the fort, but in five minutes they were swept out of it again and again they took up the fight from the parapet. When the retreat was sounded a third of the brigade was wounded. Gilmore's mistake wet the parapets of Wagner with blood. His blunder left the dead and mangled in such heaps that the bravest veterans were appalled.

A Strange Breastwork.

IN 1863, when the Confederate General McCulloch, having about three thousand men in his command, discovered that Milliken's Bend was held by a Federal force of less than fifteen hundred, a part of whom were negro troops, he moved forward to snatch up the prize. His first attack was on a Saturday, and he was repulsed after a hot fight lasting several hours. During Saturday night a Federal gun-boat came to the rescue of the post, and her presence was not even suspected by the Confederates. The Federal commander packed his whole force into the rifle pits and earth-works, and waited for the attack he knew must come.

When McCulloch began to advance upon the works he discovered that his lines would be swept by a terrible fire before they could get near enough for a dash. To shelter the men as they moved up, he brought out about six hundred mules and formed them in line. The idea was for a soldier to advance along-side of each mule, making the living breastwork cover him. Everything worked all right at the start, but as soon as the mules came under fire they began plunging and kicking, and raised such a row that the Confederate lines were uncovered. The gun-boat now opened, and, between shell and bullet, McCulloch soon had more than he could stand, and the retreat was sounded. He lost, in killed, wounded and prisoners, over six hundred men, together with a field battery and many small arms, while the Federal loss, in killed and wounded, was nearly as many. McCulloch was the first general in either army who attempted to make a breastwork out of a living mule, and, as far as known, he was, also, the last. His men found the heels of the terrified animals about as dangerous as the Federal bullets.

Bragg's Siege of Chattanooga.

IF there is another war between the North and the South, Chattanooga, Nashville, and Knoxville will again be strategic positions worth fighting for. The Confederates early discovered their value and clung to them with grim tenacity. Nature had done so much for Chattanooga that man had only to plant a few guns to make the position seemingly impregnable.

When General Bragg held it in the fall of 1863, he reported to the War Department that the Federals could not march enough men into Tennessee to capture Chattanooga. When Rosecrans held it, two weeks later, he reported to Grant that he could hold the place against the whole Confederacy. But both commanders had to learn that an army without rations is already defeated.

When Rosecrans reached Chattanooga and surveyed the position, he saw that a direct assault would end in disaster. Then he began hunting for the weak point, and he moved by the flank. When he had cut Bragg's lines to the west and south, not another pound of rations could enter Chattanooga, and starvation was only a question of days. Bragg, sure that Rosecrans meant to assault, and confident that he could repel him, was deceived into remaining quiet until the flank movement had been accomplished. Then, in a day, the blow fell, and he saw that he must either evacuate or march out and attack the Federal army. That he did not choose the latter course was at first attributed to cowardice, but subsequent events proved that he meant to meet strategy with strategy. Before any Confederate had come down to half rations Bragg was marching out of Chattanooga, bands playing, flags flying, and the men in good spirits. None of his earth-works were disturbed, and the bridges were all left in perfect order.

Awake at last to what Rosecrans was doing, Bragg had bestirred himself with such energy that before leaving Chattanooga he knew the position of every Federal division. The nearest corps was eight

miles away, and the farthest was about forty. By rapid marching he could strike them in detail. The fact that Bragg was retreating proved to Rosecrans that he was demoralized, and he started Crittenden's corps in pursuit. This command, by making a short cut to head Bragg off, escaped annihilation. He had the trap set for his game, but the game had taken another road. It was these movements which brought on the battle of Chickamauga. Bragg had faced about, ready to fight, and in ten days more it was Rosecrans who was shut up in Chattanooga, and it was Bragg who was playing the role of besieger.

Bragg's army had been supplied by railroads running into the Confederacy, but when Rosecrans found himself penned up he realized that every pound of rations for his large army must not only come by wagon, but be hauled more than fifty miles over roads which to-day a farmer's team can hardly pull along with ten bushels of oats. If the Confederates did not meddle with the Nashville Railroad, supplies could be wagoned over the mountains in limited quantities. Rosecrans had to trust to luck and arrange his trains.

A brigade of soldiers lying within half a mile of a depot of supplies will keep twenty wagons on the move all the time. Think, then, how many wagons it would take to supply hay, corn, clothing, rations, equipments, etc., to a large army sixty miles from a depot! For all that long sixty miles there was not a spot in that fall of 1863 where a team could strike a trot. It took two days and a half or three days to go with empty wagons, and four and five to return. Where the road crossed a valley the mud was hub-deep. Where it ascended a hill six spans of mules were necessary to handle the load. In many places there are stretches of two miles where the road is too narrow for vehicles like army wagons to pass. This fact sometimes delayed the wagons for hours.

Bragg was determined that Rosecrans should leave Chattanooga before help could come from the West. He would not make an assault, and Rosecrans would have met with defeat in marching out to attack him. Therefore his plan was to starve the Federals out, and he came so near success that none who were shut up there will ever forget the short rations dealt out. The Nashville Road was several times torn up at different points, and systematic attacks made on the wagon trains. Over a thousand wagon-loads of subsistence were destroyed in two months, and after a few weeks the whole route was lined with wrecked vehicles and dead mules. Rosecrans might keep his soldiers in bread and meat a little longer,

but there came a day when nothing further could be thought of. The horses must starve, and the men who were without shoes and overcoats must make the best of it.

Fall came on, cold and rainy, and hundreds of the men were suffering for the want of clothing and tents. Bragg threw his lines across from Missionary Ridge to Lookout Mountain, and one of his most advanced forts now stands within the city limits and close beside a summer resort. He was not idle an hour day or night. There was a constant firing all along the picket lines, and the Confederate cavalry was particularly aggressive. The country was entirely stripped of forage, and the question of "how to beat Bragg" was finally lost in the search for food. Some regiments were without coffee for days at a time. Others had coffee but no pork. Others yet considered themselves lucky to get coffee and hard-tack. Rosecrans could not march out and attack, and had he evacuated Chattanooga, Bragg was ready to pursue and overwhelm him. He had only one course—to stick.

Men who fought under Rosecrans are not satisfied with the treatment he received at the hands of Grant. Take all that has come to light in these long twenty years, and there is much for him and something against him. He was a fighter. Where other generals would have realized their defeat he had only commenced to fight. He had the confidence of officers and men. Another might have moved out and attacked Bragg, goaded on by newspapers and political clamor, but he refused certain defeat. It is a good general who knows when not to attack.

On the other hand, it is claimed that Rosecrans lacked strategy; that his pursuit of Bragg was a woeful mistake, and that in so doing he was doing exactly what Bragg planned for him. Bragg had plenty of time to evacuate Chattanooga, yet he did not touch a bridge nor destroy such stores as he could not carry off. Critics have said that these incidents should have shown Rosecrans that his enemy was in no way demoralized. Had he hurried up his scattered corps and slipped into Bragg's warm nest, his army would have secured all the key-positions and been in trim for a fight at any point. The battle of Chickamauga not only reduced the army in a fearful manner, but demoralized it for weeks, and thousands of the infantry were left without arms.

And, too, Rosecrans could have at any time accomplished what Thomas set about before he had been in Chattanooga twenty-four hours — opening a shorter line of communication. It seems not to

have been his failure as a fighter so much as the claim that he was a failure as a strategist, which caused his removal. But, whatever the causes and whatever the criticisms, "Old Rosy's" name will ever bring a cheer to the lips of the men who fought under his standard.

In the last days of the siege there was not enough forage in Chattanooga to supply the horses of one full battery. Had Rosecrans attempted to retreat he could not have drawn a dozen field-pieces away. Shade and fruit trees were cut down for the animals to browse on, and in some instances citizens were routed off their straw beds that the contents might go to the horses. By and by every horse was a gaunt skeleton, weakly wandering over the black fields in search of patch or shrub, and one after another they fell down and died of sheer starvation.

The soldiers had to make the most of their slim fare, and even to divide with the women and children of Chattanooga. After the lapse of a month not a house in the place had flour, meat, butter, milk or potatoes. When families had eaten what they had in stock they appealed to the soldiers.

When Bragg evacuated the city one of his colonels left a young wife behind. She was from South Carolina and a thorough Yankee-hater. She was at first comfortably provided with provisions, but as the days went by and she divided with this neighbor and that, her stock ran low. She finally had nothing left but corn-meal and dried peas, and one night a servant girl stole all the meal. Other women were appealing to the Federals, but this one determined to die first. She had pea soup, pea pudding, and peas cooked in various other shapes, and when the peas gave out she gave a negro a dollar to cut her a steak from a mule which had fallen dead in a field across the way. She had made up her mind to brave it through, but the mule meat was worse than the blue-coats and she locked up her pride and applied for Federal rations.

Lookout Mountain seems to hang right over Chattanooga; but one must ride for two long hours from the center of the city to reach the spot where Bragg had four guns planted to bombard the place. There was more talk than shoot, as only one of his pieces could be sufficiently depressed to strike the town, and his occasional blazing away amounted to nothing when summed up. Two shells struck a hotel without damage to anybody, and a piece of another wounded a colored boy on the street. Had he been offered a reward for killing ten Federals in a month's bombardment he could not

have earned it. One has but to ride to the crest of the mountain to see how greatly his position was overestimated. He had three guns behind a breastwork which stills stands in good repair, and a fourth down between the rocks on the knob. Thirty rods in rear of these guns was a breastwork thrown up to cover two regiments of infantry. It is there to-day, looking just as it did on that eventful day when Hooker's troops struck it in flank and sent the Confederates rushing through the pines. Had Grant ignored the position entirely it must have been evacuated as soon as Missionary Ridge was captured.

"Give me ten days more." So said Bragg when things were at their worst in Chattanooga, and if Thomas hadn't bestirred himself starvation would have compelled a surrender. In the effort to supply the army from Bridgeport by wagon, Rosecrans lost eleven thousand five hundred mules and horses on the road. One could have walked the entire distance on their dead bodies, and in journeying over a part of the route the last year, I saw many of the skeletons still bleaching on the hill-sides and in the ravines. There was also a loss of over three thousand army wagons, and at least a million dollars' worth of stores. That the Federal forces held the key to East Tennessee, with a victorious army in front and starvation in rear, is a matter deserving of more praise than history has given it. Had Bragg retaken the place, the consequences would have been felt from the Army of the Potomac to Vicksburg.

How Forts Wagner and Gregg were Abandoned.

EARLY in September, 1863, it became plain to the Confederates that they could not hold Forts Wagner and Gregg many days longer. The iron-clads had pounded them from one side and Gilmore's troops from the other, and that the greater part of Morris Island would soon be in the hands of the Federals was a conclusion which must be met and prepared for.

And now here was the grimness of war. The sand forts had been almost leveled to the surface three or four times over, and yet repairs had been made and the garrisons re-inforced. They had the iron-clads on the one hand and the Federal infantry on the other, and it had come to that pass that a finger could not be lifted above the parapet without finding a sharp-shooter watching for it. Gilmore had about thirty guns in a semicircle before Wagner, and not satisfied with raining tons of shot and shell daily upon the work, he began a new movement.

Here was the terror of war — sap and mine. Foot by foot, inch by inch, the Federals had crept as near as was possible, rolling their sand earth-works before them almost as easily as one could roll bales of cotton. Within pistol-shot of the parapet they halted. War had now become cold-blooded murder. A strip of sand, not four hundred feet wide, was the neutral ground, and the Tiger of War raved back and forth over this in search of blood. He found it — blood by the gallon — by the barrel — blood flowing out upon the white sands until the tracks of the Tiger could be plainly seen in the dampness.

The iron-clads could neither reduce Fort Sumter nor pass it, and the attempt to reach Charleston by way of Secessionville had failed. If the Federals could gain possession of Morris Island, Charleston would be under the fire of common artillery and Fort Sumter could be attacked from a new side.

Gilmore had secured the lower end of the island and intrenched

his position, but he could advance no further until Wagner and Gregg were overcome. Wagner had received the most terrific pounding from the iron-clads — a fire so fierce and continuous that army and navy officers asserted that all human life behind the sand piles had been wiped out, and yet the echoes of the last gun had scarcely died away when a thousand Confederates emerged from the bomb-proofs and coolly began making repairs. A column of three thousand Federals had flung itself at the fort, fought with desperation, and retired shattered and broken. A second column, stronger by a thousand, had rushed over the ditch—up the slopes—over the walls of sand — fought hand to hand with the ferocity of tigers, and when the broken ranks were reformed within the Federal lines six hundred men were not there to answer to their names.

Battery Gregg had been pounded at for weary days — its garrison torn to pieces by the monster shells, its guns dismounted and its walls torn out or leveled flat — but there they were, sullen, defiant, and saying to the Federal Lion:

"We are in your path and prepared for you!"

The English, the French and the Germans have their histories of that great four years' struggle in America, and their historians have praised pluck wherever it cropped out. An American who attempts it will be called a patriot for praising the one side and a "rebel" for praising the other. There was pluck at Wagner and Gregg and Sumter and Charleston—such pluck and determination; such uncomplaining sacrifices for the cause; such a steadfast purpose to defend every brick and beam and plank to the last as Greek or Spartan rarely ever exhibited.

When it was finally realized that neither the missiles from the fleet nor the bayonets of the infantry on shore could reduce the forts of sand it was determined to blow Wagner out of the path of the advance. Wagner out of the way, Gregg would be evacuated.

Beginning about the fifteenth of July, the Federal forces may be said to have advanced foot by foot. During the night the sappers would advance underground, burrowing their way with pick and shovel, and next morning the Confederates would look out upon a new Federal position. Wagner was being fought with its own weapon—sand. Its sand walls had saved it—other sand walls were to overwhelm it. Gilmore was the Spectre of War. His shadow was reaching further and further up Morris Island, and that shadow never moved backwards. Where it rested it burned into the sand, and left a horrible trace. There was scarcely a day that the Spectre

did not seek to devour more ground — never a night that the men who followed it or opposed it did not scream out as bullets tore their flesh.

In the last days of July the sight of the gaunt and blood-stained Spectre roused the Confederates to fury, and it was planned to throw enough infantry upon Morris Island to make a quick dash at the Federals and overwhelm them. The regiments to make this move had been named, when it was discovered that lack of transportation would prevent.

Twenty-four hours later it was realized that the knell of fate was about to ring out its warning over Morris Island. Gilmore the Spectre was as inflexible as death and as unyielding as fate. A snail might have progressed faster, but it was progression just the same. Each morning saw his tracks of blood a little nearer — each night there were burials in the sand hills behind Wagner. The fort was holding out — the guns were roaring defiance at fate, but fate ever conquers.

In the first week of September Gilmore's trenches ended within stone's throw of Wagner, but covered from its guns. From here he could drive mines into its very bomb-proofs, or he could assemble a sufficient force to make the chances of a sudden rush almost certain. The guns from land and sea had an enfilading fire, the mortars had the exact range, and it had come to pass at last that death groped in every nook and corner and bomb-proof in search of victims.

Fort Wagner would not surrender, but it must be evacuated. Everything was planned in the coolest manner. Only the sandy site, rent and torn by explosions, was to be left for the Spectre to gloat over.

One of the preliminary steps was to excavate trenches and rifle-pits in rear of Wagner. These, filled with the rear guard of the garrison, would check pursuit long enough to enable everybody to escape. Such ammunitions of war as could be removed to Gregg and beyond were taken away.

At dark on the night of the sixth the evacuation began. The greater part of the garrison was withdrawn to the rifle-pits, two or three light guns dragged away with them, and presently the fort which had been tenanted so long and had withstood so much, was without sentinels to challenge or artillerist to fire.

There was a suspicion in the Federal mind that some movement was taking place among the Confederates, but whether it was an

increase of garrison or an evacuation no one could determine. To be prepared for any emergency, a strong calcium light was thrown upon the fort from one of the iron-clads. From the vessel it seemed as if one could have seen a cat walking along the parapets, but the light was deceiving. It was a ghostly glare which betrayed those who watched instead of those who worked. Men stood upon the parapets without discovery, and the strong glare on the front of the fort deepened the darkness on all other sides.

On this night Federal pickets lay in their rifle-pits within thirty steps of the ditch of Wagner, but they neither saw nor heard anything to arouse their suspicions. There were less than eight hundred men in the garrison, and as night came on they marched out of the fort and moved away like shadows. The soft sand echoed no footstep, and no voice was raised above a whisper.

While the ghostly glare of the calcium light fell upon the ramparts, and while the Tiger of War crouched in the sand only a few steps away, listening, peering, glaring, seven hundred and fifty men flitted across the sand to Battery Gregg without the whisper of an alarm. For every pound of sand used in constructing Wagner and repairing it two pounds of Federal iron had been hurled to batter it down, but on this night it stood there as proud and strong and defiant as ever.

Before ten o'clock the garrison of Wagner was rowing away from Morris Island. The men had taken their muskets, but little else. Not one of the cannon had been saved. Before midnight the garrison of Gregg had left, and there remained only the small party charged with blowing up both works.

The intention of the Confederates was to leave nothing but two great holes in the sand to mark the sites of the forts. The orders transmitted from head-quarters were very plain and concise. The guns were to be spiked, the trunions knocked off, and the carriages broken. All ammunition was to be placed in the main magazine, and time-fuses used for the explosions. The big guns were to be rammed full of powder, sand and shot and arranged with time-fuses to burst about the time of the grand explosion. Gregg, being five minutes' walk from Wagner, was to have a ten minute fuse in place of a fifteen, and the programme was to have the two explosions occur in the same second.

No move could be made at Wagner until after dark, and then it was found that a blow struck upon a gun would arouse all the Federal pickets lying beyond the ditch. The guns were spiked by men

crawling about like cats, but they could not be arranged for bursting nor the carriages destroyed. The spiking was better done at Gregg, being further away, but yet within six hours after the Federals took possession every gun was in good working order.

The fuses had been repeatedly tested, and each time they had burned brightly and exactly such a distance to the minute. In each fort the fuse was carefully laid and led to a barrel of powder and they were burning all right when the last boat left the island. And yet, strangely enough, neither fuse accomplished the result deemed positively certain. One went out altogether six or eight feet from the powder and the other became disarranged and was consumed without damage to anything.

The last boat from the island was discovered by Federal picket boats and fired at, and ten minutes later it was known to Gilmore's forces that Morris Island had been evacuated by the Confederates.

At a given signal Forts Sumter, Johnson and other works turned their fire upon the evacuated forts, to prevent the Federals from rushing in and extinguishing the fuses, and though this fire answered the object in one sense it failed in another.

From April to September Wagner had been stormed and assaulted and pounded until almost every grain of sand had soaked a drop of blood, but here it was at last in Federal hands. Ten thousand infantry, thirty cannon and mortars in battery, backed by a fleet of iron-clads, had finally driven seven hundred and twenty men out of a sand heap, and Gilmore was half a mile nearer Charleston.

Federal history called it a great victory, and the masses shouted glory without counting the cost or consulting the facts. To-day the sea is pouring across the sand bar in three or four different channels, and a few months more may see white-capped waves rolling over the spot where whole pages of a nation's history were written with bayonets dipped in blood.

Averill's Raid.

THE profit of Stonewall Jackson's raid down the Shenandoah in 1862 was offset by an expedition under Averill, the Federal cavalry leader, in West Virginia in 1863. With three regiments of loyal Virginians and a part of a Pennsylvania regiment, accompanied by a field battery, he made a ride of three hundred miles in eight days. At Salem, where he struck the Tennessee & Virginia Railroad, the Confederates had accumulated an immense quantity of stores, and Averill destroyed two thousand barrels of flour, ten thousand bushels of wheat, ninety thousand bushels of shelled corn, forty-five thousand bushels of oats, twelve thousand pounds of meat, five thousand sides of leather, eight thousand pounds of salt, six thousand infantry uniforms, ten thousand pounds of cotton, one hundred sets of harness, two thousand pairs of shoes, three hundred saddles, fifty sets of blacksmith tools, two hundred muskets, one hundred and fifty sabres, one hundred and fifty tons of hay, two hundred barrels of peas and beans, one hundred barrels of molasses and one hundred army wagons.

Around the station he destroyed all turn-tables and water-tanks, tore down the telegraph lines, tore up the tracks, blew out the culverts, and burned the bridges. The cash value of the material destroyed amounted to several million dollars, and a great railroad line was broken for several days. During the raid Averill captured two hundred prisoners, lost one hundred and twenty in killed, wounded and missing, and fought with the respective commands of Imboden, Jones, Early, Fitz-Hugh Lee, Echols and Jackson. For a quick dash, it was perhaps the most successful of anything of the kind during the war, and the damage in money was over half a million dollars per day for every day the raid lasted.

Sheridan Versus Early.

"GO in!"

So said Grant to Sheridan, as he looked over the situation in the Shenandoah valley in September, 1863. I ride up the long street of Winchester town on this October day — out past the fair grounds on the Martinsburg road, and when I draw rein at the Redeford farm, I am on the extreme right of Sheridan and the extreme left of Early as they faced each other on that hazy morning of September nineteen. Up this road came the blue cavalry as it massed to strike and crush Early's left, and at the first rush Imboden's cavalry was picked up and hurled down the pike and through the stony streets of the quaint old city.

A landscape painter would rejoice at the scene before him as I half-face to the right to follow the battle lines. The ground is made up of hills and dips and bits of woodland and orchards and wheat and corn fields. Here and there the eye catches a husbandman following the plow — sleek cows and horses grazing in the rich clover or half asleep under the shade trees or beside the stone walls, and it is hard to believe that men once grappled here and fought to the death.

The Little Opequan, wandering lazily in and out of the willows — shining through the rich meadows — kissing the roots of pine and sycamore and oak down in the dark woods, separated the armies. Sheridan had forty thousand of the best men who ever fought in the valley — Early had less than one-third of this force. Whoever questions this may turn to history. It was safe, therefore, to order Sheridan to attack, and it would have been safe to telegraph a victory even before the first bugle had sounded. Early tried to stretch his lines to meet those of Sheridan, and he got them so thin that they were broken in a dozen places by the advance of the skirmishers. From where his left clung to the Martinsburg road across to where his right held the Berryville pike is a ride of over three miles,

and when he had to let go of the former road two divisions of Union cavalry had a broad highway to strike his flank.

Dead men lay thick on this turnpike road that day. This farmyard behind me has its own story of that bloody day. These peach and apple trees sheltered over five hundred wounded men from the blazing sun, and the old log house was filled to overflowing. Out behind the house the surgeons swept the drying apples from a long table and used it as legs and arms were amputated. Groan and shriek and prayer found strange echo in the crack of carbine, the hiss of shell, and the wild whistle of grape and canister. I look up and see where limbs of trees were crushed and severed, where grape-shot found lodgment in log and roof — where bullets struck with angry thud and fell among the pinks and roses, to be picked up twenty years after. Shell screamed over the great stone chimney — the heap of bloody arms and legs grew larger — men shrieked and gasped and clutched the tulips and lilies in the last moments of life, and yet this was only the extreme right — only loosening Early's weak grasp on the Martinsburg road. In the matted grass around the bee-hives I stumble over a grim fragment of a shell. Half-buried in the roadside ditch is a solid shot. In the plowed field across the road a hundred bullets could be picked up in ten minutes' search. Early let go his hold, but he left scars which a fifth of a century has not wiped out.

"To Wood's mill." So reads the guide-board at the next corner, and I turn to the right and gallop down a red-clay road which will strike the Berryville pike nearly four miles away. This leads straight across Early's front of that day. Oak and sycamore bear marks wherever I find them, but the sweet-smelling pines have thrown out new bark and mercifully hidden the scars of war from the new generation. Here and there are the blackened ruins of a farm house or barn, and a farmer stops from his wall-building at the road-side and says:

"Right through this yere was the bloodiest part of that fight. Early clung to these yere woods and hills and ravines, and afore they got him out there was a dead man for every bush and tree. That was where my old house stood, and I picked ninety bullets out of the logs without reaching above my head. Powerful skeery times that day for wimin and children, stranger."

"And for men, too."

"Deed it was. I was with Early, and my regiment made a stand right over thar on that crest. You uns was coming in from over

thar, and the way we kivered the ground with blue made me sick. Some of the Yanks got in behind my house, and our battery histed shell and shot right through it. I knew that my old woman and seven children war' down cellar, and as each gun fired I was ready to drap with fear. More'n a dozen shot and shell struck the house, but not one o' the family got a hurt. Ride straight down the road if you want to see whar hell broke loose that day!"

The pines whisper softly as I ride down the dark highway. If they could talk, they would tell how the infantry grappled in these ravines — how the cannon shook these knolls — how dying men crawled by the hundreds to lap the waters of this tiny creek which hurries down to empty its poor mite into the treasury of the larger Opequan. The pines cannot talk, but the oaks and sycamores can. Solid shot have torn great limbs away, bursting shells have rent and splintered, and bullets meant for human targets found lodgment in the hard wood. Every ravine had regiments of human tigers creeping swiftly upon their prey. Every little basin was full of dead — every knoll shook and trembled as desperate men made desperate stands.

Between the Opequan and the heights above Winchester, Early made a dozen different stands. While he was greatly outnumbered he had the advantage of being attacked. He could select his positions as he fell back, and in every case he had the higher ground. But he yielded grudgingly, and at each new stand he fought with increased desperation. Sheridan could push him in front and flank him right and left, and rod by rod he was forced back. When at last, after hours of desperate fighting, he made his last stand to cover Winchester, he had lost his hold on the Berryville pike for any distance beyond a mile from the town. His flanks were driven in on his center, and that center rested on what is now the Dinkle farm. This is a hill or ridge facing north and east. There are hills to the north, woods along the pike to the south, and open ground to the west. Federal infantry were pouring out of the woods and fields to the left of the ridge, infantry was hastening down the pike from the south, and Federal cavalry held Winchester at his back.

No wonder the people of the neighborhood call the ridge Dead Man's Hill. I sit on the porch of the old farm-house and see shocks of corn where on that day dead men lay too thick to be counted. Over there where the drag is covering fall wheat more than five hundred pounds of bullets have been picked up. To the

left, where the cows munch the sweet clover, was a forest of fifty acres, cut down a year or two after the fight. Out of that forest charged the Ohioans and New Yorkers, and the numberless headstones in the National Cemetery half a mile away, tell how they fought. Fury was let loose here. Defeat here meant rout beyond for Early. Under the canopy of smoke, guns were taken and retaken, regiments decimated, companies wiped out. The hill was charged by regiments, then brigades, then divisions. The dead lay so thickly along its crest that they were used as a breastwork for the living, but war was not satisfied. It demanded more blood, and more was shed, and when Early was pushed across the bend of the pike the victorious cheers of the pursuers could not be heard for the shrieks and screams of the wounded gray and blue, who held up bloody hands from among the dead.

Under the north front window is a hole made by a grape-shot. In the kitchen is the terrible gap made by a shell. In logs and roof and sills and casings are the marks of bullets. The apple trees in front died from wounds received that day. On the grass are thirty solid shot and shell, most of the latter unexploded, which were plowed up last week on a space of ground ten rods square. In the chamber are two bedsteads bearing the marks of a dozen bullets, and every floor in the house bears blood-stains which neither sand nor soap can efface.

To the left of the house is a row of young peach trees on the brink of a grassy bank four or five feet high and thirty feet long. I slide down this, a bit of board in hand, and at the first effort out rolls half a dozen bullets and two grape-shot. At the next I strike a cannon-ball, and so it goes until I no longer wonder that the brigade of Confederates resting where the peach trees now grow, were reduced to a regiment in less than twenty minutes. A scent of blood and a mist of horror will ever linger around the spot, and we marveled not that the women lowered their voices and cast anxious looks around as the sun went down and I turned my horse into the narrow lane and rode for the highway.

Driven at last from the hill, Early retreated across the pike and over the fields where now is a national cemetery, and where then was and now is the town graveyard. Every house, of brick or stone or wood, proves that he was driven foot by foot. Aye! the ancient gravestones have their say. Bullets chipped them without feeling for the dust beneath — chipped and marred and defaced them in

savage hatred for the living who made each grass-grown mound a breastwork.

"I have sent them whirling through Winchester," telegraphed Sheridan.

He had fought all day with three to one, to drive the foe less than six miles, and when Early "whirled through Winchester" he left a path of dead men in blue to mark his route. The waters of the Opequan had the horrible color of blood. Wounded men crept down to the red stream with shriek and groan and curse. In the dark ravines the stars of night looked feebly down through flying clouds upon the dead, with their white faces or headless trunks — on gnarled oaks blotched with red — on sycamore splintered and riven — on the dark pines which cast their shadows over blood-stained rocks. And out on the meadows there were trails of blood as wounded men drew themselves along, and the bright moon brushed the clouds away now and then to count the corpses and render war's spectacle more hideous. From summit and side and base of Dead Man's Hill groans and shrieks were caught up by the night breeze and wafted into the dark woods beyond — as if the thousand corpses under the shuddering trees would echo them back!

Night did not weep. She shuddered and was speechless; and as a darker cloud hid the horrible sights the plaintive bird of night called out above war's horrors: "Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!" and the night owl muttered to himself.

Next day Early was driven up the valley to Fisher's Hill. Here he stretched his battle-lines across the valley and made a new stand, but they were so thin that Sheridan broke them at the first onset and drove the Confederate army into the gaps of the mountains.

There was reason to believe that Early was thoroughly routed and demoralized, and that he would be seen no more in the Valley, but scarcely had Sheridan gone into camp north of Strasburg when Early returned to Fisher's Hill, and his pickets covered the Middletown pike beyond the town. Never did two armies hold better defensive positions. An attack by either was almost certain of defeat. Sheridan held three ridges, beginning where Cedar Creek empties into the North Fork of the Shenandoah and ending five miles diagonally across the valley. Breastworks were thrown up to defend every assailable point, and he who rides among them will wonder how troops were ever driven out. Early had fewer fortifications but stronger natural positions, and the dogs of war looked

across the neutral ground and growled at and dared each other to strike the first blow.

The defeat at Winchester rankled and stung. The defeat at Fisher's Hill nerved Early to desperation. He wanted to strike Sheridan a blow in revenge, but he would not have dared it in front, even had their numbers been equal. Ten thousand men in either position could have beaten back an attack by three times that number. The Massinutton Mountain, beginning properly at Fisher's Hill, or continuing from that, sweeps round to the south and southeast of the town, and the end was the left of Sheridan's first line. Its sides are jungle and forest and rock and ravine. At its base flows Cedar Creek. History says a blind and forgotten road followed the windings of the creek. Let historians travel it and correct their error. Some of Early's staff officers and signal corps men made a ride of ten miles one day to look down on Sheridan's camps. From their eyrie among the clouds they could see every tent and cannon and army wagon. If an army could move along the base of the grim old mountain and strike the Union lines on the flank, something must happen. It was a daring project. Armies may seek the shelter of woods and ravines, but they march by highways and through open fields. Early's army was to march through a pine jungle, without even daylight to guide them.

At sunset ten thousand infantry were called into line at Fisher's Hill and directed to prepare for the march. It did not take them long. They had no overcoats to strip off. Few had knapsacks to leave behind them. Canteens were taken off, cartridge boxes filled to the brim, and as darkness settled down they turned into the jungle and the march had begun.

I turned my horse into the trail at eight o'clock in the morning. There was only a blind path, made by cows and hogs, winding around great boulders, crossing and recrossing the creek, and losing itself in the pines after running a mile. I can hardly credit that from nine thousand to ten thousand infantry crept along this mountain side that dark October night. It is twilight under these pines even at noon-day. Trees have died and fallen this way and that until my horse can no longer find passage-way. I therefore turn him over to the guide, to meet me at Sheridan's camp, and push on afoot.

Here on the mountain side I could scarcely read the heading of a newspaper at ten o'clock of a bright October morning. When the jungle bars the way and forces me into the babbling creek the

light is stronger, but so is the feeling of loneliness. If it was midnight I would not dare to move a foot, and yet thousands of men felt their way over these rocks and twisted among these pines when they could touch the man in front and still not see him. One single lantern would have betrayed them to Sheridan. One yell of affright on that still night would have been followed by disaster.

"Softly! Softly!" So whispered the rebel officers as the lines dragged themselves over the rocks and through the pines and across the creek. Men fell over banks ten feet high, or slipped from these rocks and brought up far below, but not a gun was discharged nor a word uttered above a whisper. Here are grape-vines which were cut in two and pulled aside to let men pass. Here are dead pines, uprooted as ten thousand hands grasped them as a support up the steep bank. As I mount a huge boulder and peer to the right and left to discover traces of the way, an evil-looking snake rises up among the dead branches, utters a hiss of anger at being disturbed, and slowly wriggles away in the direction of the noisy creek. Bruised by the rocks and wounded by the limbs, and midnight darkness enshrouding one and all, the men of Early toiled on.

A strange night it must have been to them. It took me six hours of the hardest work, each step made by daylight, to traverse the route they passed over in eight or nine hours by night. When at last, two hours before daylight, they emerged from the pine jungles and debouched into the valley, not one man from all the thousands had been left behind. It was a march of spectres across the valley. Half a mile away were Sheridan's pickets. The neighing of the battery horses was wafted down the valley to the ears of the men in gray as they extended their lines across the Federal flank. Campfires could be seen on the hill-sides, and once a whole brigade dropped to the earth and hardly breathed as a lone horse came galloping over the stony field to find companionship. On! on! on!—and at last that gray line halted to wait for daylight. It was fairly on the left flank of Sheridan's first line of camps, and within musket-shot of ten thousand sleeping men, whose first awakening was to be from a crash of musketry and the fierce yells of assault.

This was Early's right. His left took across the fields above Strasburg—his center passed through the town on the pike. Daybreak was to be the signal for a general attack. While the men who had crept through the jungle were to strike the Federal left, the center and right were to be attacked at the same moment in front. All the artillery advanced by the pike, followed in part by

the cavalry. They had less than three miles to go, and it was a weary night as they stood massed on the pike in and beyond the town. After midnight the line moved spasmodically, sometimes advancing a hundred yards, and again halting for half an hour.

The rumble of cannon over the hard and flinty pike would have been heard by the Federal pickets but for the precautions taken. The horses moved only at the slowest walk, and on the long hill beyond the first Stickley farm each wheel of cannon and caisson was seized by an infantry man who acted as a break. A hundred rods from the foot of the hill the pike bends away to the left and is presently spanned by a bridge. Along the creek spanned by this bridge, and even beyond it, were Federal videttes, and yet three or four complete batteries came up to within sixty rods of them and turned out right and left into the fields and took positions on the ridges. It takes nearly five minutes to walk from the point where the batteries turned into the fields to the willow under which a Federal picket stood staring in wonder and amazement as the breaking of day revealed to his sight the black muzzles of a score of field-pieces on the crest above, with long lines of men in gray behind them.

Sheridan had departed for Washington saying that his position was impregnable. So it seemed to every soldier under him, and while Early marched they slept and dreamed of home. So it seemed to me yesterday as I rode over and along the lines of earth-works which the Federal army had thrown up. Hills which nature had laid out for forts were still further strengthened with spade and pick, and stone walls and deep ravines were powerful supports. No wonder that Sheridan smiled in contempt when he heard the roar of guns that morning as he came up the Winchester pike.

Day was slow in breaking. It had been a chilly night, and a fog had settled down over hill and valley—over the tents in which the Federals slept—over the men in gray who were creeping softly down. As the Confederate artillerymen stood at their horses' heads to prevent them from neighing they could hear from across the creek:

"Who goes there?"

"Friend with the countersign!"

"Advance one!"

Now the birds began to twitter and chirp in the pines and oaks, the fog whirled about in fantastic shapes, and just as the green willows showed their tops through the flying fog a crash of musketry

down by the mountain said to fifty thousand men that a battle had begun.

Early had brought his infantry safe out of the jungle and formed them in line of battle within pistol-shot of the first row of Federal tents. They were heard moving through the thickets and across the stony hill-sides, but the pickets believed the noise to come from horses which might have escaped from the line. Two thousand feet above their heads towered the pine-clad mountain, and what foe could break over this defense? Horses were neighing for their provender, camp sentinels lazily paced their beats, and a few early risers were stirring up the slumbering camp-fires, when out from the morning mist, yelling and cheering and firing, came the Confederate battle-lines. At that first volley of musketry Early's center and left pushed forward on the double-quick, and it wasn't ten minutes before Sheridan's first line was rolled back on his second.

The Federal camps were supplied with everything in provisions and wearing apparel. The Confederates were hungry and ragged, and poorly equipped. It was but natural that the men should stop to eat and plunder. A third of the entire Confederate army halted in the first line of camps to plunder the tents, catch up horses, and in many instances to cook breakfast. Whole companies broke from the battle lines to riot and plunder, and men drank coffee with shot and shell plunging over their heads.

Sheridan's second line was not surprised. It was astonished, but there was ample time to prepare for the shock. But no stand was made. Ten thousand panic-stricken Federals, closely pressed by a gray line of battle, carried the second line into the third, and breastworks were deserted without a shot being fired.

The third line stood. It had timely warning of the advance. Every piece of artillery had a plunging fire, and every soldier had cover. When Early struck the third line over half of his army was behind him engaged in plundering the camps of Crook and the Nineteenth Corps. Early had no artillery on his right. Not a horse or a gun could be moved through that jungle. He depended on the musket to help him capture Federal cannon, and as fast as they were taken they were manned by men who had to lay down the musket. Almost every cannon in the two first camps were captured and used to drive the third line, but there were instances where whole batteries were deserted by the artillerists in order to secure plunder.

The Sixth Corps could have held its line but for the panic. Thousands of Federal fugitives covered the fields in every direction, all without arms, some only half dressed, and the great majority too frightened to be rallied. Officers were as thoroughly panic-struck as the men, and this panic soon extended to the great army train in rear. Back through Wright's camp poured these thousands of frightened men, hundreds of them wounded, and the effect was to break the Sixth Corps. Then the rout became general, and First Bull Run was more than repeated in that headlong flight to Newtown.

More than a thousand men were routed out of Crook's camps in their night clothes. Thousands of men were hatless and coatless and barefooted. One fat colonel carried his pants under one arm, a boot under the other, and a coffee-pot in his right hand, and, after a run of five miles, he had only the boot left. At the Stacy House, a mile out of Middletown, five officers, two of whom had on only shirts and drawers, halted and cleaned the house of old clothes to cover their nakedness. The turnpike road was full of upset wagons, bales of hay, bags of oats, sacks of coffee, boxes of ammunition, and almost everything else found with an army, and Early followed so closely that the fugitives had no time to rest. The Sixth Corps forced the fighting, and the cavalry was not in the least disorganized, but fully one half of Sheridan's army was routed and disarmed.

Men of rank in Early's army point out two grave mistakes he made that day. Not a man should have been permitted to plunder. After the second camp was carried Early's fighting force was reduced one-half by the dropping out to plunder. One brigade could have collected everything worth taking and carried it off to Fisher's Hill. The second mistake was in the lengthy pursuit. After Wright was driven the panic would have carried the Federal army seven or eight miles without another shot being fired. With his army closed up he had one of the best defensive positions in the valley, and he could have held it against all odds. But, flushed with success and conceited with victory, the Confederates lost their organization in pursuit and plunder, and when brought to bay at Newtown, they had no fight in them. They were rolled back almost as easily as they had driven the Federals, routed whenever they made a stand, and when night fell not even a brigade of that army could be found. Sheridan retook all his artillery, all his wagons, all the plunder of the morning, all the prisoners and thou-

sands more, and pushed the flying Confederates until horses could no longer travel. Strange battle! Victory won — enough spoil captured to equip an army of twenty thousand men — then defeat and the loss of all.

Leaning against the walls of the old mill, the interior of which is full of thrifty shrubs and vines, I look down into a basin in the meadow in which more than two thousand Federals were confined as prisoners that day. A dash of cavalry freed them all and captured their guards. Across the road where the old gray-haired man sits on the farm-house porch, the surgeons cut and hacked and sawed, and the yellow leaves of the apple trees fell softly down upon the dead and dying. A mile up the pike, where a lone old woman rocks to and fro at the door of her humble home, the fields were covered with blue and gray, the dusty pike was blocked with corpses, and under the pear trees in the yard the groans of the wounded rose above the roar of battle. Under the oaks on the hill—what? Nothing but the trenches in which a thousand men were buried. Further down the pike it was the same — back over the fields where the camps slept that morning it was worse.

I follow the breastworks of the Sixth Corps across the stony fields, into thickets and out, and here and there are relics of the long past. A piece of bone, an old canteen, a fragment of shell, a rusty gun-barrel, an old bayonet, a heap of bullets, and what not. And yet, as I stand on the earth-works on which no grass has ever yet taken root, I look down on the orchards laden with fruit, children returning from school, the plowboy in the mellow fields, and hear around me the soft notes of bluebird and robin! Aye! as I look, the plowboy stops to pull from the fresh-turned earth and hold up to my sight a grinning skull. Strange grimness—stranger peace!

Gilmore at Charleston.

THERE was another just such a man as General Grant in the army—obstinate, determined, persistent—disappointed to-day but to try the harder to-morrow. That man was General Gilmore, of Morris Island fame, and had circumstances placed him where they placed Grant he would have pursued the same policy and attained the same results.

Gilmore's achievements should have brought him honor and glory and lasting memory, but the shadow of one general has concealed the figures of a score just as deserving. The close of the war dropped hundreds of brave army and naval officers out of sight as if they no longer had an existence, and the anxiety of the Federal historian, to especially favor men in high places has caused them to suppress many of the achievements originated and successfully carried out by heroes whose names should be remembered by every one in the land.

Hunter had been wasting months of precious time around Charleston when superseded by Gilmore. The former was always going to do something—the latter was always doing it. Had he been called to Charleston a year before he was, he would certainly have obliged a change of programme on the part of the Confederates.

When he succeeded to the command, Beauregard had had two years in which to raise defenses in front of Charleston, the ironclads had pounded away in vain, and there seemed no possible hope of the Federals advancing one rod nearer. Gilmore had scarcely become acquainted with his officers when he developed a plan and a bold one.

Morris Island, to the left of Sumter as one looks up the harbor, and within easy range, was not only under the direct fire of Sumter but Battery Gregg was at one end, Wagner near the center, and the lower end was defended by field works in which were both cannon

and mortars and a strong garrison to work them. This position seemed so strong that no one had ever thought of making a direct attack, but that was just what Gilmore proposed as soon as he had looked the situation over. On the tenth of July, 1863, the attack was made by a force in boats and was successful, the very boldness of the project having much to do with its success. What the iron-clads had failed to do with their ponderous guns, worked in almost absolute safety, Gilmore accomplished with row-boats and musketry. The fleet was, however, a valuable auxiliary at this moment, as its fire swept the island and prevented re-inforcements being sent from Wagner.

Once landed on Morris Island, Gilmore was there to stay. He quickly intrenched, brought over mortars and cannon, and there he stuck. His attacks on Wagner have already been described. That his last assault was a blunder has been admitted, but there were mitigating circumstances. He had seen the fort subjected to such a continuous fire as was supposed to have annihilated the last man, and the admiral of the fleet encouraged the assault. While the blunder did not cost Gilmore his head, it cost the government the lives of hundreds of brave men, and cheered Wagner to hold out to the bitter end.

When the war opened there was a clear channel between Morris and James Islands. In 1863, a marsh had risen in this spot—a few acres of flags, grass, and quicksand not dense enough to hide a duck nor firm enough to sustain the weight of a water-rat. In 1884, I sailed in a skiff over the spot where guns had been planted to shell Charleston.

Gilmore's next move was to possess this marsh or island, so strangely growing day by day while all else was being destroyed.

Miles away timbers were cut and gravel loaded upon barges, and night after night, for weeks and weeks, the island was being slyly added to and slyly stolen. It was an enterprise laughed at by hundreds of Federals, and would have excited the ridicule of the Confederates had they known what was passing. The rafts and barges had to be moved entirely by hand, and all the work done within musket-shot of the Confederates, and sometimes the waves destroyed in an hour the labors of men for a week.

It was one of the strangest incidents in war—stealing the site for an island—and yet that was what Gilmore planned and accomplished. Just where he desired to place his battery a pole twenty feet long could be thrust out of sight into the quicksand.

Piles must be driven here, and to drive them without alarming the Confederates was a fine bit of work. A pile-driver was rigged to work with the least possible noise, and the hammer was drawn up by hand by means of a rope and pulley. The blow of the hammer was deadened by cushions, and no man at work on the island dared speak aloud. Every evidence of work had to be removed before daylight, and that the ends of timbers and logs might not be seen rushes and grasses were cut and scattered over the water. It was several times noticed in Fort Sumter that the island was growing very fast, but no suspicion was aroused.

The piles were driven close together and braced with stones and gravel. On this foundation was built a floor of timbers, each stick heavy enough for the sill of a warehouse, and upon this floor, laid the opposite way and mortised and dovetailed, was a second raft of square timber. The whole made a solid foundation just above the level of high tide and covering an area of half an acre. This foundation had to be hidden under rushes, and the guns were covered with the same as fast as landed.

The labor of loading, rafting, unloading, and mounting the heavy guns—nearly forty—was enough to appall an engineer, but Gilmore saw it accomplished. This was the first time that a monster gun, like the "Swamp Angel," had ever been moved any distance by hand, and a thousand men were sick and weary before the tremendous mass of metal had been moved five hundred feet.

The pinch came when it was necessary to do as much work in one night as had heretofore been accomplished in ten. The guns must be landed, mounted, and protected between dark and daylight of a summer's night. Over four thousand men were set to work to accomplish this result. While one detachment landed the guns another mounted them. A third filled bags with sand, which had been obtained two miles away, and placed them in position.

One August evening the sentinels on the ramparts of Fort Sumter looked down upon Grassy Island to wonder how fast it was growing. At daylight next morning they cast their eyes that way to discover walls of sand-bags, massive guns and blue uniforms. Gilmore was ready to open on the fort and the city. One looking across from Sumter cannot imagine the distance to be over a mile, but it is over two. It does not seem over two to Charleston, and yet it is four.

There was amazement and consternation in the various Confeder-

ate works as day fully dawned and it was realized that Gilmore was firmly fixed. He now had the range on the weak points of Sumter, and from this point he could reach the city.

But for this move of Gilmore's no Federal shell would have ever entered Charleston, nor would Fort Sumter have lost its barbette guns.

The first bombardment of Sumter by the iron-clads had shown Beauregard that brick and stone could not stand before the ponderous shells. Without delay he had set about providing a protection and a substitute.

Before Gilmore was ready to open fire the fort had been rebuilt, as it were. Walls of masonry fifteen feet thick were protected by walls of bags of sand twenty feet thick. Casemates had been strengthened, the magazines further protected, and the bomb-proofs could not have been made more secure. Had it still been Fort Sumter versus the iron-clads, the fleet would have simply thrown away its ammunition. But Gilmore had stolen a position between the two, and one morning in mid-August he opened fire on the fort from nearly forty guns. The fleet added its metal, and every Confederate gun which would bear made haste to reply.

Once the bombardment was opened there was no cessation for seven long days and nights. Federal and Confederate stood at their guns until they almost slept. In fort and battery and on board the fleet men became deaf. Gilmore's Island was shaken until the men staggered about like sea-sick passengers.

Charleston was shaken as if by an earthquake. The steady trembling of the earth loosened the brick and mortar, rattled down pictures and ornaments, opened and shut gates, and prevented sleep until people became exhausted. Fish in the Stono and Edisto rivers and in the harbor darted about as if suffocating, and thousands threw themselves upon the shores. Again, they would gather in schools and rush for the sea, and as they reached the obstructions in the channel hundreds would be flung out of the water by the pressure.

Those defending Sumter had more of war crowded into that week than some warriors see in a decade. At least once a minute for seven times twenty-four hours a shot or shell or bomb struck the fort or fell within it. Visit the spot to-day and you can pick up half a ton of pieces of shell, though twenty years have passed, and a hundred car-loads of missiles have been gathered up and sent away. One after another of the barbette guns was dismounted, and foot

by foot the sand-bags were eaten into and scattered and the masonry behind pulverized.

When that long bombardment closed — the longest period in the history of the world in which an unceasing fire had been kept up from great guns — Fort Sumter was no longer a fort. It was an island covered with debris, and that debris consisted of stones, brick, broken and exploded guns, riven and charred timbers and splintered planks and beams. Twenty feet of the walls had been pounded off. In falling they had covered the casemates in such a manner that no missile could hereafter reach them. Five or six guns in these dark burrows were still serviceable, and a tunnel led under the debris to the sally-port. There was no longer a fort to defend, but there was an immense heap of brickbats which would be held to the last. In battering down Fort Sumter, the Federals placed it in the power of the Confederates to hold it. During the last year of the war it was simply a cave or burrow, dark, damp, and dismal, and every brick spattered with blood, but it passed into Federal hands only when Sherman's flank movements made it necessary to evacuate Charleston, and the garrison marched out to the echoes of a grand salute.

Federal history has greatly exaggerated the results of Gilmore's bombardment of Charleston. He only reached the lower portion of the city with his shells, and in not one single instance did a shell start a fire of any consequence. A few people were killed, a few houses shattered and a hundred families hurriedly removed to safer quarters — that was all. The Federal officers who were placed under fire were in no more danger than hundreds of women and children, and those on the race-course were not reached at all.

Charleston's woe was a malignant epidemic a hundred times more fatal than the shells — her anxiety was the fire-bugs who started the two or three great conflagrations for the sake of plunder. The bombardment did not stop the wheels of a factory for one minute, and ships were loaded with shells flying over them.

In the Darkness.

WE marched by the left flank along a blind road in the woods until the trees no longer hindered our movements, and then the brigade came to a "front" and advanced in line. Here and there we came upon our dead or wounded skirmishers, and before we were quite clear of the woods we opened the lines to let a dozen or twenty men pass to the rear, driven foot by foot by an advancing line. There was smoke hanging low over woods and fields, but now and then I caught sight of flags and men and horses in our front. Cannon were booming, muskets cracking and officers shouting orders, and amidst this terrible racket we suddenly quickened our pace and drove straight forward at the battery. The distance was perhaps a hundred rods. It was like dashing into a fog. I stepped over two wounded and three dead men, stumbled against a horse lying on his side, and looked up to notice that our line was out of dress. What had become of my comrade on the right — where was the one on the left? We had touched elbows as we moved forward. Now the nearest man was ten feet away.

Now we halt — now we close up — now I hear men cheering, and we breast forward into a fog which is cut and streaked with long, red tongues of flame. In a minute more I can see the cannon wheels and the legs of the gunners under the smoke. Fear? No! It is a wild exultation — a feeling that may truly be called devilish. I want to shoot and stab and kill some one. I yell at the top of my voice. I grip the arm of the man on my left to hurry him forward, and I chuckle as I notice how fierce his look — how the hungry tiger can be read in his eyes. Then ———!

* * * * * * * * * *

The sun had gone down. There was a spiteful roaring of artillery — a vengeful sputtering of musketry — a trembling of the earth, which hurt me. All this came to me as I opened my eyes, but it came slowly. Dead! I wondered for a moment whether I

was or not. No! I had been hit — wounded. Where! There was no pain — not the slightest twinge. Ah! Come to remember, I had stumbled against a corpse just as the picture of the battle field faded before my eyes. Curious that I should have lost conciousness in the fall. I would get up and hurry on and rejoin my company.

I rose to a sitting position, and then — Well, my right leg stuck fast to the grass. The blood had poured out and dried to a paste, and all of a sudden a twinge of pain racked my very soul. All around me I saw the bodies of my comrades. I called aloud, but not a soul answered. Not a man of us had reached the battery. Grape and canister had saved the guns. To move was to feel the stabs of a dozen knives, but I drew myself along, inch by inch, to a stump. Then I had a prop at my back and could wait. The roar of the battle was dying away and grim night was mercifully hiding the horrible sights of a battle field.

"Help!"

A shadow passed me, never heeding the call, and knelt beside a dead body. It was that of a young lieutenant in the Twelfth New York. I remember his crying. "Forward!" just as I fell. I looked again, and the shadow covered its face with its hands, and rocked to and fro over the dead and moaned:

"My husband—my darling! They have robbed me of my treasure—they have turned my joy into deepest sorrow!"

A shadow on my right. It moved slowly with hands tightly pressed over the heart. It was that of an aged woman. The hair was snow white, the limbs were weak and trembling, and the voice was choked and broken as it called: "Where is my boy—where is he lying dead?" I pointed to the body of a youth, scarce eighteen, which was lying beside a bush whose every leaf and twig was spattered with blood, and she sank beside it and sobbed:

"And this is the glory of war! They rob a poor old mother of her last-born and then ring the bells for victory! Oh! God. I am heart-broken! Let me die here beside him!"

Shadows on my left. There were four of them. The first was that of a wife and mother—the others her children. They looked at me in mute appeal, and I beckoned to them. At my feet, with his broad breast shattered and torn, was a stalwart sergeant of the Second Massachusetts. It was he who had dashed into the front rank and encouraged us when we wavered under the storm of grape. They sank down beside him, and while the children moaned and sobbed the mother raised her hands to Heaven and cried:

"Widowed—desolated—broken-hearted! What is victory to me when here lies the corpse of husband and father?"

And yet another shadow came. It was that of a fair young girl. Her beautiful face was deadly pale, her brown eyes were filled with horror, her white teeth were shut tightly, as if she feared that she would scream out and awaken the dead. Ah! I knew for whom she searched. When our right flank was doubled back on the center and the regiments confused and mingled, I found him at my side. He belonged to the Sixth Rhode Island. I pointed to the spot where he lay, half his handsome face shot away by the terrible grape, and with a shriek she knelt beside him. I saw her white fingers toying with his brown curls. I saw her hold his hand and kiss it again and again. By and by she rose up and with hand outstretched towards the ragged clouds of night she cried aloud:

"And you call this victory! You cripple and kill and break hearts and make widows and orphans, and you wave your flags in rejoicing!"

OCKER OCT 23 1987